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THE NEW YORKER

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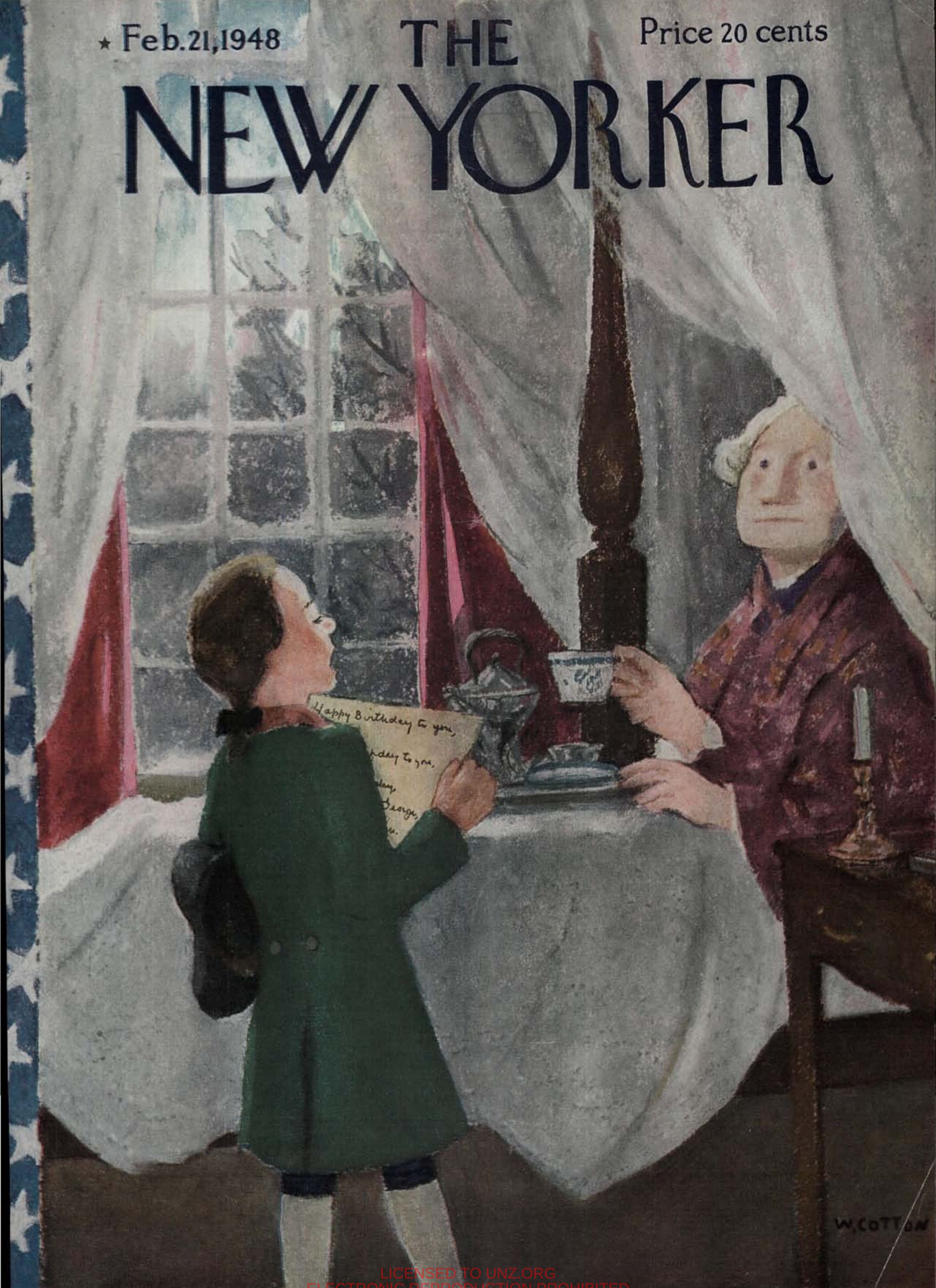
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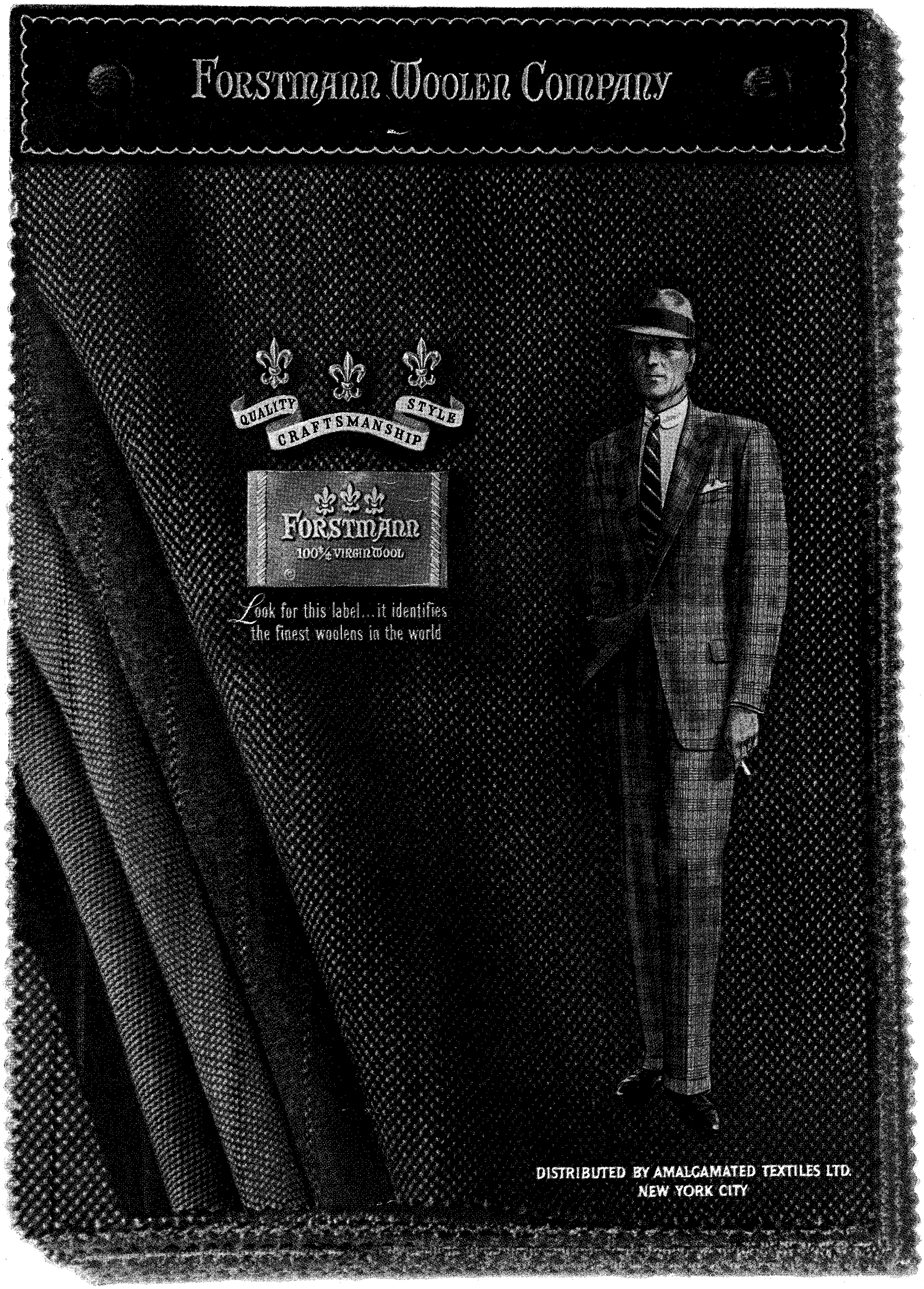

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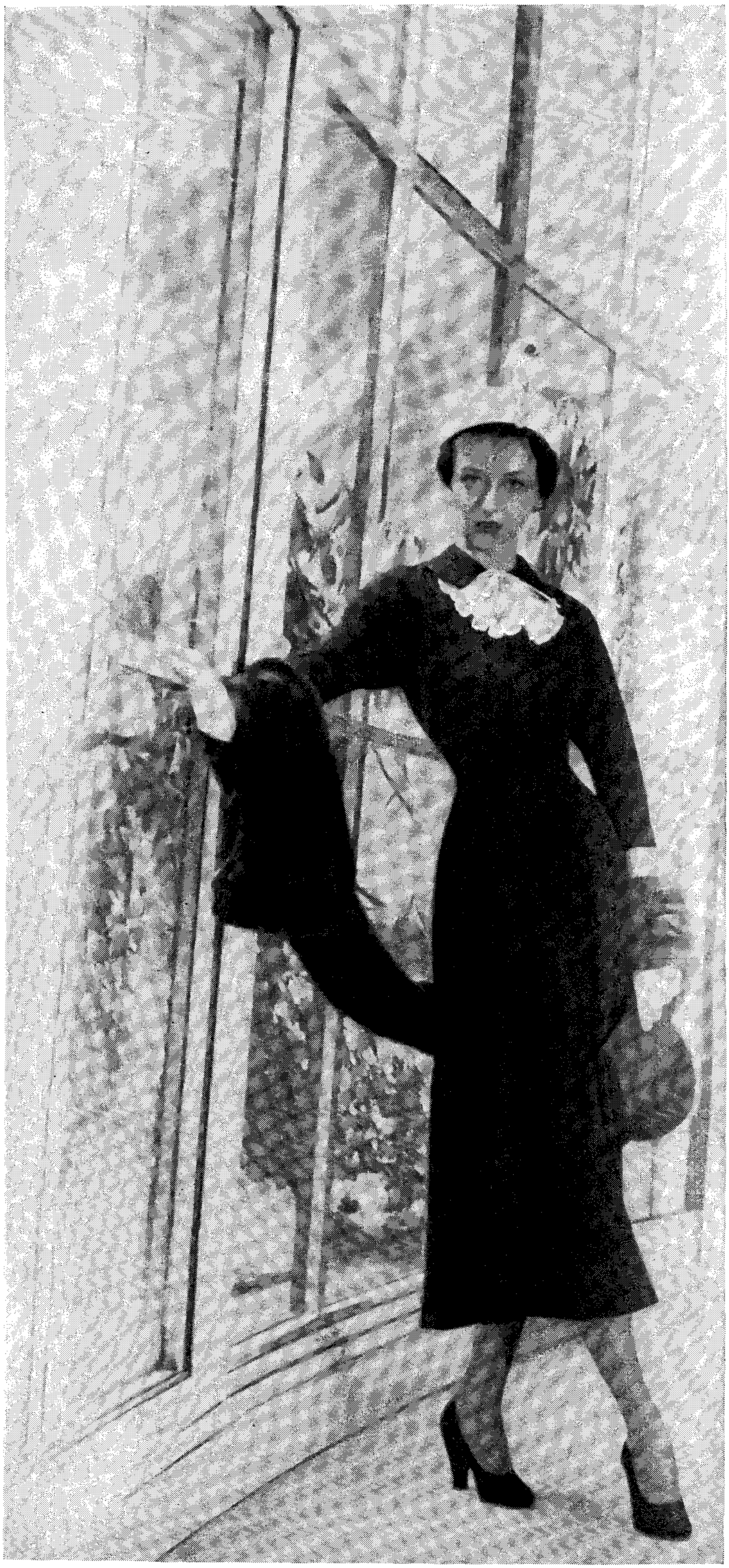

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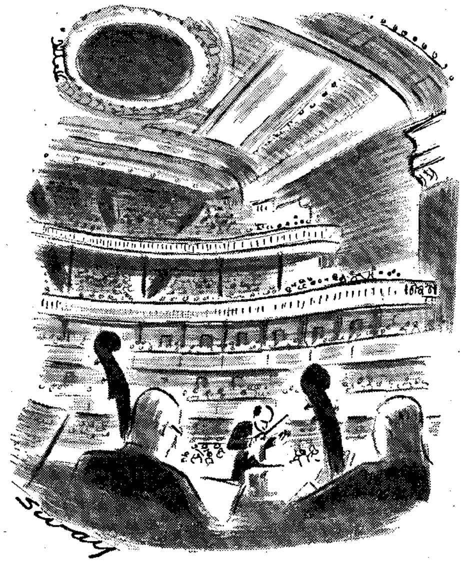

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of Washington's Birthday. There may be still further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspaper before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell may make the Queen of Egypt a bit too ladylike, but on the whole this is an admirable revival. Godfrey Tearle is excellent in the difficult role of Antony, and Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson are very helpful, too. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:15; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is, nevertheless, a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Dublin Gate Theatre—This Irish repertory company will present Denis Johnston's "The Old Lady Says 'No!' " through Sunday, Feb. 22. "Where Stars Walk," a play by Micheál MacLiammóir, will open on Tuesday, Feb. 24. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Love or Money—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this F. Hugh Herbert comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Medea—Judith Anderson giving what may well be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes for a week on Monday, Feb. 23.)

Skipper Next to God—This discussion of the problem of the stateless Jew has the highest possible motives, but it makes a rather dull and static play. John Garfield is the lead. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast, directed by Elia Kazan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

The Winslow Boy—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this good, moving play involving a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Ghosts—Eva Le Gallienne in a two-week revival of the Ibsen play. Produced by Louis J. Singer and the American Repertory Theatre, and directed by Margaret Webster. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 29.)

Mister Roberts—A dramatization, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of Mr. Heggen's novel. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, and William Harrigan have the principal roles. Directed by Mr. Logan and produced by Leland Hayward. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—You are not apt to find much to remind you of "Oklahoma!" in this elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are rather disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which involve Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, have come back with a fine company in this repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. "The Mikado" will run through Saturday, Feb. 21, followed by a week of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Cox and Box." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points of this one, which is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE ART GALLERIES 56
BOOKS 84
THE CURRENT CINEMA 66
LETTER FROM CARDIFF 52
MUSICAL EVENTS 75
POPULAR RECORDS 76
OF ALL THINGS 83
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 60
MARKETS AND MENUS 63
THE RACE TRACK 80
THE THEATRE 49

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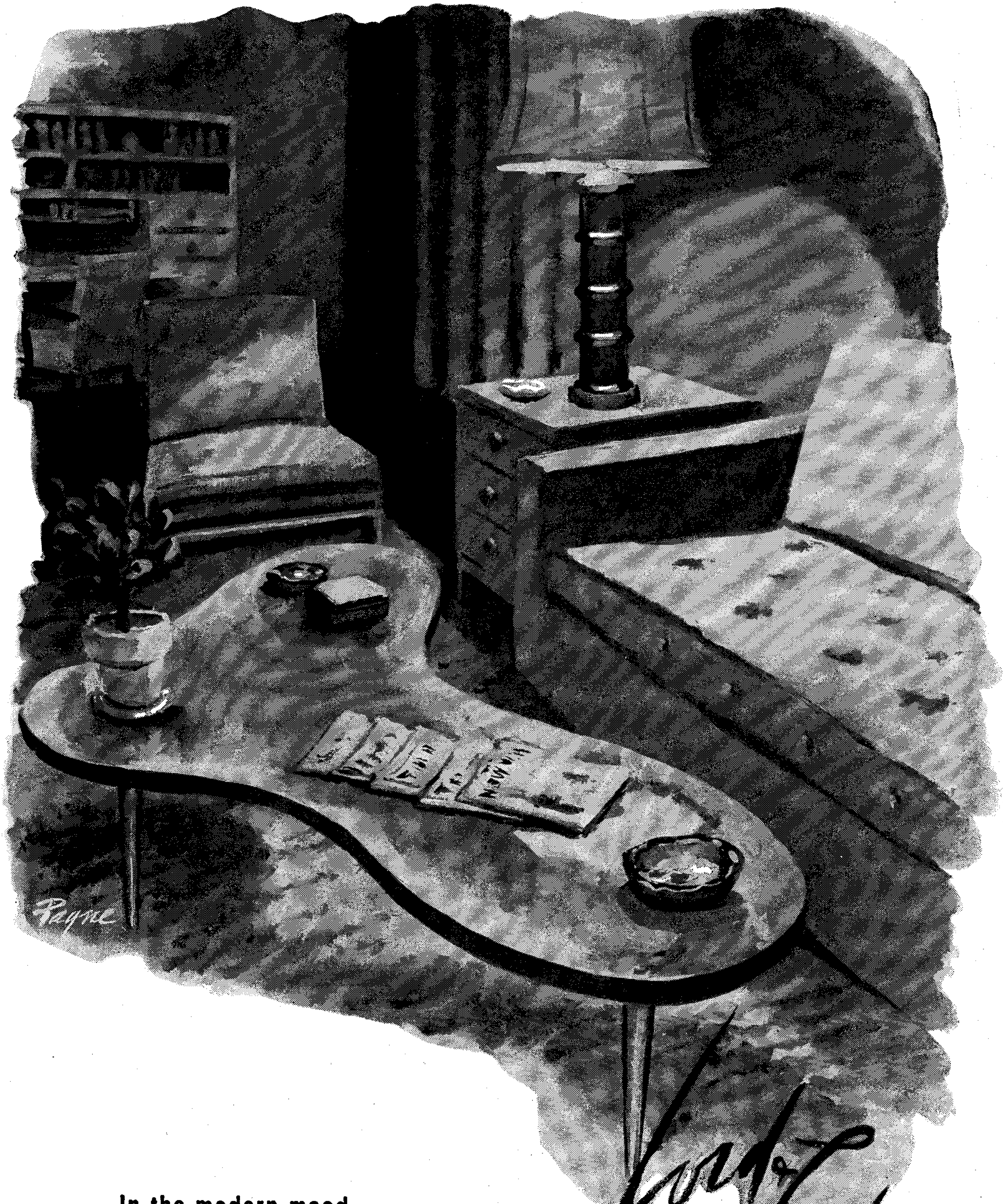

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue, which offers at least two superlatively funny numbers, is a most welcome addition to the field. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.) . . . **brigadoon:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Tonight at 8:30—Gertrude Lawrence in a revival of the Noel Coward show, directed by Mr. Coward and produced by Homer Curran, Russell Lewis, and Howard Young. The first group of plays—"Ways and Means," "Family Album," and "Red Peppers"—opens on Friday, Feb. 20, and will be presented on Saturday afternoon and evening, Feb. 21; Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 25; and Thursday, Saturday, and Monday evenings thereafter. "Shadow Play," "Fumed Oak," and "Hands Across the Sea" open on Monday, Feb. 23, and will be given thereafter on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 2:40.)

Me and Molly—Gertrude Berg and Philip Loeb in a play by Miss Berg. Directed by Ezra Stone and produced by Paul Feigay, Oliver Smith, Herbert Kenwith, and David Cummings. Opens Thursday, Feb. 26. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," "Rodeo," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Danses Concertantes," "Lola Montez," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 22: "Les Sylphides," "Madroños," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 22: "Coppelia," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 24: "Giselle," "Cirque de Deux," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 25: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "Ballet Imperial," "Concerto Barocco," "Night Shadow," and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Giselle," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28: "The Nutcracker," "Madroños," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Coppelia." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Martha Graham and Her Company—A brief engagement for the benefit of A.N.T.A.—Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Dark Meadow," "Stephen Acrobat," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Appalachian Spring," "Herodiade," "Cave of the Heart," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Errand into the Maze," "John Brown," "Night Journey," and "Punch and the Judy." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 22: "Appalachian Spring," "Cave of the Heart," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 22: "Dark Meadow," "Stephen Acrobat," "Night Journey," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 24: "El Penitente," "Tale of Seizure," "Night Journey," and "Punch and the Judy." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 25: "Errand into the Maze," "Salem Shore," "Cave of the Heart," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "Dark Meadow," "John Brown," "Herodiade," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Appalachian Spring," "Stephen Acrobat," "Night Journey," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "Dark Meadow," "Cave of the Heart," and "Letter to the World." (Maxine Elliott, 39th St., E. BR 9-9459. Evenings at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special performances Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every night, unless otherwise indicated. A few of them, especially the Fifty-second Street ones, have fill-in entertainers on Sundays or Mondays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Lary Siry, practically the inventor of the coming-out party, heads up a dance orchestra. A rumba band, too. No dancing on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has the dance orchestras of Larry Green and Charles Turecamo. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Several dozen violins engaged in a repertoire that should win the corn-husking championship of 1948. Matters are helped, though, by the comic dancing of Mata and Hari, and the tidy dance music of Billy Banks' band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A well-established preparatory school, noted for the excellence of its table. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this. Dinnertime piano by Peter Walters; dance music later by Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It's still Manhattan's most elaborate dude ranch. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band, and every once in a while a decorous little show is trundled forth. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a sumptuous arrangement of colorfully upholstered waiters, banquettes, and violinists, is the place for those who are fond of sparkling wines and dancing. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Hildegarde, giving the customers within reach the once-over-lightly. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's string orchestra turns out circumspect dinner music in the sedate Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Upstairs, in the Iridium Room, which is fairly regal, Johnny Guarnieri's lively and unregal trio, plus the more sedate Hal Saunders orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under, in the good-looking Maisonette, a small show and plenty of dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band rustle up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Accent on gilded youth. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The torch song (Gallic branch) done as convincingly as it ever will be, thanks to Edith Piaf. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lucienne Boyer, lush and lyric, in the Sert Room at suppertime. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's rumba band are there all evening. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Glossy piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform for dancing in this amiable standby. Closed Sundays. . . . **dorset bar,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano (after eight-thirty, except Sundays) makes this one of the town's best music boxes. . . . **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): At the piano, the legendary Fats Pichon, from that legendary New Orleans. Songs by Helen Humes, gags by Hal Sherman, music by Ed Hall's band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler is at the piano after nine-thirty in this ancient grotto. Closed Sundays. . . . **barberry room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano (except Sundays) after ten-thirty. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cozy throwback to the twenties, with gypsy prowler music at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **café james,** 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): Libby Holman's interesting exploration of the American folk song; Cass Harrison's piano. . . . **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Alex Fogarty (after nine) gently stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At teatime (it still exists) and dinner, dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Opéra-bouffe Russia served up with great verve and hot or

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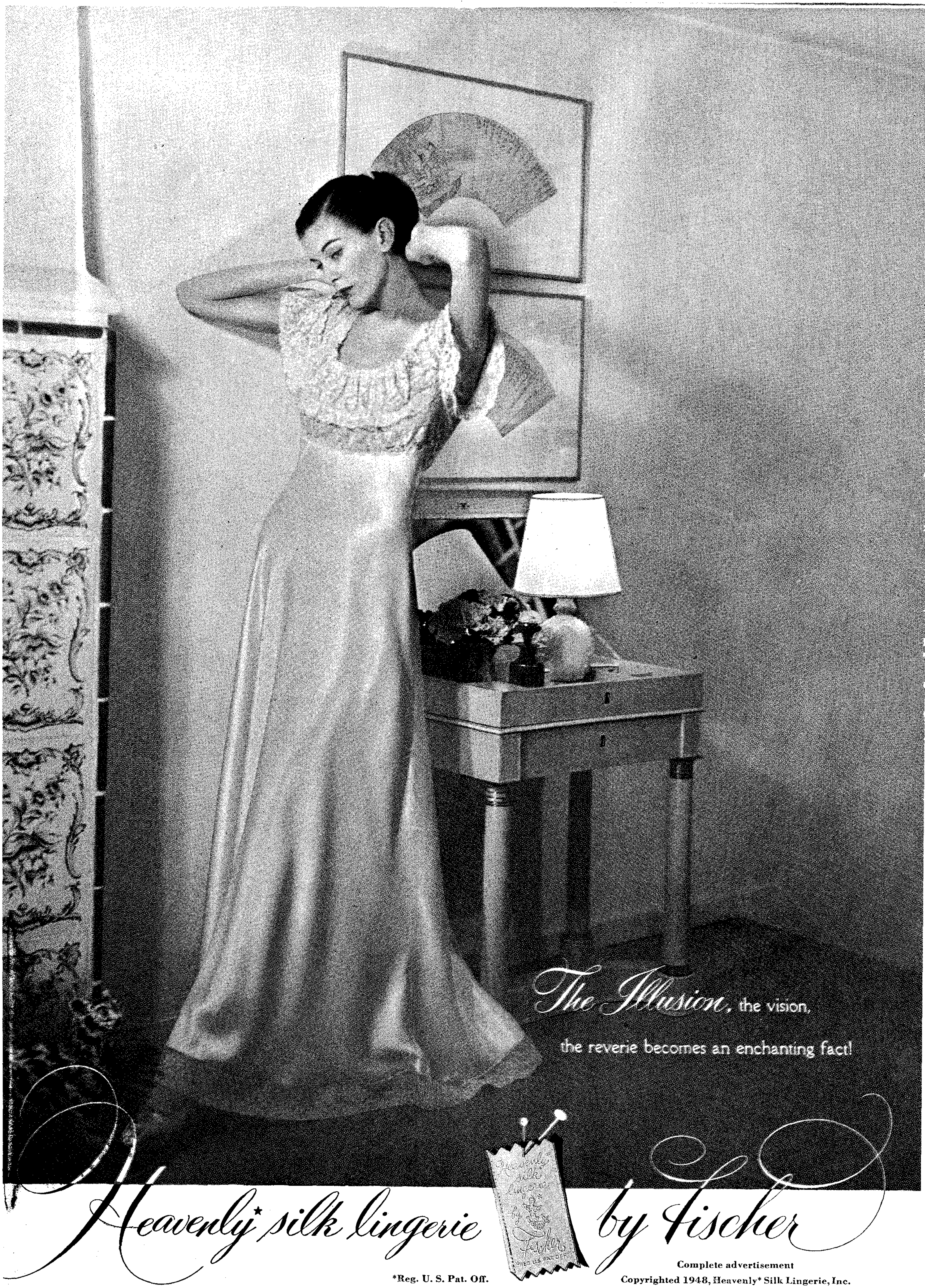
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cold borscht. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a jovial cellarette. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Henny Youngman in the Broadway pattern (something old, something new, a great deal borrowed, and something blue), and Carl Ravazza singing sweet. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Just as you begin to wonder why you bothered, Les Compagnons de la Chanson prance onstage.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An absorbing seminar in native American humor by Alice Pearce and Jay Marshall; a lively exposition of West Indian humor by Josephine Premice. The Ellis Larkin Trio is on hand, too. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The little but eloquent Maxine Sullivan, and (starting Friday, Feb. 20) a new songbird named Paula Drake. Dance music by Max Kaminsky's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Foolery by Day, Dawn & Dusk, songs by Muriel Gaines. On Monday, Feb. 23, Ginger Dulo will add her own considerable mite to the merriment. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Fin-de-siècle songs by Spivy. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, by night a pillar of fire, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of eminent visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, and Bob Casey, all merrily rattling the windowpanes. Jess Stacy will be added to the cast on Saturday, Feb. 21. Visiting performers drop in here on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' musicianly trio, and Chippie Hill, at the top of her remarkable lungs. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but turbulent rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Meade Lux Lewis is the reason for dropping in here.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): An ice show, and, through Tuesday, Feb. 24, Larry Clinton's orchestra. Next day, Shep Fields' band takes over. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Through Saturday, Feb. 21, Frankie Carle's orchestra. On Monday, Feb. 23, Dick Jurgens' band moves in. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays, including Monday, Feb. 23.)

GALLERIES

Eugene Boudin—A rewarding collection of this nineteenth-century artist's delicate landscapes, which seem, to the modern eye, wonderfully peaceful. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St. Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 23; through Feb. 28.)

Jo Davidson—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.)

Eighteenth-Century French—Fifty paintings, in the best marzipan style of the period, by Greuze, Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, and others. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Alberto Giacometti—Recent sculptures, together with a few that date back to the nineteen-twenties. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Group Shows—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** Riverside Dr. at 103rd St.: Paintings by Marc Chagall, Jon Corbino, Stuart Davis, and others, selected by Emily Genauer as the best paintings of the year. Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Work in crayon and gouache, by Will Barnet, Siv Holme, Ben-Zion, and others; through Feb. 21.

Henry Koerner—First one-man show by a painter of unusual promise, who mingles poetic inference with realistic treatment, sometimes to extraordinary effect. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Leonid—Simple, expressive paintings of lonely beaches in Portugal and Brittany. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Lopez-Rey—New paintings by this Spanish artist, full of motion and tumultuous color. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Henri Matisse—Paintings of three decades, 1900 to 1930, showing his early adventurousness and his constant skill. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St. Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 23; through Feb. 28.)

George L. K. Morris—One of the more self-reliant American abstractionists shows a new set of oils, more lucid in style than his preceding ones. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Feb. 28.)

John Piper—Sombre, romantic paintings of the English countryside. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

John Sloan—The dean of American city-genre painting, in a large and comprehensive retrospective showing. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Florine Stettheimer—Flowers, lovingly and piquantly painted. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Edward John Stevens—A report on this artist's recent visit to Hawaii, glittering in texture and rapt in feeling. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 23; through March 9.)

Nahum Tschacbasov—A new group of rich, tempestuous oils. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 28.)

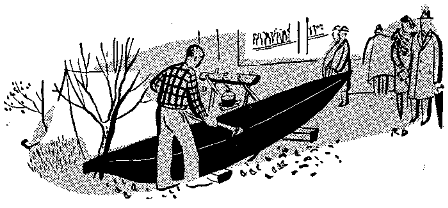
Keith Vaughan—This young English painter's first one-man show here. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through March 13.)

Denny Winters—Large, strictly patterned semi-abstract oils. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings by Delacroix and Renoir; through March 13. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Maurice Grosser; through Feb. 28. . . . **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57th St.: William Baziotes; through March 6.

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, chiefly of Palestine, by M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through March 3.)



Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Feb. 23, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of works by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, two of the founders of the Constructivist school of non-objective sculpture; through April 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; through March 21. . . . ¶ Water colors by children, selected from national contests run annually in France; through March 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual exhibit of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, rather scattered as to styles but lively and full of surprises. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 19, at 8: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Harshaw, John Brownlee, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Joel Berglund. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21, at 2: "Aïda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Margaret Harshaw, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patrice Munsel and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 22, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Jan Peerce, and Giuseppe Valdengo; a benefit for the Rand School of Social Science. For tickets, call AL 4-3094. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 23, at 8: "Peter Grimes;" with Polyna Stoska and Mack Harrell. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Set Svanholm, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Cloe Elmo, Leonard Warren, and Giuseppe Di Stefano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Pia Tassinari and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik and Mario Berini; and "Pagliacci," with Florence Quartararo and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Giuseppe Valdengo and Salvatore Baccaloni.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 19, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 26, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 27, at 2:30 (both with Yehudi Menuhin, violin). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:45 (with Sigi Weissenberg, piano, winner of the Leventritt Award).

Boston Symphony—Richard Burgin conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Edgar Schenkman conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Tibor Serly—Conducting a chamber orchestra,

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with Miklos Schwalb, piano, and Emanuel Vardi, viola. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Ferruccio Burco—An eight-year-old conductor, leading an eighty-piece orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 2:30.)

Bach Aria Group—William H. Scheide directing the second in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Vinaver Chorus—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Modern Music—A program of chamber music and choral works, with the Columbia University Singers and others, presented by the Columbia University Music Department. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano, with guitar. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

National Association of American Composers and Conductors—Carl Stern, cello; a string quartet; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 3. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

New Friends of Music—Joseph Szigeti, violin, and M. Horszowski, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 5:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:15.)

Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe—Duo pianists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Alton Jones—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Rose Bampton—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Note—Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a violin and harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 24, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Illinois Jacquet and his band. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Friday, Feb. 20: Beau Jack vs. Terry Young, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27: Ike Williams vs. Kid Gavilon, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—Thursday, Feb. 19: St. John's vs. Niagara, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Canisius. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 23: N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, and St. Francis vs. La Salle. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26: C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn, and L.I.U. vs. Seton Hall. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Hockey—Sunday, Feb. 22: Rangers vs. Boston.

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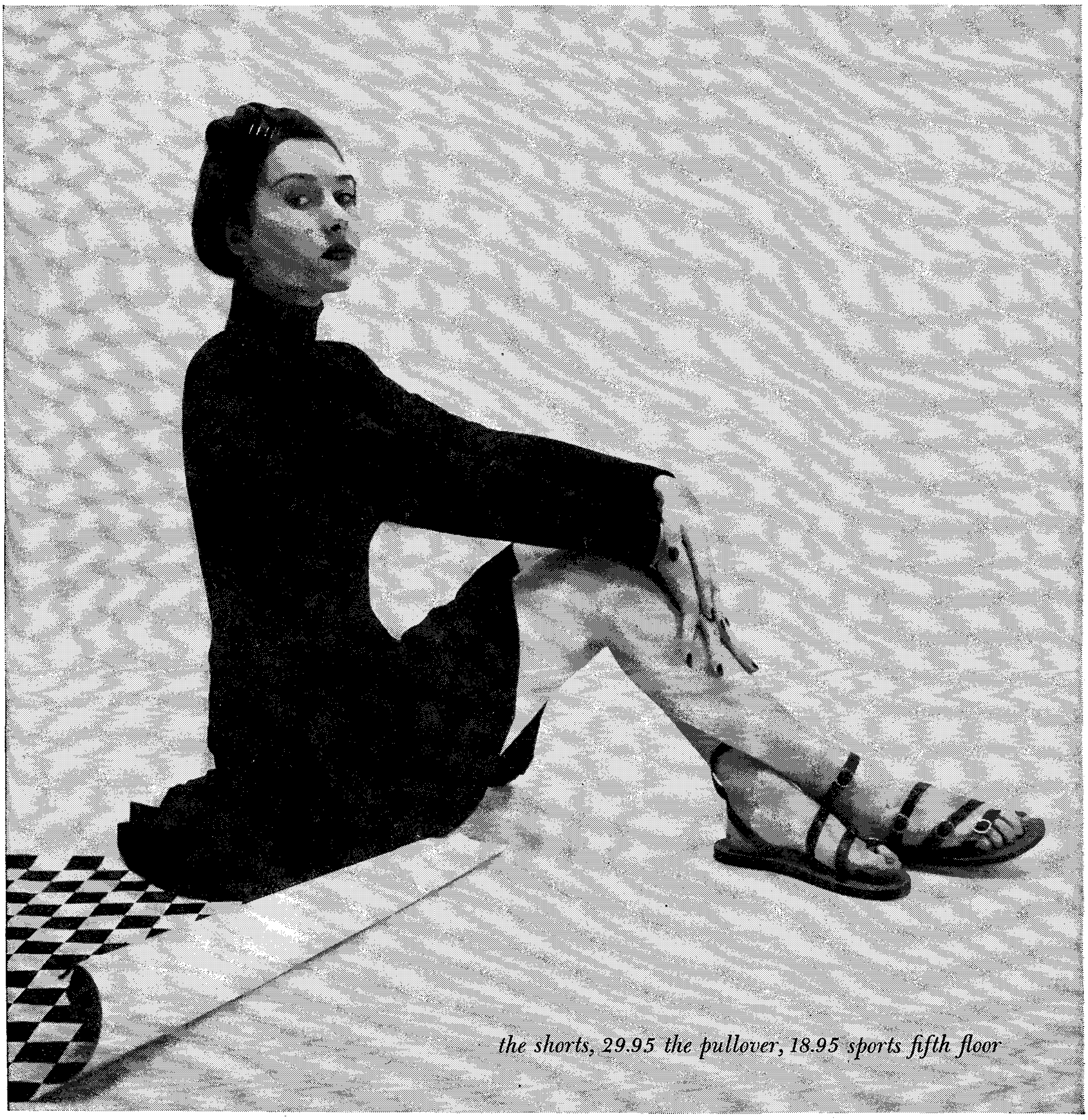

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, Feb. 21: Two matches, to be announced.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28: Ramapo vs. Squadron A Regulars, and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

INDOOR TENNIS—The Eastern Championships, starting Saturday, Feb. 21, at 4 P.M. Subsequent starting times to be announced. (Fifteenth Regiment Armory, Fifth Ave. at 142nd St. AU 3-3010.)

INDOOR TRACK—Saturday, Feb. 21: National A.A.U. meet.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28: I.C.A.A.A.A. meet. (Madison Square Garden. Meets begin at 8 P.M.)

WINTER SPORTS—Lake Placid Winter Ice Carnival. (Lake Placid, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—Children's World Theatre: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Feb. 21 and 28, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) ... ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "Rumpelstiltzkin" and "The Sleeping Beauty." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoons, Feb. 21 and 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) ... ¶ Clare Tree Major's Children's Theatre: "Penrod." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Feb. 28, at 10:30. For tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

CONCERT—The Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Bruno Walter and Walter Hendl. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Feb. 21, at 11.)

MOVIES—Films of interest to children are shown *on Saturday mornings* at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) ... ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Economic and Social Council, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Space Ship to Mars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. —Noting that it is February, the Library has gone into its files for relics of Lincoln and Washington—a draft of the Farewell Address, a recipe for small beer that Washington jotted down, and a sheaf of Lincoln's personal letters, among them—and put them all on display in the Main Hall. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.)

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—This year, nature's advocates on Lexington Avenue are presenting Babe Didrikson Zaharias, a talented seal named Sharkey, some comic divers, and everything you might need to make an Adirondacks camp as comfortable as an East Side flat. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, and Monday, Feb. 23, from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sunday, Feb. 22, from 12 noon to 10 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A large display of charts, models,

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In February, 1948 25¢

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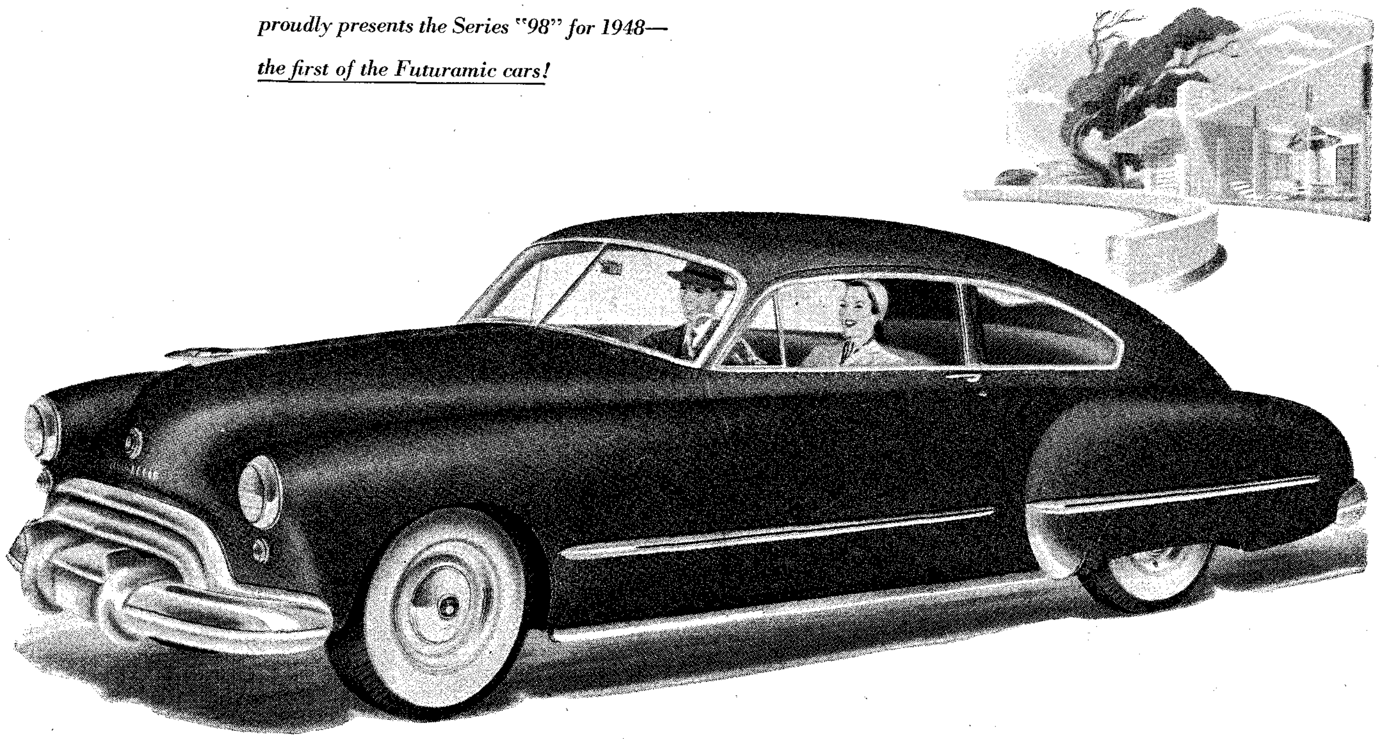

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and diagrams intended to demonstrate how the scientists are getting along in their peacetime joust with the atom. Among the exhibits are an atomic pile (a model, but equipped with sound effects), a miniature atomic-power plant, and a voltage machine that makes your hair stand on end when you touch it. Sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—Paintings by modern French and American painters, as well as by Renaissance Europeans, owned by Yngvar Aaby and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Auction, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ English and American furniture and objects of art, owned by Mrs. Hubert M. Higgs, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday, Feb. 19, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday afternoons, Feb. 20-21, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Modern lithographs and prints, including forty-three prints by Picasso from the collection of Curt Valentin. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, and Monday, Feb. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ A sale of French and American paintings and drawings, sponsored by the magazine *Mainstream-Masses*, including works by Paul Klee, Dufy, Toulouse-Lautrec, William Gropper, Abraham Rattner, and others. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; sale, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—Speaking at the Jackson Day Dinner in Washington, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 10 P.M., WJZ, WNBC.

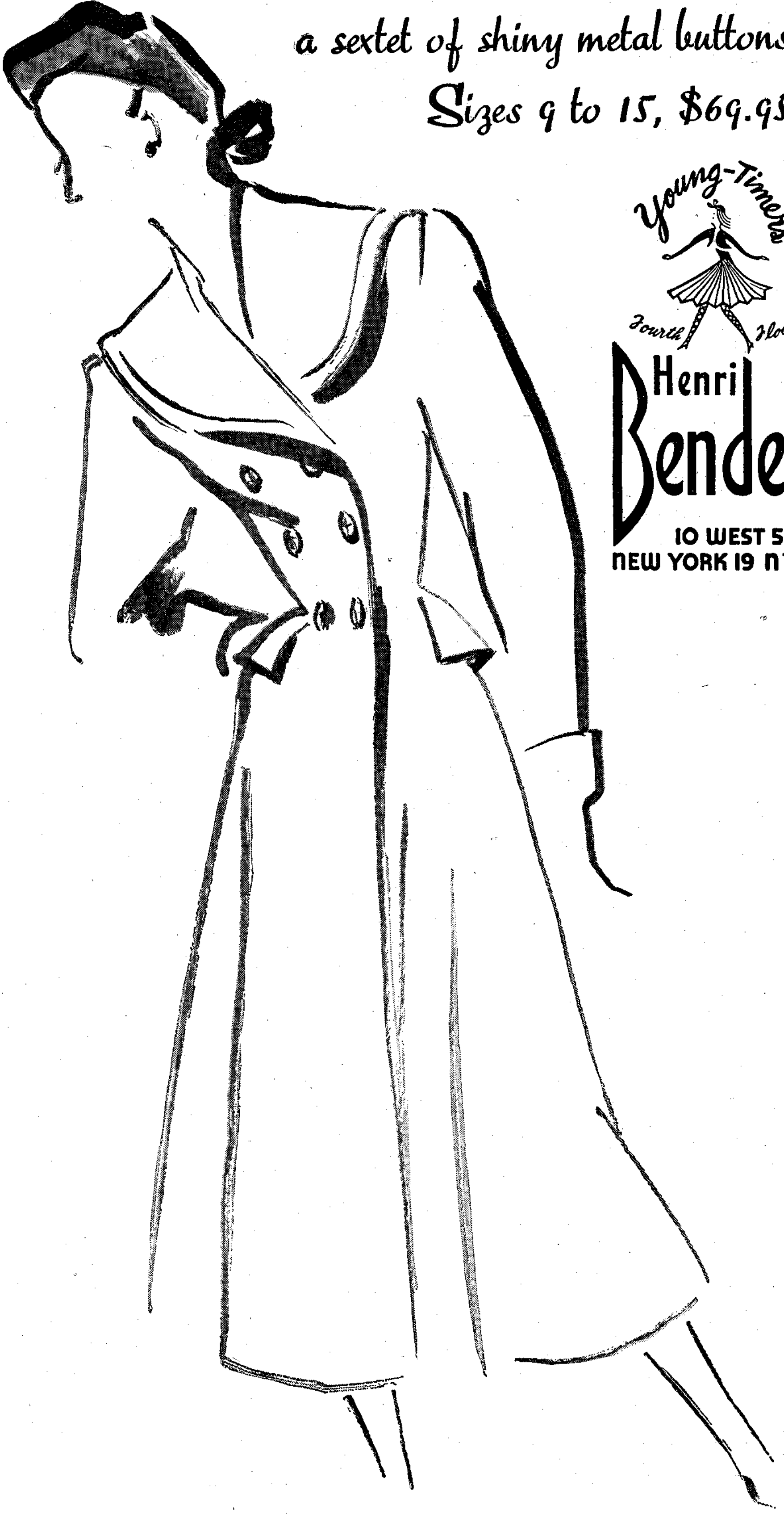
UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M., over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA. . . . ¶ A weekly report by Thomas J. Hamilton, Wednesdays at 11:05 P.M., WQXR.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Aïda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Margaret Harshaw, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, Monday, Feb. 23, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Yella Pessl, harpsichord, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 3:45 P.M., and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 10:05 P.M., WQXR.

DRAMA—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Far-Off Hills," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION—President Truman, speaking at the Jackson Day Dinner, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT, WCBS. . . . ¶ Newsreel, Mondays through Fridays and Sundays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Feb. 22, at 9:15 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Basketball: Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:45 P.M.; Monday, Feb. 23, at 8 P.M.; and Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:45 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Boston, Sunday, Feb. 22, and Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 25, both at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Terry Young, Friday, Feb. 20; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Track: National A.A.U. meet, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 P.M.; and I.C.A.A.A.A. meet, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:15 P.M., WCBS.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fanny—The last part of Marcel Pagnol's trilogy dealing with some rowdy residents of Marseille. A soundly diverting French film, which was made in 1938 and has as its star the great actor Raimu. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Gentleman's Agreement—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, unfortunately, never gets under the surface of the subject. The picture is based on Laura Z. Hobson's novel, and the cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

The Idiot—A French attempt to probe Dostoevski's metaphysics that doesn't make the more difficult aspects of the Russian's ideas any clearer but that does have some remarkable scenes. Gérard Philippe is convincing as the Christlike Prince Myshkin, and he is supported by a talented cast. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740.)

Shoe-Shine—An Italian picture telling simply and with terrifying effect the tragedy of two shoeshine boys in Rome. The superb child actors and the picture's unrelenting honesty are remarkable. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; starting Feb. 20.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that recounts the adventures of an Italian peasant who shields a pair of G.I.s (one of them colored) from the Nazis. Simple, moving, and distinguished by masterly acting. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

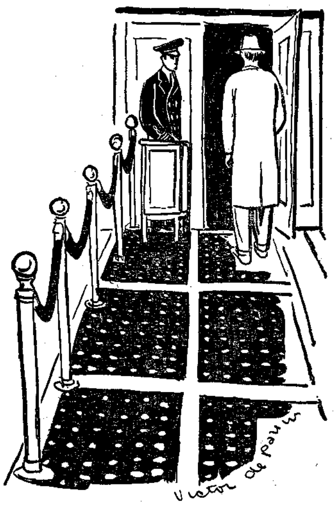
Treasure of Sierra Madre—John Huston's film, which proves that gold doesn't always bring happiness to those who find it. Walter Huston lends distinction to the picture by his striking portrait of an old prospector. Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt are also on hand. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; Feb. 19.)

Volpone—A Gallic version of Ben Jonson's comedy about an antic miser, which is one of the funniest movies in years. In the title role, the late Harry Baur is altogether hilarious, and he is given marvellous support by Louis Jouvet and the others in the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Feb. 24.)

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 19.)

Diamond Jim (1935)—Jim Brady, of course. With Edward Arnold. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Feb. 23-24.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 20-22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 23-25.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 19.)

The Magic Bow (1947)—A British film about the life of Paganini. With Stewart Granger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 22.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Feb. 20.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 19.)

Ninotchka (1939)—The Garbo comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; starting Feb. 25.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British film. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Feb. 25.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Feb. 23-25.)

The Spoilers (1942)—Marlene Dietrich in Rex Beach's Alaska. Also with Randolph Scott and John Wayne. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Feb. 23-24.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Feb. 24.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Feb. 20-22.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 20.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. An English picture. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Feb. 23-25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Feb. 19-22: "The Flapper" (1920); and dance scenes from "Salome" (1923), with Alla Nazimova. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 23: "A Night Out" (1915), with Charlie Chaplin; and "The Kid" (1920), with Jackie Coogan. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Three Daring Daughters," Jeannette MacDonald, José Iturbi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Sleep, My Love," Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"A Double Life," Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through Feb. 20: "Night Song," Merle Oberon, Dana Andrews.
From Feb. 21: "If You Knew Susie," Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Road to Rio," Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"To the Ends of the Earth," Signe Hasso, Dick Powell.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Call Northside 777," James Stewart, Richard Conte.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Feb. 24: "Killer McCoy," Mickey Rooney, Brian Donlevy, Ann Blyth.
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Feb. 19: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE.**
From Feb. 20: "My Girl Tisa," Lilli Palmer, Sam Wanamaker.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"A Miracle Can Happen," Paulette Goddard, James Stewart, Henry Fonda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Jassy," Margaret Lockwood.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 22: **THE MAGIC BOW**, revival.
From Feb. 23: "Farrebique" (in French).

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
Through Feb. 22: "A Lover's Return," (in French), Louis Jouvet, Gaby Morlay.
From Feb. 23: "The Raven" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
FANNY.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Feb. 22: "The Happy Tailor" (in Swedish).
From Feb. 23: "The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Feb. 19: "Voyage Surprise" (in French).
From Feb. 20: **SHOE-SHINE.**

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
THE IDIOT.

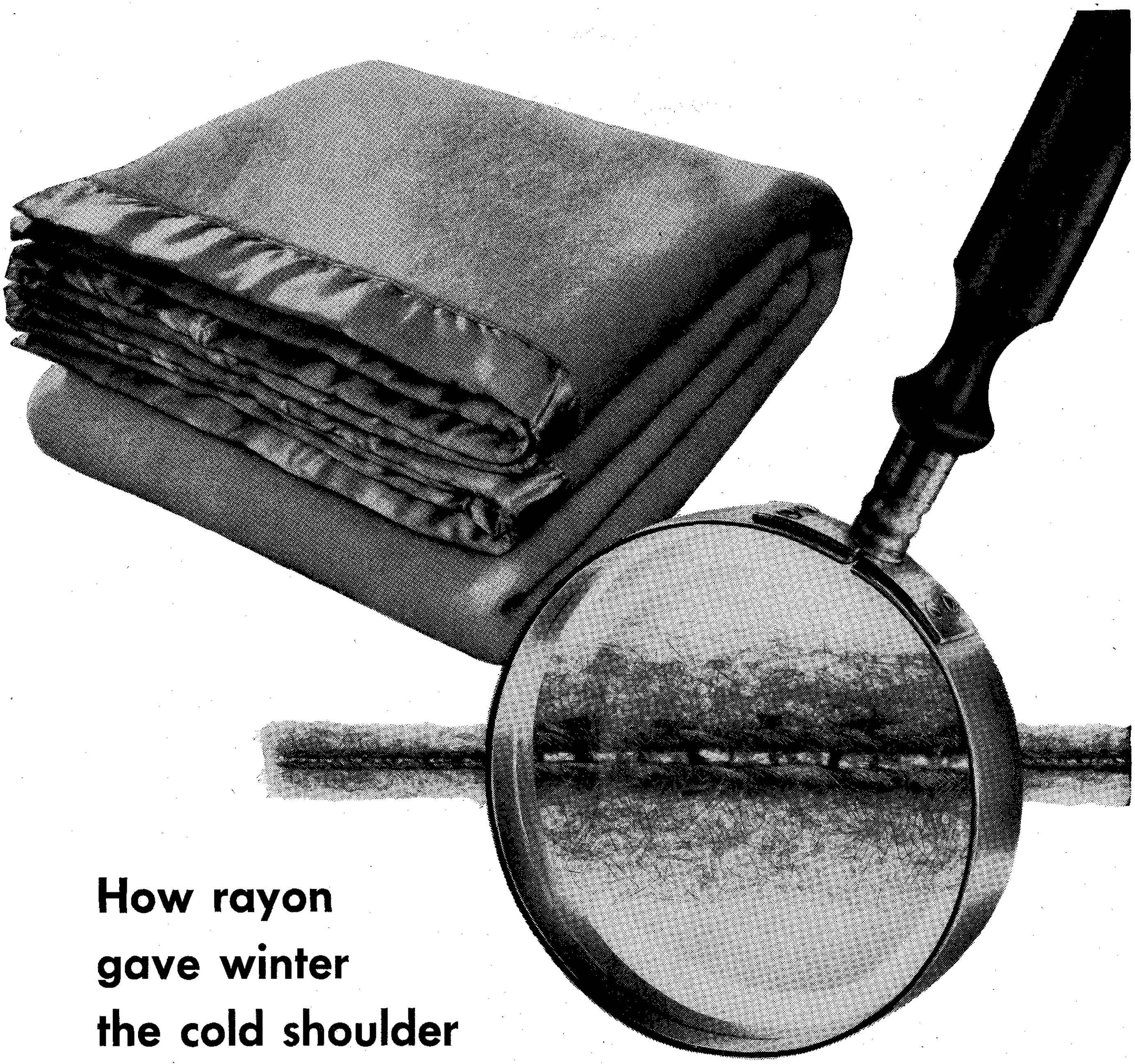
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
NINOTCHKA, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Holiday Camp," Flora Robson, Dennis Price.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"The Pearl," Maria Elena Marques.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.



How rayon gave winter the cold shoulder

For a time, rayon's advantages couldn't be fully utilized in blankets, which get much of their warmth from tiny air cells among their fibers.

Then American Viscose engineers learned to give rayon a permanent crimp...by rearranging the very molecules of the fiber.

What this achieved appears in the magnified cutting of a blanket shown above. As in any fine blanket, the fibers are densely packed at the center. Toward the surface they grow fluffy. At the surface they are deeply napped. And the blanket holds millions of tiny air cells which alone can make blankets warm, light, and luxuriously soft.

It is composed of a blend of the new Avisco crimped rayon and wool.

Rayon makes it less appetizing to moths, more beautifully colored, easier to launder. It's on the counters of hundreds of stores today...priced so all can afford it.

Soon you'll be wearing these remarkable new crimped rayon fibers in suits, overcoats, bathrobes, ski togs...to brush off the chilliest weather! American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

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To achieve that well-groomed look

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Germaine Monteil's *Beauty Balm* — an ideal powder foundation, designed to keep your skin fresh and alive. In three colors — Natural, Muted Rose, and Bronzé.

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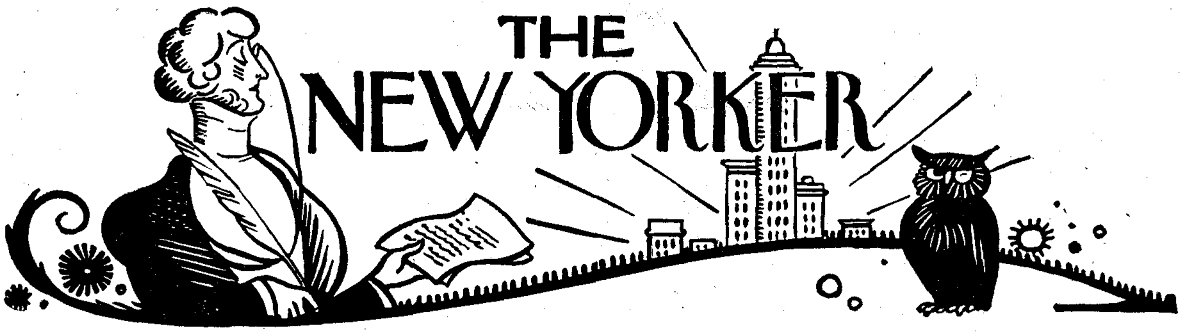


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MR. MAYNARD, the trader, said that the sale of one million bushels of wheat was "routine," and we do not doubt his word. The routine of a grain speculator has changed, though, over the past few decades. Formerly a man who had made a killing in the market would be surrounded by admiring friends and called on to make some impromptu remarks on the spirit of American enterprise. Today he is surrounded by reporters and called on to issue a public statement defending his position, denying that he ever laid his hand on a bushel of wheat except in kindness and that he ever heard of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

"THIS is my business and it is an honest, legal business," Mr. Maynard said, wearing the brave little smile of a man who has just made three hundred thousand dollars. The honesty and the legality of the deal are not the question, in our opinion. We feel, and have long felt, that the trader in wheat should be required to receive the wheat itself, and handle the sacks during the transaction. We have handled a good many hundred-pound bags of feed in our time, and we know from experience that they set an excellent and salutary limit on a man's ambitions and lusts. To pick a sack of cracked corn or wheat off the back end of a truck and carry it into the barn, a man has to know what he is doing and has to be intent on doing it. He must know how to get a handhold by digging his fingers into the bottom of the bag; he must know how to use his muscles and keep his back straight, so that he doesn't end up with a double hernia. And after he has lugged ten or a dozen sacks, some of the enthusiasm goes out of him. Mr. Maynard's tragedy was not that he made three hundred thousand dollars but that he never smelled the inside of the barn, or helped put the tailboard up in place again.

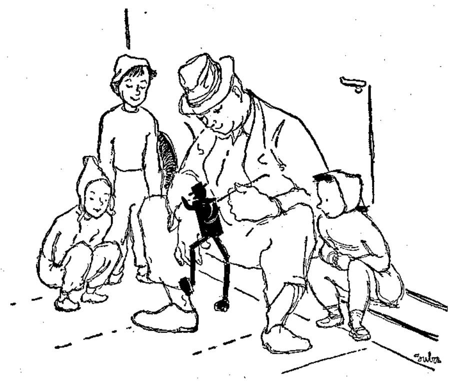
OUR stand on grain trading may be captious. It is possible that we are not squarely facing the issue of free markets. Nevertheless, the question Mr. Maynard faced is the question all men face at one time or another in their lives: whether there is any sense in owning something just for the sake of owning it. Mr. Maynard didn't want wheat, he wanted change in price. Yet in the course of the business he had to possess himself of the wheat, remotely. His was a grain bin without a mousehole, without a scoop. It is conceivable that in a more perfect society, wheat will be bought only by persons who have some use for wheat—millers, poultrymen, and the like. At any rate, it's something to think about, in these days when our economic system is on the pan and when we are beginning to study the relationship between private profit and public responsibility.

WE liked the compliment Mr. Maynard paid the press. "Anybody who reads the newspapers could have made money," he said. Millions of Americans appreciate the simple truth of this homely remark. Watch passersby as they approach a newsstand—the slowed step, the stolen glance. There is in every one the feeling that something has happened in the world of which he is not yet aware—some dog rescued from an ice floe, some subtle shift in cotton or oats—the feeling that somewhere in the headlines lies destiny, lies wealth, lies three hundred thousand dollars or the key to making same. All absolutely true.

IN a freshening breeze one afternoon last week, we went down to Pier 26, North River, to have a look at the Eastwind, the Coast Guard icebreaker that has been convoying tankers and barges between here and upriver points since early last month, when the channels of the Hudson began to freeze over. We discovered that the Eastwind is something less than handsome, being a squat craft with a foreshortened bow, a bulging middle, and a deck crowded with cranes, guns, boats, sailors, and an Airedale named Skunk, a native of Greenland. Since the Eastwind was built, on the West Coast, in 1944, she has made several trips to naval and Coast Guard stations in Greenland, and after that, we were told by Ensign A. Newell Garden, whom we fell in with upon going aboard, the ice of the Hudson seems like butter. "The thickest ice we've had in the river was only a couple of feet," he added, "and this ship was built to crack ice running up to fifteen feet." Mr. Garden supplied us with some figures on the Eastwind. She displaces six thousand tons, is two hundred and sixty-nine feet long, has a sixty-four-foot beam, and can work up ten thousand horsepower, or four times that of a Liberty ship. She has twin screws aft and another propeller in her bow. When the twin screws are run ahead and the bow propeller is run astern, the commotion brewed up in the water is enough to shatter any ice the vessel meets in the Hudson. In really formidable ice fields, the ship is driven up onto the ice until her weight cracks open the mass beneath it. This technique is likely to play hob with the forward propeller, and in

Greenland a couple of years ago three blades of it were twisted off and its shaft was sprung. Propeller and shaft were removed and weren't replaced until last month, when the ship returned to local waters. To prevent the inside of the hull from sweating in the Arctic, the Eastwind is lined with cork, and to prevent the ship from being stove in when the going is tough her plates are made of heavily reinforced steel. In her convoy work this winter, the Eastwind has been in action from sunup to twilight. Every morning, the icebreaker slogs around getting the tankers and barges in her care loose from the ice that has formed overnight. Running alone, the Eastwind can make it from Albany to New York in nine hours; with a convoy, she has seldom made it in less than three days.

While we were digesting these facts, Commander E. S. Kerr, Jr., the executive officer of the Eastwind, and Lieutenant Ray Marshall, her chief engineer, came along. Commander Kerr told us that the Eastwind is one of six sister icebreakers. The Coast Guard has two of them, the Navy two, and the Russians two. The last were transferred under lend-lease during the war. "Incidentally," said Commander Kerr, "the Eastwind saw a bit of action in the war. She got into a fight off Greenland with a pair of German weather ships, and took one as a prize and left the other an ice-bound hulk. In those days, there was a complement of three hundred and five enlisted men and twenty-one officers. Now we have eighty-eight men and nine officers, and, the way we've been ferrying back and forth, there's no man aboard who's had any too much sleep lately." "You might be interested," said Mr. Marshall, "to know about the heeling and trimming tanks we use to shake the Eastwind loose from the ice. We've got six big heeling tanks, three on each side and each holding eighteen to twenty thousand gallons of water, and by pumping fifteen thousand gallons a minute into one set of them we can change a starboard list to a port list in ninety seconds. Besides these, we have a tank in the bow that can take forty thousand gallons of water and a tank in the stern that can take twenty thousand. By alternating the water in these, we can raise the bow or stern whenever we feel like it." In convoy work on the Hudson, we learned, the vessels being led are kept as close as possible behind the Eastwind. At that, there have been times when the whole convoy had to stop while the icebreaker went back and rescued a straggler from the rapidly forming ice. In these waters, the ship has no trouble docking, but around Greenland she stands offshore and sends in a landing craft, which is carried on her afterdeck.



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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The latest issue of *Dime Mystery Magazine*, combined with *10 Story Mystery*, contains eight stories and costs fifteen cents.

There's a sign in the window of a jewelry shop on Sixth Avenue that reads:

LIFETIME RINGS
WHILE THEY LAST

Cute

A RATHER stiff-necked young man of our acquaintance was confounded the other day when he got a check for his birthday bearing the pastel image of a large birthday cake and signed, simply, "Mom." After a short period of reflection, during which he weighed one factor against another, he took it to the bank on which it was drawn, a branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company, and, with a certain uneasiness and some muttered remark about the vagaries of mothers, handed it in at a grated window. He was confounded again when the teller made no fuss whatever over cashing it. The young man is one who in the past has vaguely felt that the substantiality of a bank was directly related to its forbidding manner, and he reported the happening to us, suggesting that we might investigate it. We have done so. It turns out that the Manufacturers Trust Company, evidently an aggressive outfit, originated what it calls its Personal Gift Check Service in 1945, at the suggestion of an imaginative employee, who was later given a cash award and a promotion. Starting with a Christmas check decorated with a Santa Claus and his sleigh, the bank has gone on to develop checks suitable for births, graduations, weddings, wedding anniversaries, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Easter, and Special Occasions, the last being a catchall in which kittenishness is limited only by the resourcefulness of the donor.

The designs on the checks have been improved from time to time—the stork that haunts checks to be sent to infants, for instance, which originally had an expression that officials at the bank considered unduly listless, has been touched up so that it now has a knowing and anticipatory look—but the basic operation is so simple it defies improvement. If a person wishes, say, to send a young couple a wedding check, he merely goes to any office of the Manufacturers Trust (non-depositors are especially welcome, since one of the primary purposes of the service is to lure potential customers into the bank) and deposits money to the amount of the check, plus twenty-five cents. For his twenty-five cents, he gets a check with a drawing of a bride and groom hungrily cutting a wedding cake, a pretty folder to put the check in, and a chaste white envelope to put the folder in. He may sign the check any way he wants, after having fixed it up with the bank, so they'll know what to expect.

"Mom" and "Dad" are about the commonest signatures, with Uncle So-and-So or Aunt So-and-So running next. There are, as is to be expected, a number of inveterate kidders who conceal their relationship, if any, by adopting such names as Dingbat and Banshee. The extreme of whimsicality is to make up a name for the recipient as well, and on one occasion the bank, with forced cheerfulness, executed a transfer of funds from Fatty to Horseface. Once the check has been cashed and returned to the bank, it is handled with care to keep it looking fresh, since either the donor or the donee may want to have it back, which can be arranged for a fifteen-cent fee. The parishioners of a local priest recently gave him a check on which both the signature and the pay-to-the-order-of line had been illuminated with gold leaf by nuns; it looked, we understand, just like a page out of a medieval manuscript, and the bank hoped to keep the check for itself, but the donors put up fifteen cents and had it returned to the priest.

The service has been spreading steadily since 1945, and is now available not only through the seventy-seven branches of the Manufacturers Trust but through three hundred and seventy correspondent banks, in thirty-seven states. Last June, the Manufacturers Trust handled about four thousand wedding checks. The slowest-moving design in the lot is the one provided for Father's

Day. No surprise there. People unfamiliar with the checks are apt to eye them with ill-humored skepticism, but they're actually the next thing to certified checks, since the cash on deposit to cover them can't be drawn on for any other purpose. It's not altogether safe to try to cash them in taverns, however, where the pretty drawings and pastel shades have been known to shock hard-working bartenders. To make bartenders and other businessmen better acquainted with the service, the bank has published a one-page tract entitled "Did You Ever Know Money Could Be So Beautiful?," which is illustrated with an attention-getting picture of coins seemingly growing wild in a garden of roses.

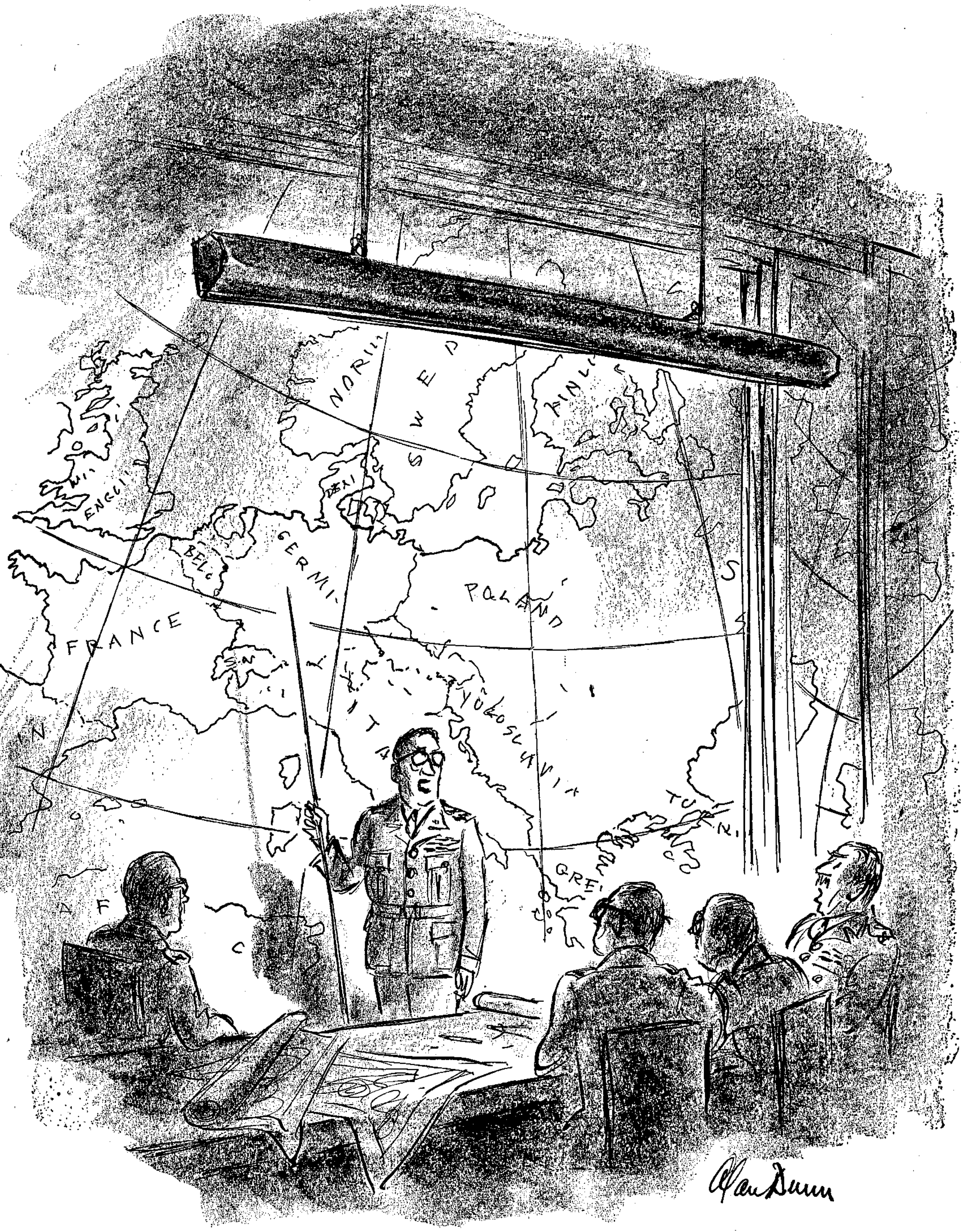
Urgent

YOU know those paternal little notes that dentists send to their patients when the hour of the semiannual checkup is at hand? Well, a lady has forwarded us one she received the other day, the final sentence of which seems to have rather more force than felicity: "Please call my office for an appointment now; procrastination is the thief of teeth."

Curve Balls

UNTIL the Security Council debate on Jammu and Kashmir was adjourned last week, one of the busiest men at the United Nations headquarters was Frank C. Bancroft, of the Editorial Division, an expert on the orthography of Indian place names, surnames, patronyms, given names, and titles, many of which are as long as your arm. We had a talk with him just before a session of the Council. He is a lean, middle-sized man of forty-three, with a lean, middle-sized nose, sinewy hands, and the distinction of having been the mascot of the Cincinnati Reds at the time of the Black Sox scandal—a far cry indeed from fabled India. He told us that one of his main jobs during Council discussions of Indian matters is to work with the ten or eleven verbatim reporters who, either in shorthand or on a stenotype machine, take down every last thing the speakers say. Each reporter makes notes for ten minutes and then ducks out to read off what he's recorded to a typist. Bancroft sits at the verbatim-reporters' table, which is in front of the Council table, and just before the reporters dash off with their notes, they consult him about any words they are stuck on—say, the spelling of Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh, which is the name of a Hindu extremist organization.

According to Bancroft, the intonation and accent of Indians speaking English is hard for verbatim reporters to follow. "Sir Mohamed Zafrullah Khan, of Pakistan, is remarkably eloquent but a particularly tough man to catch," Bancroft told us. "He threw us a

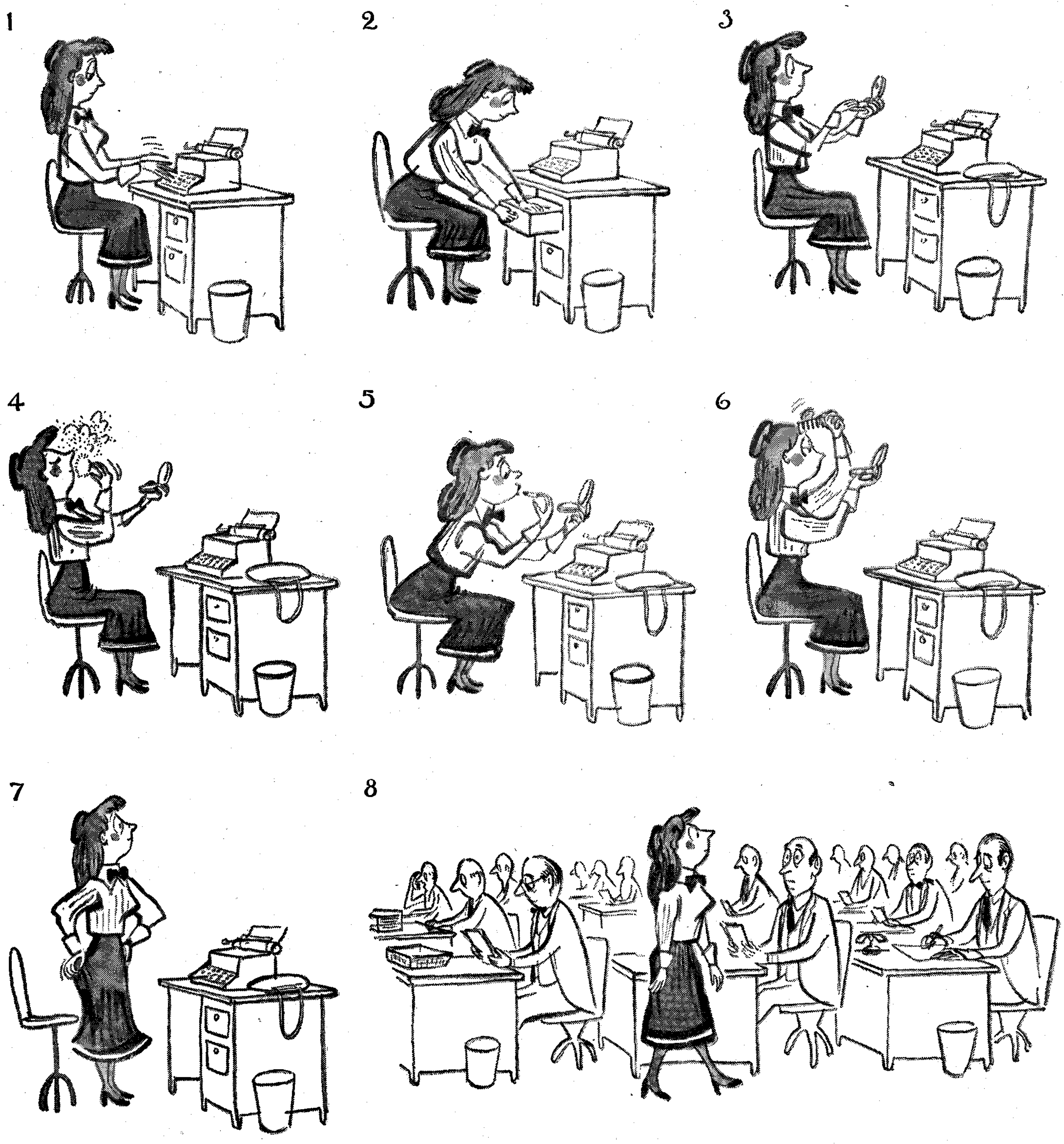


"The guerrilla activities near Nestorion have been suppressed with thirty million dollars in Greek aid, including tractors, other farm machinery, and a large shipment of road-building equipment. The Communist-inspired agitation in central Italy is being countered vigorously by the distribution of machine tools and twenty thousand long tons of cereals, mostly wheat. In Germany, we are bringing up foodstuffs . . ."

curve ball the other day by talking for five and a quarter hours at about a three-hundred-word-a-minute clip. That's a great many words a minute in any language. Our English verbatim reporters are only required to be able to take two hundred words a minute. Sir Mohamed read newspaper accounts of recent events in Kashmir that contained a lot of Hindustani terms, and reeled off a list of Princely States in India. Some of these were Khapurthala, Jind, Nabha, Patiala, Bharatpur, Alwar, Gwalior, and Faridkot. Almost too hot for the catchers to handle."

The problem of handling Indian place names is aggravated by the fact that a place frequently has different names in different languages. (Kashmir, for instance, is different in different languages but happens to be easy, being "Cachemire" in French and "Cachemira" in Spanish.) Moreover, towns change their names from time to time, or the spelling of their names; probably as one of the first fruits of independence, what was once called Punch is now, gloriously, Poonch. Verbatim reporters have to distinguish between the Indian "q" and "k" and the Indian "g" and "gh," and, as if this were not enough, they are confronted with the knotty fact that there are various versions of personal names. Bancroft estimates that there are at least fifty ways of spelling Mohammed. In dealing with a Hindu, it is especially important to get his name exactly right, because it generally reveals his caste and place of origin. To a student of India, a man named N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar could be only a Brahmin from the south. Names once indicated professions as well, but not any more; too many new professions.

Bancroft attended Princeton, majoring in French. He mastered Hindustani during a three-year stay in India back in the thirties, largely picking it up



in third-class railroad cars, on the theory that there was no sense in travelling nine thousand miles from Cincinnati to ride first class and hear nothing but English. "I put on Indian clothes and lived like an Indian," he told us. "I'd get on a train early, lay out my bedroll on top of the luggage rack, and doze off. I'd wake up after a while and find the car full of Indians smoking hookahs or arguing with a goat, and I'd crawl down and join them. I consider a hookah a good bit pleasanter than a pipe." Bancroft wrote articles for various Indian publications, dealing mostly with American counterparts of Indian customs. "The caste system, child marriage, and all that," he said. "I never did discover an Indian parallel to the bobby-soxer. I was just as glad." Bancroft found that English-speaking Indians were having a lot of trouble understanding the dialogue in American movies, and he wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "A Little Lexicon of 500 American Slang Expressions Translated into English." Among the definitions were "Peanut: A small, inconsequential, and unimportant person" and "Pipe down, small change: Be quiet, you insignificant fellow." An edition of three thousand copies of the booklet sold out in no time, and all the buyers weren't natives of India, either.

Resourceful

THE father of a seventh-grade young lady attending an upstate boarding school has shown us the last couple of letters received from her. The first is mostly concerned with a show the pupils had in preparation and concludes with the news that a classmate broke her leg skiing. The second letter briefly but enthusiastically discusses the twenty-below temperature prevailing at the time of writing and then quickly gets onto the subject of the show again. "There is great excitement over our play," the young lady wrote. "We have two rehearsals more, today and Monday. On Monday there will be a dress rehearsal. Joan S——, the girl who broke her leg skiing, is in the play too. She is going to be a boy that broke his leg."

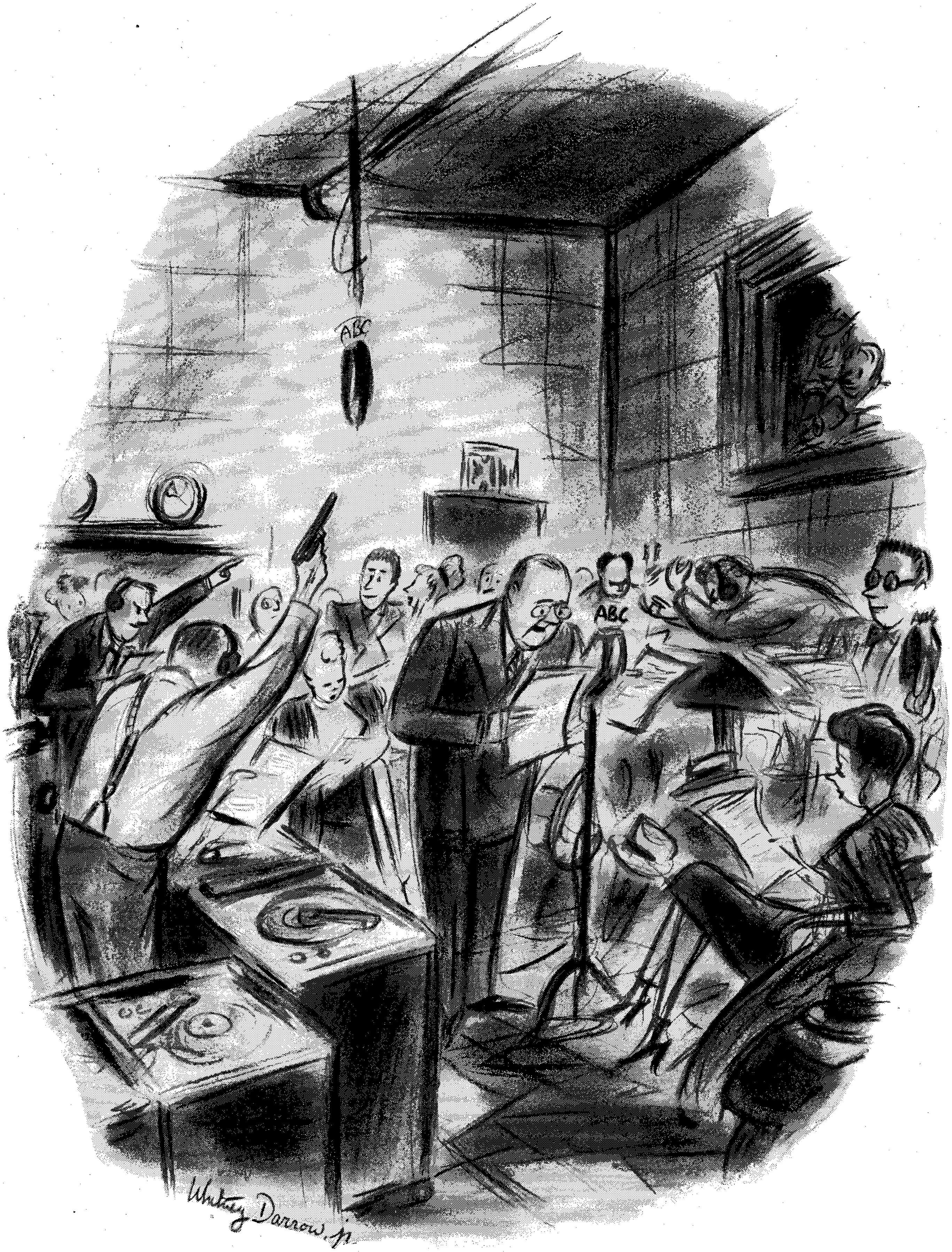
Umbrella Behavior

OUR older readers may recall a survey of the ladies'-lost-glove situation we made a year or so ago. Working night and day, with absolutely no help from the Rockefeller Foundation, our research staff has just concluded a similar study of umbrellas lost in the metropolitan district, dredging up a bunch of facts and figures that probably will astonish nobody. Very well. The incidence of umbrellas mislaid by the American female is far greater than that for which the American male is responsible, while the incidence of claim, or recapture, by the sexes is in inverse ratio. An eminent authority, an umbrella manufacturer to whom one of our interviewers tactfully put a set of scientifically selected questions under the promise of complete secrecy, estimates that among adult, male moderate-to-excessive users of buses, subways, and commuters' trains, one out of ten loses one umbrella a year. Among females in this category, both high-school and Bryn Mawr graduates, practically all lose several umbrellas a year. This was true in 1945, 1946, and 1947, and 1948 will be no different. Postwar losses, the manufacturer said, are less than prewar and intra-war losses, for the obvious reason that umbrellas have increased in price, causing their owners to exert greater energy in tracking down lost ones.

This manufacturer's impression is borne out by some of the other statistics revealed by our survey. Of fifteen hundred umbrellas turned in to the Pennsylvania Station lost-and-found department last year—mostly by train crews, who cleared them out of cars—only two hundred and sixty-four were men's. Lost-and-found at Grand Central took in eighteen hundred umbrellas, and the ratio was about the same, under the law of averages. Grand Central's prewar average gathering was about thirty-six hundred, and Pennsylvania's around three thousand. Of Grand Central's eighteen hundred, only three hundred and sixty were not claimed. Nearly three hundred of these were ladies', God bless them. Of Pennsylvania's fifteen hundred, the proportion of unclaimed ones was almost identical. The city's three subway lines yielded a total of seventy-eight hundred umbrellas in 1947; thirty-two hundred of these remained unclaimed, three thousand of them ladies'. The Fifth Avenue Coach Company took in eight hundred and sixty-eight umbrellas, of which seven hundred and eight were never claimed. Of the latter, six hundred and eighty-six were ladies'. The annual umbrella finds at Schrafft's, the Radio City Music Hall, the Waldorf, Carnegie Hall, and the Paramount Theatre hover around eight hundred, four hundred, three hundred and sixty, one hundred and fifty, and one hundred, respectively. Ninety-five per cent of these are ladies', God bless them. Paramount got only two men's in the whole year, one hundred per cent claimed, as against fifty per cent distaff claims. The Childs chain reports that for at least two years not a single male umbrella has gone unclaimed. Penn Station keeps unclaimed umbrellas around for sixty days and then ships them to Philadelphia, where they're sold at auction. Grand Central sells its unclaimed umbrellas at auction in Buffalo. It makes for a small but steady income. Carnegie Hall gives its umbrellas to its cleaning women. Schrafft's and Radio City Music Hall sell theirs for charity. The Fifth Avenue Coach Company sells its for the benefit of the company's welfare association. The Waldorf uses its residuum—only eighteen a year—as a pool for loans to guests or to hotel personnel in time of emergency, such as rain. "The ones that are left are pretty ratty, I can tell you," the young lady in charge of the Waldorf's lost-and-found office told our senior investigator, a former O.S.S. man.

Compliance

A GEORGIA girl came up here last month and got a job with an importing firm. On about her fourth day in the office, she was asked to find out whether Air France makes regular flights to Madagascar. Calling the airlines office, she got a pleasant-sounding young Frenchman on the phone. "Tell me," she inquired, "do you-all fly to Madagascar?" After a prolonged silence, the Frenchman replied uneasily, "Yes, Madame, we all do."


ABC
ABC
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"And now a word to our friends in the underworld: If we, tonight, have been able to convince you that crime does not pay, and you are persuaded to square yourselves with society, please mention this program when you turn yourselves in."

CHILDREN ARE BORED ON SUNDAY

THROUGH the wide doorway between two of the painting galleries, Emma saw Alfred Eisenburg standing before "The Three Miracles of Zenobius," his lean, equine face ashen and sorrowing, his gaunt frame looking undernourished, and dressed in a way that showed he was poorer this year than he had been last. Emma herself had been hunting for the Botticelli all afternoon, sidetracked first by a Mantegna she had forgotten, and then by a follower of Hieronymus Bosch, and distracted, in an English room as she was passing through, by the hot invective of two ladies who were lodged (so they bitterly reminded one another) in an outrageous and expensive mare's-nest at a hotel on Madison. Emma liked Alfred, and once, at a party in some other year, she had flirted with him slightly for seven or eight minutes. It had been spring, and even into that modern apartment, wherever it had been, while the cunning guests, on their guard and highly civilized, learnedly disputed on aesthetic and political subjects, the feeling of spring had boldly invaded, adding its nameless, sentimental sensations to all the others of the buffeted heart; one did not know and never had, even in the devouring raptures of adolescence, whether this was a feeling of tension or of solution—whether one flew or drowned.

In another year, she would have been pleased to run into Alfred here in the Metropolitan on a cold Sunday, when the galleries were thronged with out-of-towners and with people who dutifully did something self-educating on the day of rest. But this year she was hiding from just such people as Alfred Eisenburg, and she turned quickly to go back the way she had come, past the Constables and Raeburns. As she turned, she came face to face with Salvador Dali, whose sudden countenance, with its unlikely mustache and its histrionic eyes, familiar from the photographs in public places, momentarily stopped her dead, for she did not immediately recognize him and, still surprised by seeing Eisenburg, took him also to be someone she knew. She shuddered and then realized that he was merely famous, and she penetrated the heart of a guided tour and proceeded safely through the rooms until she came to the balcony that overlooks the medieval armor, and there she paused, watching two youths of high-school age examine the joints of an equestrian's shell.

She paused because she could not decide what to look at now that she had been denied the Botticelli. She wondered, rather crossly, why Alfred Eisenburg was looking at it and why, indeed, he was here at all. She feared that her afternoon, begun in such a burst of courage, would not be what it might have been; for this second's glimpse of him—who had no bearing on her life—might very well divert her from the pictures, not only because she was reminded of her ignorance of painting by the presence of someone who was (she assumed) versed in it but because her eyesight was now bound to be impaired by memory and conjecture, by the irrelevant mind-portraits of innumerable people who belonged to Eisenburg's milieu. And almost at once, as she had predicted, the air separating her from the schoolboys below was populated with the images of composers, of painters, of writers who pronounced judgments, in their individual argot, on Hindemith, Ernst, Sartre, on Beethoven, Rubens, Baudelaire, on Stalin and Freud and Kierkegaard, on Toynbee, Frazer, Thoreau, Franco, Salazar, Roosevelt, Maimonides, Racine, Wallace, Picasso, Henry Luce, Monsignor Sheen, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the movie industry. And she saw herself moving, shaky with apprehensions and Martinis, and with the belligerence of a child who feels himself laughed at, through the apartments of Alfred Eisenburg's friends, where the shelves were filled with everyone from Aristophanes to Ring Lardner, where the walls were hung with reproductions of Seurat, Titian, Vermeer, and Klee, and where the record cabinets began with Palestrina and ended with Copland.

These cocktail parties were a *modus vivendi* in themselves for which a new philosophy, a new ethic, and a new etiquette had had to be devised. They were neither work nor play, and yet they were not at all beside the point but were, on the contrary, quite indispensable to the spiritual life of the artists who went to them. It was possible for Emma to see these occasions objectively, after these many months of abstention from them, but it was still not possible to understand them, for they were so special a case, and so unlike any parties she had known at home. The gossip was different, for one thing, because it was stylized, creative (integrating the whole of the garrotted, absent friend), and all its details were precise and all its conceits were Jamesian, and all its practitioners sorrowfully saw themselves in the role of Pontius Pilate, that hero of the untoward circumstance. (It has to be done, though we don't want to do it; 'tis a pity she's a whore, when no one writes more intelligent verse than she.) There was, too, the matter of the drinks, which were much worse than those served by anyone else, and much more plentiful. They dispensed with the fripperies of olives in Martinis and cherries in Manhattans (God forbid! They had no sweet teeth), and half the time there was no ice, and when there was, it was as likely as not to be suspect shavings got from a bed for shad at the corner fish store. Other species, so one heard, went off to dinner after cocktail parties certainly no later than half past eight, but no one ever left a party given by an Olympian until ten, at the earliest, and then groups went out together, stalling and squabbling at the door, angrily unable to come to a decision about where to eat, although they seldom ate once they got there but, with the greatest formality imaginable, ordered several rounds of cocktails, as if they had not had a drink in a month of Sundays. But the most surprising thing of all about these parties was that every now and again, in the middle of the urgent, general conversation, this cream of the enlightened was horribly curdled, and an argument would end, quite literally, in a bloody nose or a black eye. Emma was always astounded when this happened and continued to think that these outbursts did not arise out of hatred or jealousy but out of some quite unaccountable quirk, almost a reflex, almost something physical. She never quite believed her eyes—that is, was never altogether convinced that they were really beating one another up. It seemed, rather, that this was only a deliberate and perfectly honest demonstration of what might have happened often if they had not so diligently dedicated themselves to their intellects. Although she had seen them do it, she did not and could not believe that city people clipped each other's jaws, for, to Emma, urban equalled urbane, and ichor ran in these Augustans' veins.

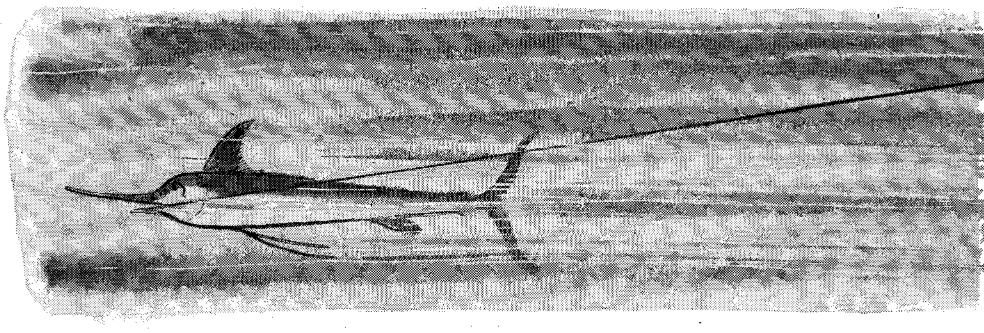
AS she looked down now from her balcony at the atrocious iron clothes below, it occurred to her that Alfred Eisenburg had been just such a first-generation metropolitan boy as these two who half knelt in lithe and eager attitudes to study the glittering splints of a knight's skirt. It was a kind of childhood she could not imagine and from the thought of which she turned away in secret, shameful pity. She had been really stunned when she first came to New York to find that almost no one she met had gluttonously read Dickens, as she had, beginning at the age of ten, and because she was only twenty when she arrived in the city and unacquainted with the varieties of cultural experience, she had acquired the idea, which she was never able to shake entirely loose, that these New York natives had been deprived of this and many other innocent pleasures because they had lived in apartments and not in two- or three-story houses. (In the early years in New York, she had known someone who had not heard a cat purr until he was twenty-five and went to a houseparty on Fire Island.) They had played hide-and-seek dodging behind ash cans instead of lilac bushes and in and out of the entries of apartment houses instead of up alleys densely lined with hollyhocks. But who was she to patronize and pity them? Her own childhood, rich as it seemed to her on reflection, had not equipped her to read, or to see, or to listen, as theirs had done; she envied them and despised them at the same time, and at the same time she feared and admired them. As their attitude implicitly accused her, before she beat her retreat, she never looked for meanings, she never saw the literary-historical symbolism of the cocktail party but went on, despite all testimony to the contrary, believing it to be an occasion for getting drunk. She never listened, their manner delicately explained, and when she talked she was always lamentably off key; often and often she had been stared at and had been told, "It's not the same thing at all."

Emma shuddered, scrutinizing this nature of hers, which they all had scorned, as if it were some harmless but sickening reptile. Noticing how cold the marble railing was under her hands, she felt that her self-blame was surely justified; she came to the Metropolitan Museum not to attend to the masterpieces but to remember cocktail parties where she had drunk too much and had seen Alfred Eisenburg, and to watch schoolboys, and to make experience out of the accidental contact of the palms of her hands with a cold bit of marble. What was there to do? One thing, anyhow, was clear and that was that today's excursion into the world had been premature; her solitude must continue for a while, and perhaps it would never end. If the sight of someone so peripheral, so uninvolving as Alfred Eisenburg could scare her so badly, what would a cocktail party do? She almost fainted at the thought of it, she almost fell headlong, and the boys, abandoning the coat of mail, dizzied her by their progress toward an emblazoned tabard.

In so many words, she wasn't fit to be seen. Although she was no longer mutilated, she was still unkempt; her pretensions needed brushing; her ambiguities needed to be cleaned; her evasions would have to be completely overhauled before she could face again the terrifying learning of someone like Alfred Eisenburg, a learning whose components cohered into a central personality that was called "intellectual." She imagined that even the boys down there had opinions on everything political and artistic and metaphysical and scientific, and because she remained, in spite of all her opportunities, as green as grass, she was certain they had got their head start because they had grown up in apartments, where there was nothing else to do but educate themselves. This being an intellectual was not the same thing as dilettantism; it was a calling in itself. Emma, for example, did not even know whether Eisenburg was a painter, a writer, a composer, a sculptor, or something entirely different. When, seeing him with the composers, she had thought he was one of them; when, the next time she met him, at a studio party, she decided he must be a painter; and when, on subsequent occasions, everything had pointed toward his being a writer, she had relied altogether on circumstantial evidence and not on anything he had said or done. There was no reason to suppose that he had not looked upon her as the same sort of variable and it made their anonymity to one another complete. Without the testimony of an impartial third person, neither she nor Eisenburg would ever know the other's actual trade. But his specialty did not matter, for his larger designation was that of "the intellectual," just as the man who confines his talents to the nose and throat is still a doctor. It was, in the light of this, all the more extraordinary that they had had that lightning-paced flirtation at a party.

Extraordinary, because Emma could not look upon herself as an intellectual. Her private antonym of this noun was "rube," and to her regret—the regret that had caused her finally to disappear from Alfred's group—she was not even a bona-fide rube. In her store clothes, so to speak, she was often taken for an intellectual, for she had, poor girl, gone to college and had never been quite the same since. She would not dare, for instance, go up to Eisenburg now and say that what she most liked in the Botticelli were the human and compassionate eyes of the centurions' horses, which reminded her of the eyes of her own Great-Uncle Graham, whom she had adored as a child. Nor would she admit that she was delighted with a Crivelli Madonna because the peaches in the background looked exactly like marzipan, or that Goya's little red boy inspired in her only the pressing desire to go out immediately in search of a plump cat to stroke. While she knew that feelings like these were not really punishable, she had not perfected the art of tossing them off; she was no flirt. She was a bounty jumper in the war between Great-Uncle Graham's farm and New York City, and liable to court-martial on one side and death on the other. Neither staunchly primitive nor confidently *au courant*, she rarely knew where she was at. And this was her Achilles' heel: her identity was always mistaken, and she was thought to be an intellectual who, however, had not made the grade. It was no use now to cry that she was not, that she was a simon-pure rube; not a soul would believe her. She knew, deeply and with horror, that she was thought merely stupid.

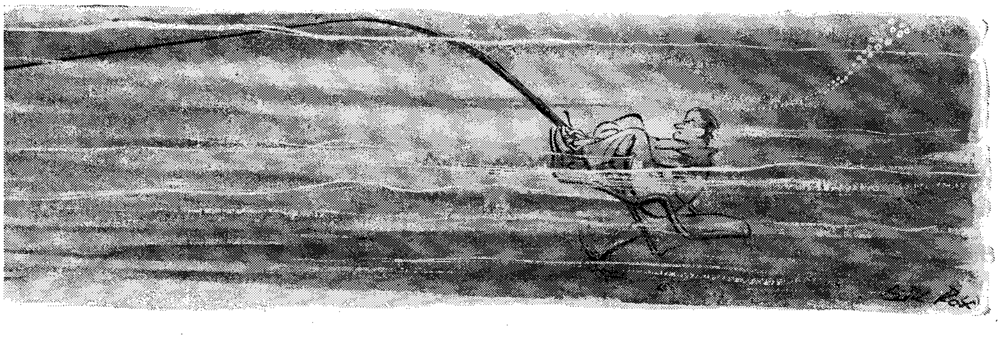
It was possible to be highly successful as a rube among the Olympians, and she had seen it done. Someone calling himself Nahum Mothersill had done it brilliantly, but she often wondered whether his name had not helped him,



and, in fact, she had sometimes wondered whether that had been his real name. If she had been called, let us say, Hyacinth Derryberry, she believed she might have been able, as Mothersill had been, to ask who Ezra Pound was. (This struck her suddenly as a very important point; it was endearing, really, not to know who Pound was, but it was only embarrassing to know who he was but not to have read the "Cantos.") How different it would have been if education had not meddled with her rustic nature! Her education had never dissuaded her from her convictions, but certainly it had ruined the looks of her mind—painted the poor thing up until it looked like a mean, hypocritical, promiscuous malcontent, a craven and apologetic fancy woman. Thus she continued secretly to believe (but *never* to confess) that the apple Eve had eaten tasted exactly like those she had eaten when she was a child visiting on her Great-Uncle Graham's farm, and that Newton's observation was no news in spite of all the hue and cry. Half the apples she had eaten had fallen out of the tree, whose branches she had shaken for this very purpose, and the Apple Experience included both the descent of the fruit and the consumption of it, and Eve and Newton and Emma understood one another perfectly in this particular of reality.

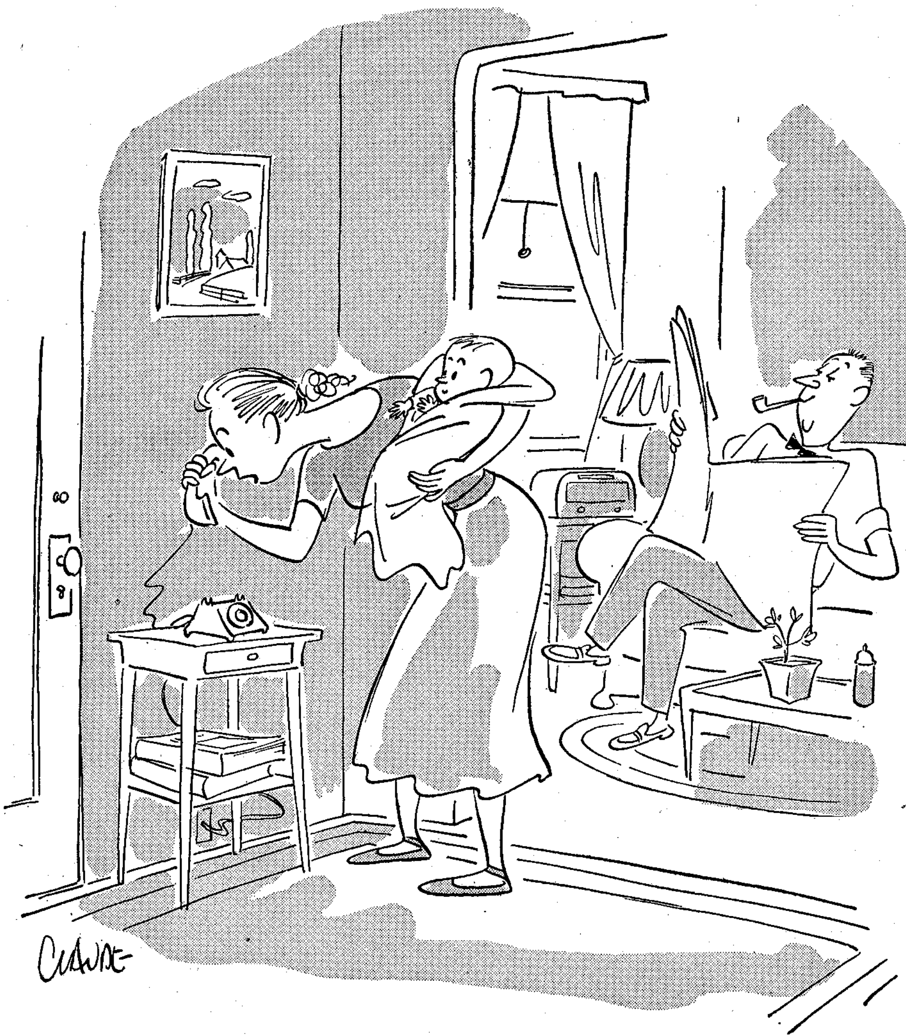
EMMA started. The Metropolitan boys, who, however bright they were, would be boys, now caused some steely article of dress to clank, and she instantly quit the balcony, as if this unseemly noise would attract the crowd's attention and bring everyone, including Eisenburg, to see what had happened. She scuttered like a quarry through the sightseers until she found an empty seat in front of Rembrandt's famous frump, "The Noble Slav"—it was this kind of thing, this fundamental apathy to most of Rembrandt, that made life in New York such hell for Emma—and there, upon the plum velours, she realized with surprise that Alfred Eisenburg's had been the last familiar face she had seen before she had closed the door of her tomb.

In September, it had been her custom to spend several hours of each day walking in a straight line, stopping only for traffic lights and outlaw taxicabs, in the hope that she would be tired enough to sleep at night. At five o'clock—and gradually it became more often four o'clock and then half past three—she would go into a bar, where, while she drank, she seemed to be reading the information offered by the *Sun* on "Where to Dine." Actually she had ceased to dine long since; every few days, with effort, she inserted thin wafers of food into her repelled mouth, flushing the frightful stuff down with enormous drafts of magical, purifying, fulfilling applejack diluted with tepid water from the tap. One weighty day, under a sky that grimly withheld the rain, as if to punish the whole city, she had started out from Ninetieth Street and had kept going down Madison and was thinking, as she passed the chancery of St. Patrick's, that it must be nearly time and that she needed only to turn east on Fiftieth Street to the New Weston, where the bar was cool, and dark to an almost absurd degree. And then she was hailed. She turned quickly, looking in all directions until she saw Eisenburg approaching, removing a gray pellet of gum from his mouth as he came. They were both remarkably shy and, at the time, she had thought they were so because this was the first time they had met since their brief and blameless flirtation. (How curious it was that she could scrape off the accretions of the months that had followed and could remember how she had felt on that spring night—as trembling, as expectant, as altogether young as if they had sat together underneath a blooming apple tree.) But now, knowing that her own embarrassment had come from something else, she thought that perhaps his had, too, and she connected his awkwardness on that September day with a report she had had, embedded in a bulletin on everyone, from her sole communicant, since her retreat, with the Olympian world. This informant had run into Alfred at a party and had said that he was having a very bad time of it with a divorce, with poverty, with a tempest that had carried off his job, and, at last, with a psychoanalyst, whose fees he could not possibly afford. Perhaps the nightmare had been well under way when they had met beside the chancery. Without alcohol and without the company of other people, they had had to be shy or their suffering would have shown in all its humiliating dishabille. Would it be true still if they should inescapably meet this afternoon in an Early Flemish room?



SUDDENLY, on this common level, in this state of social displacement, Emma wished to hunt for Alfred and urgently tell him that she hoped it had not been as bad for him as it had been for her. But naturally she was not so naïve, and she got up and went purposefully to look at two Holbeins. They pleased her, as Holbeins always did. The damage, though, was done, and she did not really see the pictures; Eisenburg's hypothetical suffering and her own real suffering blurred the clean lines and muddied the lucid colors. Between herself and the canvases swam the months of spreading, cancerous distrust, of anger that made her seasick, of grief that shook her like an influenza chill, of the physical afflictions by which the poor victimized spirit sought vainly to wreck the arrogantly healthy flesh.

Even that one glance at his face, seen from a distance through the lowing crowd, told her, now that she had repeated it to her mind's eye, that his cheeks were drawn and his skin was gray (no soap and water can ever clean away the grimy look of the sick at heart) and his stance was tired. She wanted them to go together to some hopelessly disreputable bar and to console one another in the most maudlin fashion over a lengthy succession of powerful drinks of whiskey, to compare their illnesses, to marry their invalid souls for these few hours of painful communion, and to babble with rapture that they were at last, for a little while, no longer alone. Only thus, as sick people, could they marry. In any other terms, it would be a mésalliance, doomed to divorce from the start, for rubes and intellectuals must stick to their own class. If only it could take place—this honeymoon of the cripples, this nuptial consummation of the abandoned—while drinking the delicious amber whiskey in a joint with a juke box, a stout barkeep, and a handful of tottering derelicts; if it could take



"No, you've got the right number. It's just that I'm not sitting any more."

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place, would it be possible to prevent him from marring it all by talking of secondary matters? That is, of art and neurosis, art and politics, art and science, art and religion? Could he lay off the fashions of the day and leave his learning in his private entrepôt? Could he, that is, see the apple fall and not run madly to break the news to Newton and ask him what on earth it was all about? Could he, for her sake (for the sake of this pathetic rube all but weeping for her own pathos in the Metropolitan Museum), forget the whole dispute and, believing his eyes for a change, admit that the earth was flat?

It was useless for her now to try to see the paintings. She went, full of intentions, to the Van Eyck diptych and looked for a long time at the souls in Hell, kept there by the implacable, impartial, and genderless angel who stood upon its closing mouth. She looked, in renewed astonishment, at Jo Davidson's pink, wrinkled, embalmed head of Jules Bache, which sat, a trinket on a fluted pedestal, before a Flemish tapestry. But she was really conscious of nothing but her desire to leave the museum in the company of Alfred Eisenburg, her cousin-german in the territory of despair.

So she had to give up, two hours before the closing time, although she had meant to stay until the end, and she made her way to the central stairs, which she descended slowly, in disappointment, enviously observing the people who were going up, carrying collapsible canvas stools on which they would sit, losing themselves in their contemplation of the pictures. Salvador Dali passed her, going quickly down. At the telephone booths, she hesitated, so sharply lonely that she almost looked for her address book, and she did take out a nickel, but she put it back and pressed forlornly forward against the incoming tide. Suddenly, at the storm doors, she heard a whistle and she turned sharply, knowing that it would be Eisenburg, as, of course, it was, and he wore an incongruous smile upon his long, El Greco face. He took her hand and gravely asked her where she had been all this year and how she happened to be here, of all places, of all days. Emma replied distractedly, looking at his seedy clothes, his shaggy hair, the green cast of his white skin, his deep black eyes, in which all the feelings were dishevelled, tattered, and held together only by the merest faith that change *had* to come. His hand was warm and her own seemed to cling to it and all their mutual necessity seemed centered here in their clasped hands. And there was no doubt about it; he had heard of her collapse and he saw in her face that she had heard of his. Their recognition of each other was instantaneous and absolute, for they cunningly saw that they were children and that, if they wished, they were free for the rest of this winter Sunday to play together, quite naked, quite innocent. "What a day it is! What a place!" said Alfred Eisenburg. "Can I buy you a drink, Emma? Have you time?"

She did not accept at once; she guardedly inquired where they could go from here, for it was an unlikely neighborhood for the sort of place she wanted. But they were *en rapport*, and he, wanting to avoid the grownups as much as she, said they would go across to Lexington. He needed a drink after an afternoon like this—didn't she? Oh, Lord, yes, she did, and she did not question what he meant by "an afternoon like this" but said that she would be delighted to go, even though they would have to walk on eggs all the way from the Museum to the place where the bottle was, the peace pipe on Lexington. Actually, there was nothing to fear; even if they had heard catcalls, or if someone had hooted at them, "Intellectual loves Rube!," they would have been impervious, for the heart carved in the bark of the apple tree would contain the names Emma and Alfred, and there were no perquisites to such a conjugation. To her own heart, which was shaped exactly like a valentine, there came a winglike palpitation, a delicate exigency, and all the fragrance of all the flowery springtime love affairs that ever were seemed waiting for them in the whiskey bottle. To mingle their pain, their handshake had promised them, was to produce a separate entity, like a child that could shift for itself, and they scrambled hastily toward this profound and pastoral experience.

—JEAN STAFFORD

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The Templetons and their party were cordial hosts, talking with their guests.
—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade.*

How utterly decent!

ROAD TO THE ISLES

It was the last Thursday in January, about nine in the evening, cold and raining. The three Delahantys sat close about the living-room fireplace—Mr. Delahanty at the built-in desk working on his schedule, Mrs. Delahanty on the sofa reading, and between them, crosswise in the wing chair, their fourteen-year-old daughter, Crescent. Cress was apparently studying the program of the folk-dance festival in which she was to appear the next evening. For the most part, however, she did not even see the program. She saw, instead, herself, infinitely graceful, moving through the figures of the dance that had been so difficult for her to master.

The high-school folk-dancing class was made up of two kinds of performers—those with natural ability, who had themselves elected the class, and those who, in the language of the physical-education department, were "remedials." The remedials had been sent into the class willy-nilly in an effort to counteract in them defects ranging from antisocial attitudes to what Miss Ingols, the gym teacher, called "a general lack of grace." Cress had achieved the class under this final classification but now, at midterm, had so far outgrown it as to be the only remedial with a part in the festival.

The first five numbers on the program, "Tsiganotchka," "Ladies' Whim," "Meitschi Putz Di," "Hiawatha," and "Little Man in a Fix," Cress ignored. It was not only that she was not in these but that they were in no way as beautiful as "Road to the Isles," in which Mary Lou Hawkins, Chrystal O'Conor, Zelma Mayberry, Bernadine Deevers, and Crescent Delahanty took part. The mere sight of her name beside that of Bernadine Deevers, Tenant High School's most gifted dancer—most gifted *person*, really—instantly called up to Cress a vision of herself featly footing it in laced kirtle and starched skirts, a vision of herself dancing not only the outward steps of "Road to the Isles" but its inner meaning: what Miss Ingols had called "the achievement of the impossible."

Cress thought that she was particularly adapted to dancing that meaning because she had so recently come that way herself. If she had been given three wishes when school opened in September, two of them would have been that Bernadine be her friend and that she herself succeed in the folk-dancing class. Both had then seemed equally impossible. Now not only did she have a part in the festival but Bernadine was her dear friend and coming to spend the weekend with her. At the minute the evening reached what she considered its peak of mellowness, she intended to speak to her father and mother about the festival and Bernadine's visit. She was exceedingly uncertain about their performances on both these occasions.

The rain suddenly began to fall harder. Cress's father, hearing it on the roof, watched with gratification as the water streamed across the dark windowpanes. "Just what the oranges have been a-thirsting for," he said.

Mrs. Delahanty closed her book. "How's the schedule coming?" she asked her husband.

"O.K., I guess," said Mr. Delahanty.

Cress looked up from the festival program with embarrassment. The schedule was one of the things she wanted to speak to her father about. She hoped he wouldn't mention it while Bernadine was visiting them. Every winter, as work on the ranch slackened, he drew up a schedule for the better ordering of his life. And every spring, as work picked up, he abandoned it as easily as if it had never been. Last winter, he had made a plan called "A Schedule of Exercises to Ensure Absolute Fitness," which included not only the schedule of exercises and the hours at which he proposed to practice them but a list of the weaknesses they were to counteract. He had even gone so far, last winter, as to put on a pair of peculiar short pants and run six times around the orchard without stopping, arms flailing, chest pumping—a very embarrassing sight, and one that Cress could not possibly have explained to Bernadine.

This winter, the subject of her father's schedule-making was not in itself so unsuitable. He had bought a new encyclopedia set and was mapping out a reading program that would enable him, by a wise use of his spare time, to cover the entire field of human knowledge in a year. The name of the schedule, written at the top of a sheet of Cress's yellow graph paper, was, in fact, "Human Knowledge in a Year." There was nothing about this plan that would call for embarrassing public action, like running around the orchard in shorts, but it was so incredibly naïve and dreamy that Cress hoped her father would not speak of it. Bernadine was far too sophisticated for schedules.

BARGAINS
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"Where are you now on your schedule, John?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

Mr. Delahanty, who liked to talk about his plans almost as much as he liked to make them, put down his pen and picked up the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. "I've got all the subjects I want to read up about listed, and the times I'll have free *for* reading listed. Nothing left to do now but decide what's the best time for what. For instance, if you were me, Gertrude, would you spend the fifteen minutes before breakfast on art? Or on archeology, say?"

"You don't ever have fifteen minutes before breakfast," Mrs. Delahanty said.

Mr. Delahanty picked up his pen. "I thought you wanted to discuss this."

"Oh, I do!" said Mrs. Delahanty. "Well, if *I* had fifteen minutes before breakfast, *I'd* read about archeology."

"Why?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"It's more orderly that way," Mrs. Delahanty said.

"Orderly?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"A-r-c," Mrs. Delahanty spelled, "comes before a-r-t."

Mr. Delahanty made an impatient sound. "I'm not going at this alphabetically, Gertrude. Cut and dried. What I'm thinking about is what would make the most interesting morning reading. The most interesting and inspiring."

"Art is supposed to be more inspiring," Mrs. Delahanty told him. "If that's what you're after."

This seemed to decide Mr. Delahanty. "No, I think science should be the morning subject," he said, and wrote something at the top of a sheet—"Science," Cress supposed. "That's better," he said. "That leaves art for the evening, when I'll have time to read aloud to you."

"Don't change your schedule around for my sake, John," said Mrs. Delahanty, who hated being read to about anything.

"I'm not. All personal considerations aside, that's a more logical arrangement. Now the question is, which art?"

This seemed to Cress the moment for which she had been waiting. "Dancing is one of the earliest and most important of the arts," she said quickly.

"Oho!" said her father. "I thought you were in a coma."

"I've been rehearsing," said Cress.

"Rehearsing!" exclaimed Mr. Delahanty.

"In my mind," Cress said.

"So that's what was going on—'Ladies' Whim,' 'Tsiganotchka'—"

"Father," Cress interrupted, "I've told you and told you the t's silent. Why don't you take the program and practice the names? I'll help you." Cress got up and took the program across to her father.

"Practice them," said Mr. Delahanty with surprise, reading through the dances listed. "What do I care how they're pronounced? 'Korbushka,' 'Kohanotchka,'" he said, mispronouncing wildly. "I'm not going to Russia."

"But you're going to the folk-dance festival," Cress reminded him.

"I don't *have* to go. If you don't want—"

"I do, Father. You know I want you to go. Only I don't want you to mispronounce the names."

"Look, Cress," Mr. Delahanty said. "I promise you I'll keep my mouth shut the whole time I'm there. No one will know you have a father who can't pronounce. Mute I'll come and mute I'll go."

"I don't want you to be mute," Cress protested. "And even if I did, you couldn't very well be mute the whole time Bernadine's here. And Bernadine's the star of the program."

"To Bernadine," said Mr. Delahanty, referring to the program once again, "I shall speak of 'Badger,' and 'The Lumberman's Two Step.' I can pronounce them fine and they ought to hold Bernadine. She's not going to be here long, is she?"

"Friday to Monday," said Mrs. Delahanty.

"In that case," said Mr. Delahanty, "maybe I should find another one. How about 'The Irish Jollity,' Cress? Do I say that all right?"

"Now, John!" Mrs. Delahanty reproved her husband.

"It's all right for him to joke about it to me, Mother. But he mustn't before Bernadine. Bernadine's serious about dancing. She's going to be a great artist."

"A great dancer?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"She hasn't decided what kind of an artist yet," Cress said. "Only to be great in something."

"Well, well," said Mr. Delahanty. "I'm beginning to look forward to meeting Bernadine."

"You already have," Cress told him. "Bernadine was one of the girls who rode with us to the basketball game."

Mr. Delahanty squinted his eyes, as if trying to peer backward to the Friday two weeks before when he had provided Cress and four of her friends with transportation to an out-of-town game. He shook his head. "Can't recall any Bernadine," he said.

"She was the one in the front seat with us," Cress reminded him.

"That girl!" exclaimed Mr. Delahanty, remembering. "But her name wasn't Bernadine, was it?"

"No," Cress told him. "That's what I wanted to explain to you, because tomorrow's Friday, too."

Mr. Delahanty left desk and schedule and walked over in front of the fireplace. From this position, he could get a direct view of his daughter.

"What's this you're saying, Cress?" he asked. "Her name isn't Bernadine because tomorrow's Friday. Is that what you said?"

"Yes, it is," Cress told him, seriously. "Only it's not just tomorrow. Her name isn't Bernadine on any Friday."

Mr. Delahanty appealed to his wife. "Do you hear what I hear, Gertrude?"

"Mother," Cress protested, "this isn't anything funny. In fact, it's a complete tragedy."

"Well, Cress dear," her mother said reasonably, "I haven't said a word. And your father's just trying to get things straight."

"He's trying to be funny about a tragedy," Cress insisted obstinately.

"Now, Cress," Mr. Delahanty urged, "you're jumping to conclusions. Though I admit I think it's queer to have a name on Fridays you don't have the rest of the week. And I don't see anything tragic about it."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, only you keep acting as if it's a joke."

"What is Bernadine's name on Fridays, Cress?" asked her mother.

"Nedra," said Cress solemnly.

Mr. Delahanty snapped his fingers. "Yes, sir," he said, "that's it! That's what they called her, all right."

"Of course," said Cress. "Everyone does on Fridays, out of respect for her sorrow."

"Just what *is* Bernadine's sorrow, Cress?" her mother asked.

"Bernadine never did say—out and out, that is. Once in a while she tries to. But she just can't. It overwhelms her. But we all know what, generally speaking, must have happened."

"What?" asked Mr. Delahanty. "Generally speaking?"

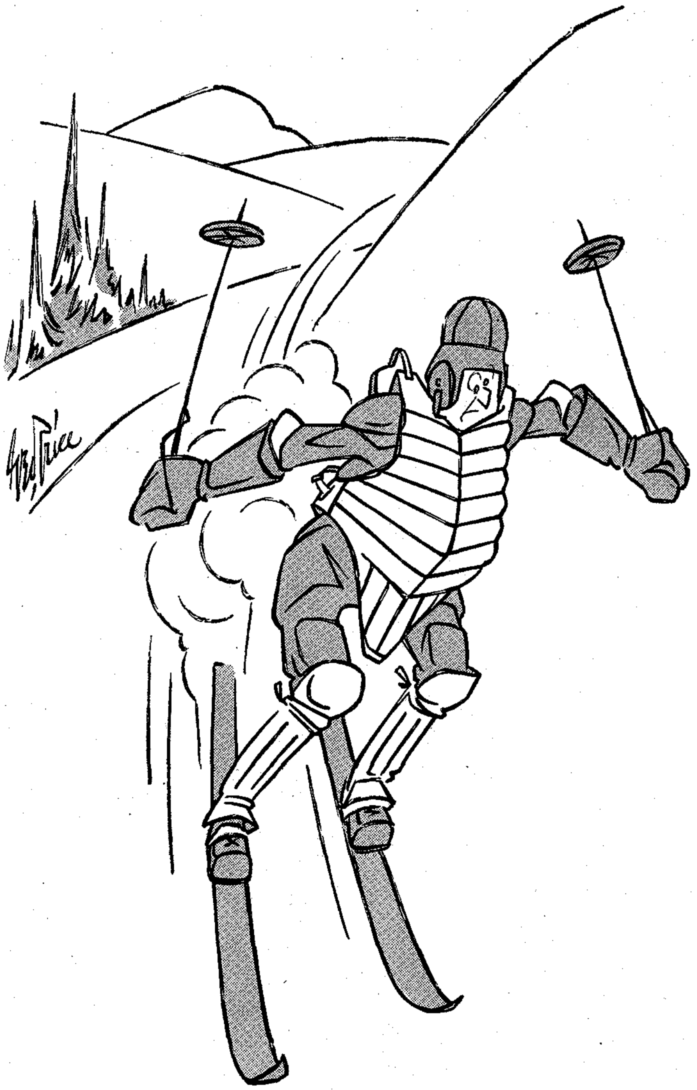
Cress looked at her father suspiciously, but his face was all sympathetic concern.

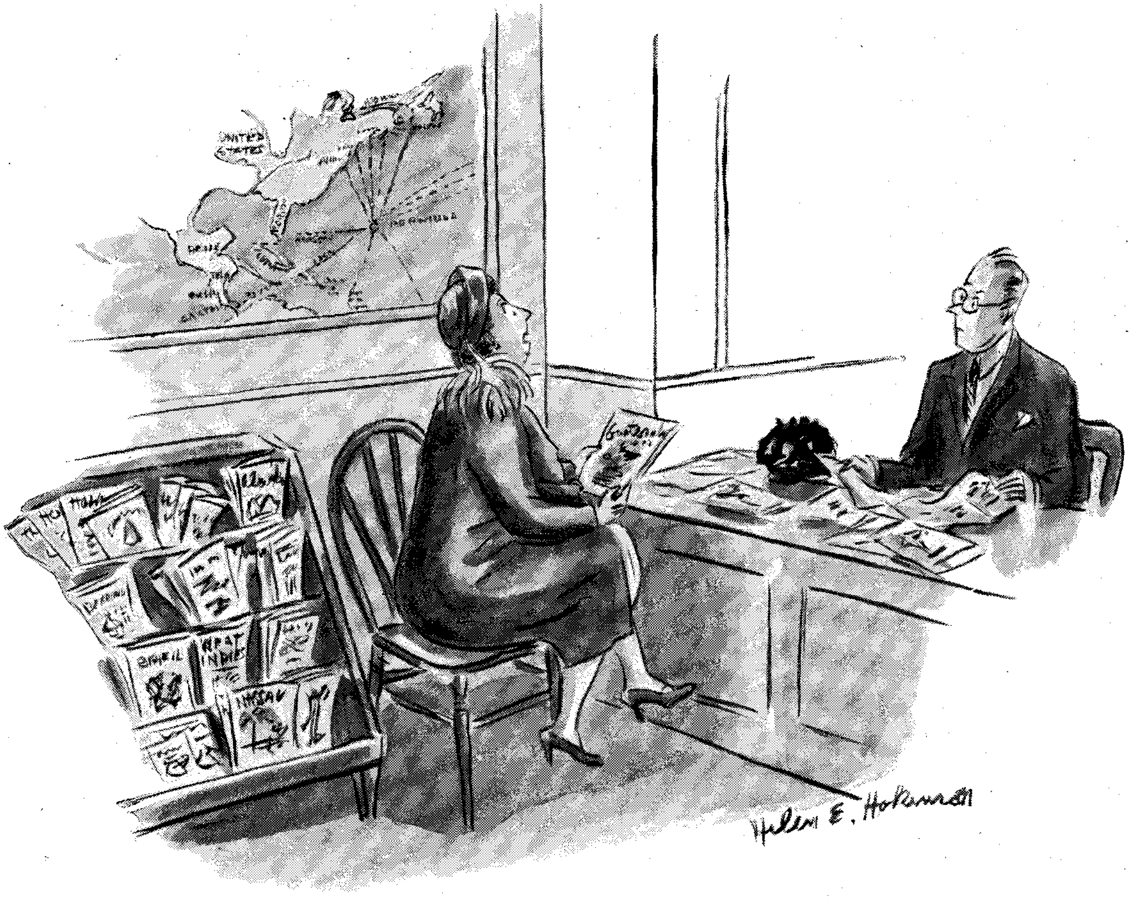
"On some Friday in the past," she said, "Nedra had to say no to someone. Someone she loved."

"How old is Berna—Nedra?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"Sixteen," Cress said. "Almost."

"Well, it couldn't have





"*I wouldn't want to go to Trinidad unless you're sure there'd be somebody else there.*"

been too long ago then, could it?" her mother suggested.

"Was this person," Mr. Delahanty ventured, "this person Nedra said no to, a male?"

"Of course," said Cress. "I told you it was a complete tragedy, didn't I? His name was Ned. That much we know."

"Then the Nedra is in honor of—Ned?" asked her mother.

"In honor and loving memory," Cress told her. "On the very next Friday, Ned died."

Mr. Delahanty said nothing. Mrs. Delahanty said, "Poor boy!"

"I think he was probably more than a boy," Cress said. "He owned two drugstores."

After the elder Delahantys had thought about this for a while, Mr. Delahanty asked, "This 'no' Bernadine—Nedra—said, was it to a proposal of marriage?"

"We don't ever ask about that," Cress told her father disapprovingly. "It doesn't seem like good taste to us."

"No, I don't suppose it is," Mr. Delahanty admitted.

"Anyway," Cress said, "that's Bernadine's tragedy and we all respect it and her wish to be called Nedra on Fridays. And tomorrow is a Friday, and it would be pretty awful to have her upset before the festival."

Mr. Delahanty stepped briskly back to his desk. "Don't you worry for a second, Cress," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, the girl's name is Nedra."

"Thank you, Father," Cress said. "I knew you'd understand. Now I'd better go to bed." At the door to the hallway, she turned and spoke once again. "If I were you, Father, I wouldn't say anything about your schedule to Bernadine."

"I hadn't planned on talking to her about it. But what's wrong with it?" Mr. Delahanty sounded a little testy.

"Oh, nothing," Cress assured him. "I think it's dear and sweet of you to make schedules. Only," she explained, "it's so idealistic."

After Cress left the room, Mr. Delahanty said, "What the hell's wrong with being idealistic?"

CRESS thought that her friend, in her costume for "Fado Blanquita," the Spanish dance in which she performed the solo part, looked like the queen of grace and beauty. And she said so.

"This does rather suit my type," Bernadine admitted. She was leaning out from the opened casement window of Cress's room into the shimmering, rain-washed air. She tautened her costume's already tight bodice, fluffed up its already bouffant skirt, and extended her hands in one of the appealing gestures of the dance toward the trees of the orange orchard upon which the window opened.

"Is your father a shy man?" she asked.

Mr. Delahanty, who had been working near the driveway to the house when the two girls got off the school bus an hour before, had, instead of lingering to greet them, quickly disappeared behind a row of trees. Now, in rubber boots, carrying a light spade that he was using to test the depth to which the night before's rain had penetrated the soil, he came briefly into sight, waved his spade, and once again disappeared.

"No," said Cress, who thought her father rather bold, if anything. "He's just busy. After the rain, you know."

"Rain, sunshine. Sunshine, rain," Bernadine said understandingly. She moved her hands about in the placid afternoon air as if scooping up samples. "Farming is an awfully elemental life, I expect. My father"—Bernadine's father, J. M. Deevers, was vice-president of the Tenant First National Bank—"probably doesn't know one element from another. I expect your father's rather an elemental type, too, isn't he? Fundamentally, I mean?"

"I don't know, Nedra," Cress said humbly.

"He's black-haired," Bernadine said. "It's been my experience that black-haired men are very elemental." She brought her expressive hands slowly down to her curving red satin bodice. "You must have a good deal of confidence in your family to let them go tonight," she went on briskly.

"Let them!" Cress repeated, amazed at the word.

"Perhaps they're different from my family. Mine always keep me on pins and needles about what they're going to say and do next."

"Mine, too," Cress admitted, though loyalty to her father and mother would not permit her to say how greatly they worried her. She never went anyplace with them that she was not filled with a tremulous concern lest they do or say something that would discredit them all. She stayed with them. She attempted to guide them. She hearkened to every word said to them, so that she could prompt them with the right answers. But *let* them! "They always just take it for granted that where I go, they go," she said. "There's not much question of letting."

"Mine used to be that way," Bernadine confided. "But after what happened at the festival last year, I put my foot down. 'This year,' I told them, 'you're not going.' "

"What happened last year?" asked Cress, who had not then been a dancer.

"After the program was over last year, Miss Ingols asked for parent participation in the dancing. And my father participated. He danced the 'Hopak,' and pretty soon he was lifting Miss Ingols off the floor at every other jump."

"Oh, Nedra," Cress said. "How terrible! What did Ingols do?"

"Nothing," said Bernadine. "That was the disgusting part. As a matter of fact, she seemed to enjoy it. But you can imagine how I suffered."

Cress nodded. She could. She was thinking how she would suffer if her father, in addition to mispronouncing all the dances, went out on the gymnasium floor and, before all her friends, misdanced them.

"Are your parents the participating type?" Bernadine asked.

Cress nodded with sad conviction. "Father is. And Mother is if encouraged."

"You'd better warn them right away," Bernadine said. "Your father just came in the back door. You could warn him now."

Cress walked slowly down the hallway toward the kitchen. Before the evening was over, her father, too, would probably be jouncing Miss Ingols around, and even calling Bernadine Bernadine—then all would be ruined completely, all she had looked forward to for so long. In the kitchen, she noted signs of the special supper her mother was cooking because of Bernadine: the cole-slaw salad had shreds of green peppers and red apples mixed through it tonight to make it festive; the party sherbet glasses, with their long, icicle stems, awaited the lemon pudding. But her mother was out of the kitchen—on the back porch telling her father to hurry, because they would have to have dinner early if they were to get to the festival in time.

"Festival!" Cress heard her father say. "I wish I'd never heard of that festival. How did Cress ever come to get mixed up in this dancing business, anyway?" he asked. "She's no dancer. Why, the poor kid can hardly get through a room without knocking something over. Let alone dance!"

"That's *why* she's mixed up with it," her mother explained. "To overcome her awkwardness. And she *is* better."

"But is she good enough?" asked her father. "I'd hate to think of her making a spectacle of herself—to say nothing of having to sit and watch it."

"Now, John," Cress heard her mother say soothingly. "You're always too concerned about Cress. Will she do this right? Will she do that right? Stop worrying. Cress'll probably be fine."

"Maybe fall on her ear, too," her father said morosely. "They oughtn't to put so much responsibility on kids. Performing in public. Doesn't it worry you any?"

"Certainly it worries me. But all parents worry. And remember, we'll have the star of the performance with us. You can concentrate on Nedra if watching Cress is too much for you."

"That Nedra! The only dance I can imagine that girl doing is one in which she would carry somebody's head on a platter."

Cress had started back down the hall before her father finished this sentence, but she had not gone so far as to miss its final word. She stopped in the bathroom to have a drink of water and to see how she looked in the mirror over the washbasin. She looked different. For the first time in her life, she saw herself through other eyes than her own. Through her parents' eyes. Did parents worry about the figures their *children* cut? Were they embarrassed for *them*, and did they wonder if they were behaving suitably, stylishly, well? Cress felt a vacant, hollow space beneath her heart, which another glass of water did nothing to fill. Why, *I'm* all right, Cress thought. *I* know how to behave. I'll get by. *They're* the ones . . . but she looked at her face again and it was wavering, doubtful—not the triumphant face she had imagined, smiling in sureness as she danced the come-and-go figures of "Road to the Isles."

She went back to her room full of thought. Bernadine was changing her costume, and her muffled voice came from under all her skirts. "Did you tell them?" this muffled voice asked.

"No," said Cress, "I didn't."

"Why not? Won't you be worried?"

"They're the ones who are worrying. About me."

"About you?"

"Father thinks I may fall on my ear."

Bernadine, clear of her skirts, nodded in smiling agreement. "It's a possibility that sometimes occurs to *me*, Cress dear."

Cress gazed at her friend speculatively. "They're worried about you, too," she said.

"Me?" asked Bernadine, her smile fading.

"Father said the only dance he could imagine you doing was one with a head on a platter."

"Salome!" Bernadine exclaimed with pleasure. "Your father's imaginative, isn't he? Sympathetically imaginative?"

"I guess so," Cress said, and in her confusion told everything. "He keeps schedules."

"Schedules?"

"For the better ordering of his life."

Bernadine laughed again. "How precious!" she said.

Then, as if remembering after too long a lapse the day and her bereavement, she said, "Neddy was like that, too."

"Neddy," repeated Cress, pain for the present making Bernadine's past seem not only past but silly. "Oh, shut up about Neddy, *Bernadine!*"

Bernadine gave a little gasp. "Have you forgotten it's Friday?"

"I don't care what day it is," Cress said. She walked over to her bed, picked up the pillow, and lay down. Then she put the pillow over her face.

—Jessamyn West

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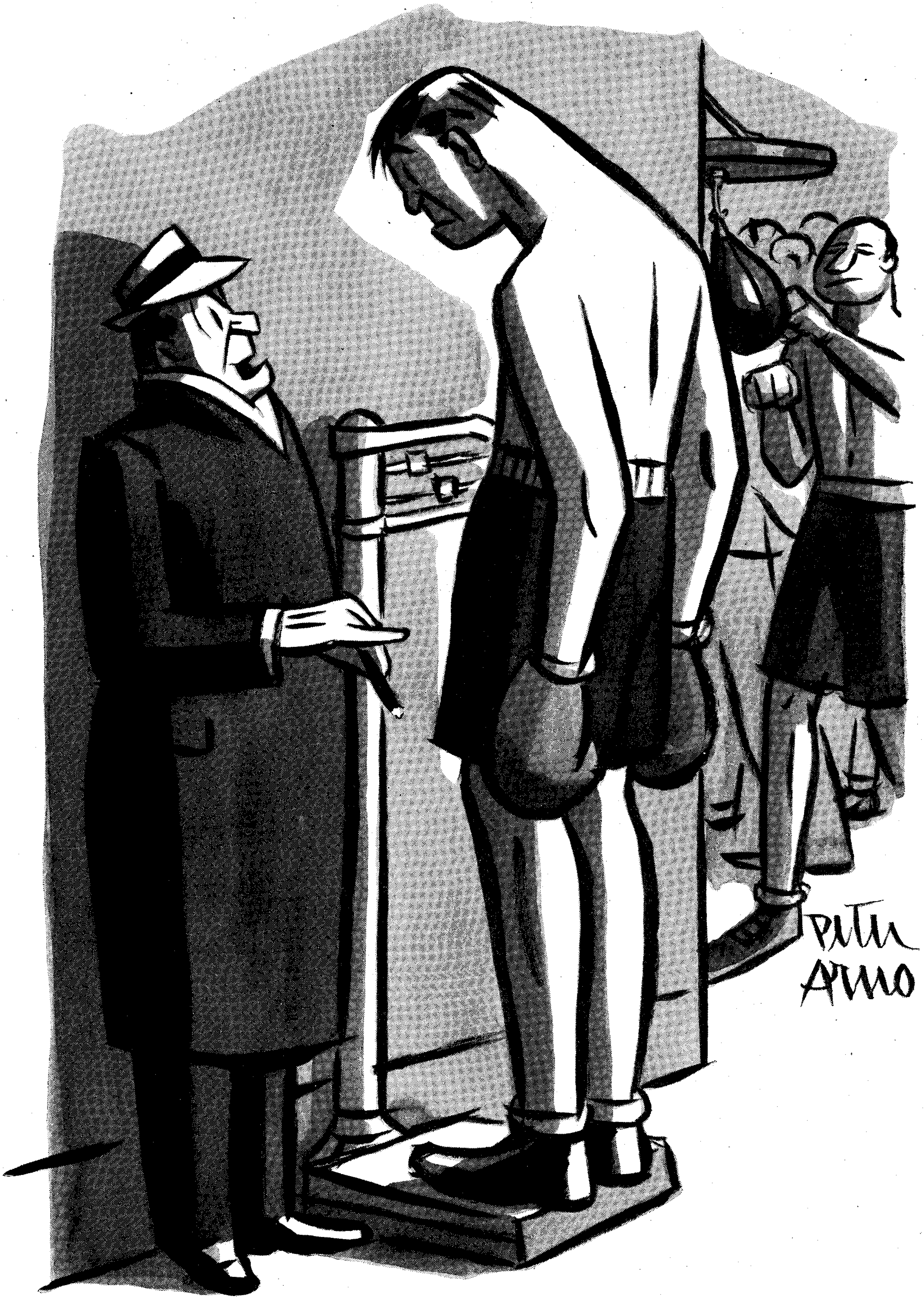
Miss Sheridan said that she is looking for romance and humorous stories.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

What girl isn't?



"*Sneaking off to Schrafft's again, eh?*"

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

HOLLYWOOD

COME IN, LASSIE!

HOLLYWOOD is baffled by the question of what the Committee on un-American Activities wants from it. People here are wondering, with some dismay and anxiety, what kind of strange, brooding alienism the Committee is trying to eliminate from their midst and, in fact, whether it was ever here. They are waiting hopefully for Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, or Congress, or God, to tell them. They have been waiting in vain ever since last November, when eight writers, a producer, and a director—often collectively referred to these days as "the ten writers"—were blacklisted by the studios because they had been charged with contempt of Congress for refusing to tell the Thomas Committee what political party, if any, they belong to. In the meantime, business, bad as it is, goes on. The place is more nervous than usual, but it is doing the same old simple things in the same old simple ways. The simplicities of life in Hollywood are not, of course, like those anywhere else. This is still a special area where you get remarkable results simply by pushing buttons; where taxi-drivers jump out of their cabs, open their doors, and politely bow you inside; where you can buy, in "the world's largest drugstore," a good-looking clock for $735; where all the lakes in the countryside are labelled either "For Sale" or "Not for Sale;" and where guests at parties are chosen from lists based on their weekly income brackets—low ($200-$500), middle ($500-$1,250), and upper ($1,250-$20,000). During the last few months, party guests have tended to be politically self-conscious, whatever their brackets, but this is not especially embarrassing in Hollywood, where it is possible to take an impregnable position on both sides of any controversy. At an upper-bracket party not long ago, a Selznick man introduced to me as Merve told me that he was appalled and outraged by the blacklisting of the ten writers. "It's a damn shame," Merve said, beaming at me. "Those human beings got a right to think or believe anything without letting Washington in on their ideas. They can't put their ideas into Hollywood pictures. Nobody can."

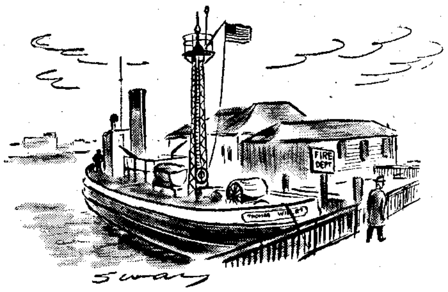
Just then, we were approached by Sam Wood, the producer, who was feeling grumpy, according to Merve, because his latest picture, "Ivy," had cost $2,000,000 to make and was expected to gross only $1,500,000.

"Glad to see you, Sam," said Merve. "Listen, Sam, I want you to tell this young lady what you think of the way Congress investigated us here in Hollywood."

"I say Congress ought to make everybody stand up publicly and be counted!" Mr. Wood shouted. "I say make every damn Communist stand up and be counted. They're a danger and a discredit to the industry!"

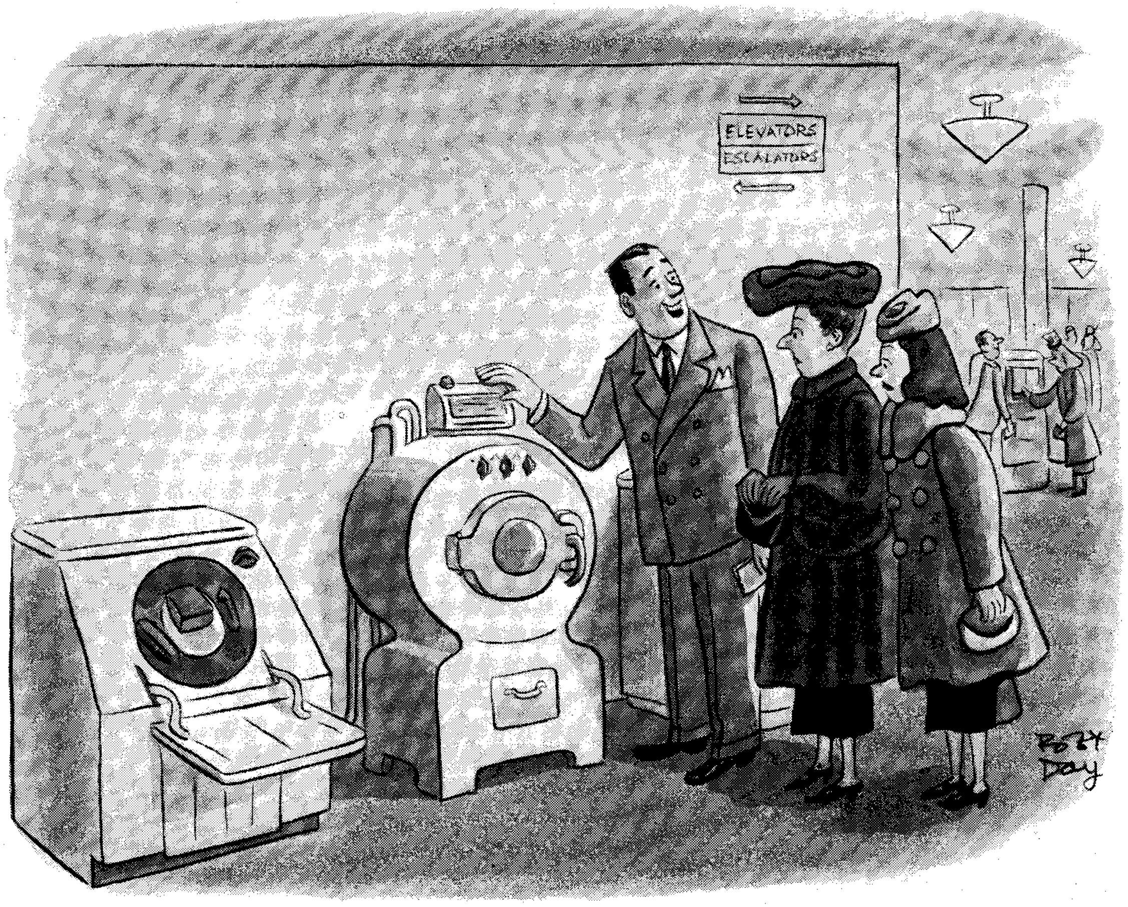
Merve continued to beam. "Make *every* radical, every Communist, every Socialist, and every Anarchist stand up and be counted," he said expansively. "We ought to get every one of them out of the industry."

The political self-consciousness at parties is, on the whole, rather cheerful. "I never cut anybody before this," one actress remarked happily to me. "Now I don't go anywhere without cutting at least half a dozen former friends." At some parties, the bracketed guests break up into sub-groups, each eying the others with rather friendly suspicion and discussing who was or was not a guest at the White House when Roosevelt was President—one of the few criteria people in the film industry have set up for judging whether a person is or is not a Communist—and how to avoid *becoming* a Communist. Some of the stars were investigated several years ago, when the un-American Activities Committee was headed by Martin Dies, and the advice and point of view of these veterans are greatly sought after. One actor who is especially in demand at social gatherings is Fredric March, who suddenly discovered, when called to account by Mr. Dies, that he was a Communist because he had given an ambulance to Loyalist Spain. Dies rebuked him, and it then turned out that Mr. March had also given an ambulance to Finland when she was at war with Russia. "I was just a big ambulance-giver," Mr. March said to his sub-group at a recent party, loudly enough for other sub-groups to hear. "That's what I told Dies. 'I just like to give ambulances,' I told him, and he said, 'Well, then, Mr. March, before you give any more ambulances away, you go out and consult your local Chamber of Commerce or the American Legion, and they'll tell you whether it's all right.' "



Some groups play it safe at parties by refusing to engage in any conversation at all. They just sit on the floor and listen to anyone who goes by with a late rumor. There are all sorts of rumors in Hollywood right now. One late rumor is that the newest black-market commodity in town is the labor of the ten writers, who are reported to be secretly turning out scripts for all the major studios. Another is that one producer is founding a film company and will have all ten of the blacklisted men on his staff. Rumors that the F.B.I. is going to take over casting operations at the studios are discounted by those who have lived in Hollywood for more than fifteen years. The casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a fidgety, cynical, sharply dressed, red-cheeked man named Billy Grady, Sr., who has worked in Hollywood for nearly twenty years, thinks that it would serve J. Edgar Hoover right if the casting of actors were handed over to the F.B.I. "Hoover thinks *he's* got worries!" Grady shouted at me in a Hollywood restaurant. "What does a G-man do? A G-man sends guys to Alcatraz! Ha! I'd like to see a G-man find a script about Abraham Lincoln's doctor in which we could work in a part for Lassie. What do you find inside of Alcatraz? Picture stars? Directors? Cameramen? No! The goddam place is full of doctors, lawyers, and politicians. This is the fourth biggest industry in the country, and only three men in this industry ever went to jail. There are fifty thousand people in this industry, and all they want is the right to take up hobbies. Spencer Tracy takes up painting. Clark Gable takes up Idaho. Dalton Trumbo, who got the sack, takes up deep thinking. Take away their hobbies and they're unhappy. When they're unhappy, I'm unhappy. For God's sake, Tracy doesn't paint when he's acting. Gable doesn't shoot ducks. Trumbo doesn't think when he's writing for pictures. I say let them keep their goddam hobbies. They're all a bunch of capitalists anyway."

THE order of creation in Hollywood still works backward, and not only in the matter of filming the end or middle of a picture before the beginning. A man who recently had



"It's completely automatic—washes, rinses, drains itself, and shuts itself off, and this little attachment here writes out the installment check for eight dollars on the first of every month."

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the job of working up advance interest in a yet-to-be-made picture based on "The Robe" managed to commit the biggest Bible publisher in the country to putting out an edition of the New Testament containing color photographs from the film. "I get this plug in the Bible," he said to me. "Then I hear we need someone of the calibre of Tyrone Power to play the hero. We get Power, see? Then we put him in the Bible. *Then* we put him in the picture. Only trouble is we can't make the picture yet. Ty is too busy." Evidently, Communism is also responsible for this trouble. Power, returning from a trip abroad lately, announced that he had seen so much suffering in Europe that he had come back determined to spend his time fighting Communism. This, as interpreted by Louella Parsons, meant that he had given up Lana Turner for the cause.

Hollywood, for the most part, is waiting earnestly for the Thomas Committee to define Communism, to name at least one film it considers Communistic, and to set down rules about what should and should not be thought about by a good American. Until the Committee offers something helpful, however, Hollywood feels it has no choice but to pay close attention to the counsel of Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper, and Jimmy Fidler, whose guidance to date has consisted of warnings that the public will not be satisfied with the blacklisting of only ten men, that the public wants Congress to complete its investigation of Communism in the industry, and that all writers, actors, producers, directors, and agents who have ever contributed so much as a nickel to the League of Women Shoppers had better announce their political views if they know what's good for them. Those who fear the thunder on the Right say they are going to leave Hollywood. "I'm a dead duck!" one sad-eyed misanthrope exclaimed to me. "All I can do now is go someplace and raise chickens. Been thinking of doing it for nine years anyway." Some say they will go back to Broadway or write novels, projects they too have been considering for nine years, more or less. A number of actors and producers, including Charlie Chaplin, are planning to go to England, France, or Italy, where they believe that they will be free to make the kind of pictures they like. Jack L. Warner, busiest of the Brothers, is genially inclined to bolster up the courage of those who are ready to throw in the towel. "Don't worry!" he roars, slapping the backs of the lesser men around him. "Congress can't last forever!"

SOME people in Hollywood like to think of it as still a place for pioneers. "We're the modern covered-wagon folks," I was told by Ruth Hussey, the actress, who returned here not long ago from an appearance on Broadway. "We are, we're the modern covered-wagon folks. Pioneers come out here broke, and within a few years they're earning fifty thousand a year." In a way, Miss Hussey is exceptional. Everybody else seems eager to complain about the difficulty of making or keeping money. Studios complain about their telephone bills. Drivers of studio cars complain that they are now being paid by the trip instead of by the week. Santa Anita race-track officials complain that betting has fallen off. Informal statisticians complain that only seventy-five million people a week went to the movies in 1947 and that maybe only sixty million will go in 1948. Producers complain about bankers' reluctance to lend them money. Bankers complain that the revenue from American films shown overseas in 1947 was only $100,000,000, which is $38,000,000 less than the revenue from American films shown overseas in 1946, and that the revenue in 1948 may be as low as $50,000,000. Both Anglophiles and Anglophobes complain about the British import tax, imposed last August, which would confiscate seventy-five per cent of the English earnings of any American film imported since then. Studio executives complain about production costs and overhead, and studio workers complain about being laid off to cut down on production costs and overhead. The employment of actors and writers is said to be the lowest in twenty years. As of the first of the

AFTER THE ICE STORM

After the ice storm, bundled in coat and muffler,
And putting my feet down cautiously and slow,
I turned aside for a broken branch of poplar,
Lying across the snow.

Out in the street, where the branch was twig, I noticed
Something I had to stop for, look at twice—
A long green bud, enlarged in brittle crystal,
Incased and sheathed in ice.

Of course I knew that the buds were there in winter,
But my poor observation had not seen,
When I looked up at them on other mornings,
How far along, how green,

How almost leaf they were, in February!
I broke the twig and held it in my glove—
Rebuke to carelessness—to study closer,
To learn from, and to love,

To feel the least bit sentimental over,
Knowing that now it could not ever be
Fulfilled, in April, in the way of nature,
High on the poplar tree.

Too bad; but still, except for this disaster,
The single bud, so dear, so precious now,
Would have been lost with all the host of others
Above me on the bough.

Well—there was nothing I could do about it,
Except remember it, if so inclined.
I let it drop, went on where I was going,
Dismissed it from my mind.

Or did I? Frozen bud, and promise broken,
And green held tight in ice are, it would seem,
Matters not so conveniently forgotten.
I dreamed, and in the dream

There was warm weather, sun on land and water;
I wore my summer clothes; my arms were brown,
And I was in a boat, and going slowly
And idly looking down

Through glass, through green, through emerald translucence,
And far below, deep as a tree is high,
I saw the shoots of life, a shoal of fishes,
Little as buds, go by—

Little as buds, and shaped like buds, but orange,
Golden; not green, not ice-locked; darting bright,
Flashes of fire, whose element was water,
Almost too swift for sight.

My boat moved on, drawn by no sail, no rower.
What was I over now? A great white stone,
Huge as a sunken iceberg, shapeless, looming,
Fathoms below the known—

Not ice, not stone, not shapeless, but a goddess,
Most grave, most noble, dweller in the seas,
Majestic in her robes of marble, holding
A zither on her knees.

And there was music coming from the ocean,
Benevolent, melodious, profound,
And I heard all that lay below the surface
In that Aeolian sound.

Remember, oh, remember, said the music
To wind and air and waterweed and wave,
And to my heart, *Remember, oh, remember,*
The vows that summer gave.

And will renew, I knew—of early morning,
Of poplar branches trembling in the night,
Fragrance, and warmth; a girl, and mirth, and gardens,
All marvel, all delight.

My boat had grounded on the shoals of waking,
And I, through whipping sedge and driving sand,
Trudged, when I did not stumble, toward the barren,
The gray, the frozen land,

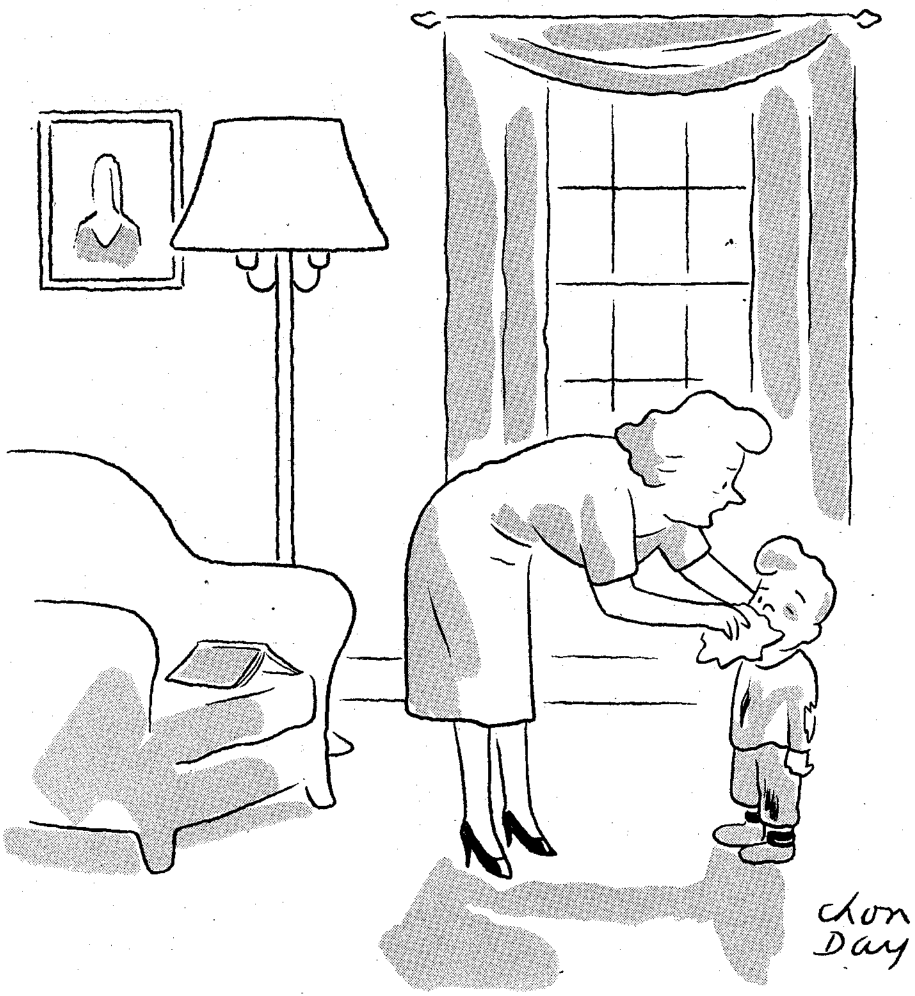
Willing to face, if not entirely willing
The ordinary moments of the day.
Farewell, I kept on saying to the music,
And woke, and it was May.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

• •

year, twenty-three feature pictures were in production, as against twice that number in January of last year. "Hollywood is girding its loins," a representative of the Motion Picture Association of America said to me. "Hollywood is pulling in its belt. Hollywood is pinching its pennies, taking stock of its cupboards, buckling down, putting its shoulder to the wheel and its nose to the grindstone, and looking deep within itself. Hollywood is *worrying about the box office.*"

Almost the only motion-picture star who is taking conditions in his stride is Lassie, a reddish-haired male collie, who is probably too mixed up emotionally over being called by a girl's name to worry about the box office. Lassie is working more steadily, not only in films but on the radio, than anyone else in Hollywood. He is a star at M-G-M, the leading studio in Hollywood, which is fondly referred to out here as the Rock of Gibraltar. Visitors there are politely and desperately requested not to discuss politics or any other controversial matters with anyone on the lot. Louis B. Mayer, production chief of M-G-M, recently took personal command of the making of all pictures, of the purchase of all scripts, and of the writing of all scripts and commissary menus. The luncheon menu starts off with the announcement that meat will not be served on Tuesdays. "President Truman has appealed to Americans to conserve food, an appeal all of us will gladly heed, of course," it says. Patrons are politely and desperately encouraged to eat apple pancakes or broiled sweetbreads for lunch. Lassie eats apple pancakes for lunch. Visitors are politely and desperately introduced to Lassie, who ignores them. "We'd be in a hole if we didn't have Lassie," I heard an M-G-M man



"*Why don't you try picking on someone smaller than you?*"

say. "We like Lassie. We're sure of Lassie. Lassie can't go out and embarrass the studio. Katharine Hepburn goes out and makes a speech for Henry Wallace. Bang! We're in trouble. Lassie doesn't make speeches. Not Lassie, thank God." At the moment, Lassie is making a picture with Edmund Gwenn about a country doctor in Scotland. Originally, the script called for a country doctor in Scotland who hated dogs, but a part has been written in for Lassie, the plot has been changed, and the picture is to be called "Master of Lassie." "It will help at the box office," Lassie's director says. Only three other pictures are in production at M-G-M, the biggest of them being a musical comedy called "Easter Parade," starring Fred Astaire and having to do with Easter on Fifth Avenue at the beginning of the century. One of Lassie's many champions at M-G-M told me that he had favored writing in a part for Lassie in "Easter Parade" but that he had dropped the idea. "I couldn't find a good Lassie angle," he explained.

THE most noticeable effect on Hollywood of the Thomas Committee investigation is, perhaps, an atmosphere of uncertainty. A man I know named Luther Greene, who belongs to what he calls the C.I.S. ("the cheap international set," he says. "I just get passed around from party to party"), took me one evening to a small gathering at the Beverly Hills home of N. Peter Rathvon, a former New York attorney and investment banker who is now president of R.K.O. Greene and Rathvon, it seemed, thought that I might find an evening in the Rathvon household instructive. Rathvon is a mannerly, mild, yet stubborn little man, with the unwavering enthusiasm of a film-magazine fan for the movies. He has been converted, he says, to Hollywood's suburban family life. "People enjoy having babies out here," he says. "They enjoy inviting each other to dinner and sitting in the sunshine. That's life." Rathvon has two daughters and a son, rarely dines in a restaurant, and takes a sun bath at least once a week. Two of the ten men who were cited with contempt by Congress—Adrian Scott and Edward Dmytryk—worked at his studio, and it was he who had to inform them that they had brought disgrace upon R.K.O. and to dismiss them, a task he did not relish. After dinner, there was, as there is every evening the Rathvons are at home, a movie. That evening it was "Good News," which deals with college life. After the showing, one of Rathvon's daughters, who goes to the Westlake School for Girls, denounced it as positively silly. Rathvon posted himself behind a small bar and made drinks for everybody. Then he offered to show Greene and me around his house. "Charles Boyer used to live here," he said. "It's an odd sensation, very odd, to live in a house Charles Boyer used to live in." He led us up a narrow spiral staircase, like those in lighthouses, to a bedroom with blond, primavera-panelled walls and another small bar. "This was Charles Boyer's bedroom," he said. "It's my bedroom now." Greene told Rathvon that I had heard a lot about the movable glass roof over the patio of the house, and asked him to show me how it worked. Our host took us downstairs, pushed a button in the patio, and then seemed to stop breathing. The glass roof overhead slid back, exposing the heavens. He pushed another button and watched anxiously as the roof moved back into place. "I used to be fond of playing with this," he said. "These days, I never know whether it's going to come back."

Later, after a prolonged discussion of Charles Boyer's acting, Charles Boyer's reading habits, and Charles Boyer's intelligence, someone said that Charles Boyer, together with several hundred other stars, had signed a statement protesting that the Thomas Committee investigation was unfair and prejudiced.

"What about that, Peter?" Greene asked. "A lot of people in your business feel that a man's politics has nothing to do with his work in pictures. Why, Scott and Dmytryk made 'Crossfire' for you on a shoestring—five hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. Took them twenty-two days. You'll gross three million on that picture. For heaven's sakes, why *fire* the men?"

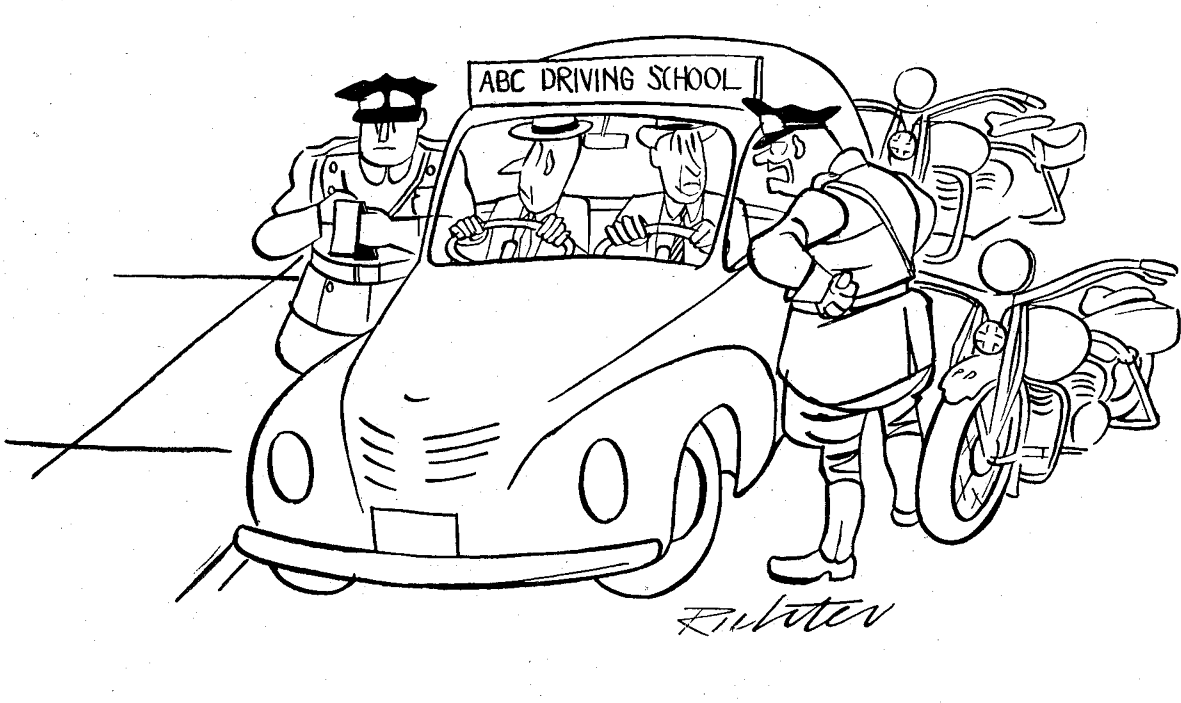
"I sure hated to lose those boys," Rathvon said miserably. "Brilliant craftsmen, both of them. It's just that their usefulness to the studio is at an end. Would you like to go out on the terrace and look down on the lights of Hollywood?" Everyone said yes, and we all went out on the terrace to look down on the lights of Hollywood.

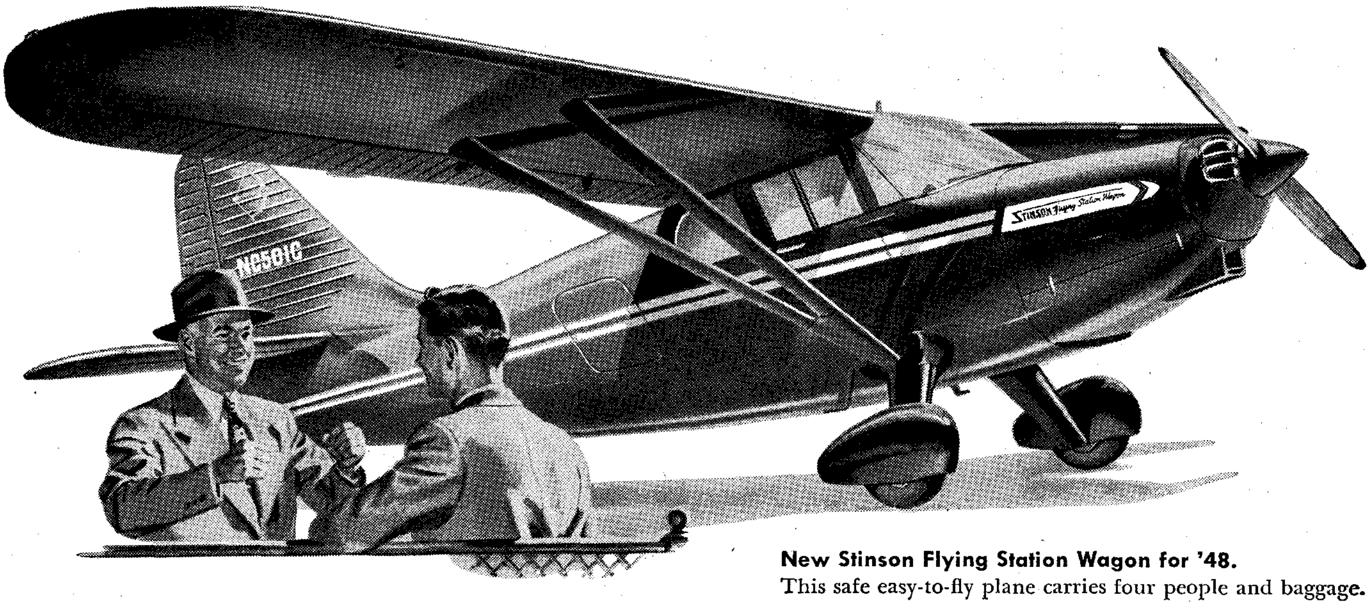
On our way home, Greene said that his social evenings were becoming more and more of a strain. "Everyone spends the night looking at those goddam lights," he said unhappily. "I think I'll go to Lady Mendl's tomorrow."

THE Screen Writers Guild a while back voted to intervene as *amicus curiae* in the civil suits that five of the ten blacklisted men have brought against their studios for breaking their contracts. It also decided to decline an invitation of the Association of Motion Picture Producers to coöperate in eliminating subversives from the studios. The Guild agreed, in addition, to oppose the blacklisting of writers because of their political views, as long as those views do not violate the law. On the other hand, the Guild turned down a proposal by some of its members to give financial and public-relations support to the ten men in their trials for contempt. The Motion Picture Association of America, which voted with the Producers' Association to blacklist the ten men and not to employ or re-employ any one of them until he is acquitted of contempt of Congress or swears that he is not a Communist, not long ago addressed a communication to Adrian Scott, one of the ten. From it, Scott, who had then been out of work about two weeks, learned that the 1947 Humanitarian Award of the Golden Slipper Square Club, a philanthropic organization in Philadelphia, had been given to Dore Schary, R.K.O.'s executive vice-president in charge of production, for having made, among other pictures, "Crossfire," which Scott produced and Dmytryk directed. According to an inscription on the award, it was made for Schary's "contribution to good citizenship and understanding among men of all religions, races, creeds, and national origins." The award was accepted for Schary by Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association, who told the Philadelphians, "In Hollywood, it's ability that counts. . . . Hollywood has held open the door of opportunity to every man and woman who could meet its technical and artistic standards, regardless of racial background or religious belief." "We're not supposed to be useful any more because they say the public has lost confidence in us," one of the ten blacklisted men said to me. "But they're not withdrawing any of the pictures we worked on. Ring Lardner's name is thrown on the screen in front of the public seeing 'Forever Amber.' Lester Cole's name is up there on 'High Wall.' If the public has confidence in these pictures, the public still has confidence in us."

An exceedingly active Hollywood agent, a woman, claims that since the start of the Congressional investigation the studios have been calling for light domestic comedies and have been turning down scripts with serious themes. "You might say the popular phrase out here now is 'Nothing on the downbeat,'" she said. "Up until a few months ago, it was 'Nothing sordid.'" The difference between "Nothing sordid" and "Nothing on the downbeat," she explained, is like the difference between light domestic comedy and *lighter* domestic comedy. After the investigation got under way, the industry called in Dr. George Gallup to take a public poll for the studios. Dr. Gallup has now submitted figures showing that seventy-one per cent of the nation's moviegoers have heard of the Congressional investigation, and that of this number fifty-one per cent think it was a good idea, twenty-seven per cent think not, and twenty-two per cent have no opinion. Three per cent of the fifty-one per cent approving of the investigation feel that Hollywood is overrun with Communism. The studio executives are now preparing a campaign to convince this splinter three per cent, and the almost as bothersome ninety-seven per cent of the fifty-one per cent, that there is no Communism in the industry. There is some disagreement about whether the industry should tackle the unopinionated twenty-two per cent or leave it alone.

In the midst of the current preoccupation with public opinion, many stars are afraid that the public may have got a very wrong impression about them because of having seen them portray, say, a legendary hero who stole from the rich to give to the poor, or an honest, crusading district attorney, or a lonely, poetic, antisocial gangster. "We've got to resolve any conflicts between what we are and what the public has been led to believe we are," one actor told me. "We can't afford to have people think we're a bunch of strong men or crusaders." At the Warner Brothers studio, some time ago, I accepted a publicity representative's invitation to watch the shooting of a scene in "Don Juan," a Technicolor reworking of the "Don Juan" made in 1926 with John Barrymore. Filming of the production has since been called off, owing to the illness of the star, Errol Flynn, but he was still in good health the day I was there. "I want you to meet Errol," said the publicity representative. "Just don't discuss anything serious with him—politics, I mean." Being a publicity man out here seems to have taken on some of the aspects of a lawyer's and an intelligence agent's duties and responsibilities. Studio visitors who are suspected of having ways of communicating with the public are always accompanied by a publicity man, or even two publicity men. The present-day importance of the publicity man is indicated by the fact that a member of the trade at M-G-M now occupies the office of the late Irving Thalberg, Thalberg still being to Hollywood what Peter the Great still is to Russia. I asked Flynn, who stood glittering in royal-blue tights and jerkin, golden boots, and a golden sword, how his version of "Don Juan"





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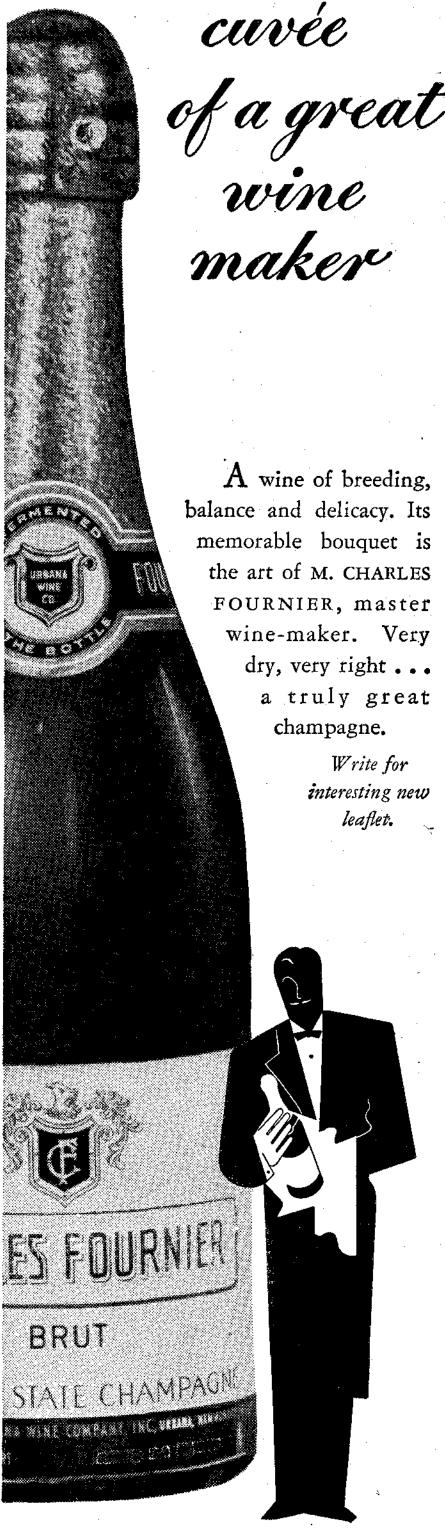

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compared with Barrymore's. "That's like comparing two grades of cheese," he said moodily. "The older is probably the better. But I'm trying to make my Don Juan as human as possible. Jack's was a tough Don Juan. Mine is human. The script calls for one of the Spanish nobles to tell me that Spain is going to war. 'You're not afraid?' he asks me. 'Yes, I am afraid!' I reply. I added that line to the script myself. I don't want to be heroic. This picture is definitely nonsubversive."

A Paramount man informed me that he had the perfect solution for both the split-personality problem and the Thomas Committee problem. "Make your pictures more of a mish-mosh than ever!" he said, glowing all over with health, well-being, and the resolution of a man who has at last found inner calmness. "*Confuse* the enemy—that's my technique. Confuse them all!" He has apparently confided his formula to Ray Milland, a Paramount actor whom I came across while he was working on "Sealed Verdict." "My picture is politically significant," Mr. Milland said to me. (Paramount publicity men, like the Warner men, warn visitors not to discuss politics with stars, but Mr. Milland brought up the subject himself.) "This is a picture about political justice," Milland went on. "I play Major Robert Lawson, a brilliant young American prosecutor in the American-occupied zone of Germany, where I am closing my case against six Nazi war criminals, including General Otto Steigmann, whose war crimes against humanity were most revolting. I get Steigmann condemned to death by hanging, and then I am visited by a beautiful French model named Themis Delisle, and I fall in love with her. No, first Themis Delisle tells me that Steigmann is innocent, *then* I fall in love with her. My young aide, Private Clay Hockland, has been having an affair with a seventeen-year-old German girl, who is pregnant and shoots Private Hockland and then becomes seriously ill, although Private Hockland is also seriously ill after the *Fräulein* shoots him." Milland was interrupted by a man who wanted to comb his hair. "Later," Milland said to him, and firmly continued telling me about Private Hockland's death, the assorted difficulties of the ladies in the cast, and the problem of getting penicillin in the black market for the *Fräulein*. He was interrupted periodically by the man who wanted to comb his hair, but he proceeded unswervingly to a castle, for the hanging of General Steigmann. "I tell the General his mother has snitched on him," Milland said, "but he boasts that Hitlerite Germany will rise again. I knock him to the floor and take a vial of poison from a scar on his cheek, for Themis Delisle has revealed his last and most dramatic secret. Steigmann confesses his guilt, and Themis returns to France to defend herself, but she leaves with the promise that a certain brilliant young American lawyer—me—will be fighting on her team." Milland beckoned to the man with the comb. "Now," he concluded belligerently, "I'd like to see the Thomas Committee find anything in *that*."

WALTER WANGER, head of Walter Wanger Pictures, Inc., maintains that the public has an unjustifiably poor opinion of Hollywood, and one day, trailing the inevitable publicity man, he took me to his studio commissary to tell me about the progress the industry has made since he got into it, twenty-five years ago. "In those days, we couldn't even have an unhappy ending," he said. "Today, pictures are different. Pictures have made great and wonderful contributions to the country and to the world." Wanger ordered coffee. Then he said that pictures had helped raise our standard of living, had encouraged understanding among men, and had, because of their merit and integrity, contributed to social progress. Wanger drank his coffee. I mentioned the last two Wanger pictures I had seen—"Arabian Nights" (love in a Bagdad harem) and "Canyon Passage" (Technicolor on the prairie). "I made those pictures because I wanted to be a success," Wanger replied. "If you want to stay in this business, if you want to make pictures that contribute to the country's welfare, you've got to make pictures that make money."

Some producers express the interesting point of view that there are no Communistic pictures, that there are only good pictures and bad pictures, and that most bad pictures are bad because writers write bad stories. "Writers don't apply themselves," I was informed by Jerry Wald, a thirty-six-year-old Warner Brothers producer, customarily

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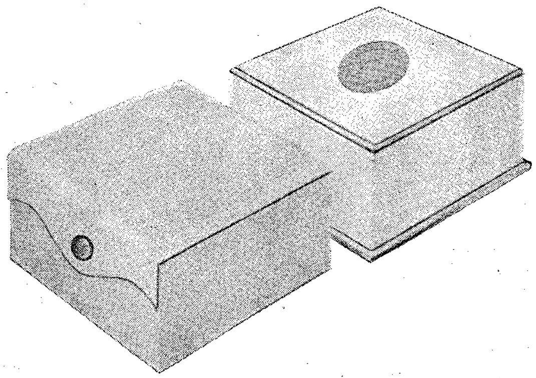

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described as a dynamo, who boasts that he makes twelve times as many pictures as the average producer in Hollywood. "Anatole France never sat down and said, 'Now, what did a guy write last year that I can copy this year?' " Wald assured me. "The trouble with pictures is they're cold. Pictures got to have emotion. You get emotion by doing stories on the temper of the times." The Congressional investigation, he said, would have no effect on his plans for this year's pictures on the temper of the times. These will include one on good government (with Ronald Reagan), another about underpaid schoolteachers (with Joan Crawford), and an adaptation and modernization of Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" (with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Edward G. Robinson, and Lionel Barrymore). "Bogart plays an ejected liberal," Wald said, "a disillusioned soldier who says nothing is worth fighting for, until he learns there's a point where every guy must fight against evil." Bogart, who two or three months before had announced that his trip to Washington to protest against the methods of the Thomas Committee hearings had been a mistake, was very eager, Wald said, to play the part of an ejected liberal.

At Wald's suggestion, I had lunch one day with several members of the "Key Largo" cast, its director, John Huston, and a publicity representative at the Lakeside Golf Club, a favorite buffet-style eating place of stars on the nearby Warner lot. The actors were in a gay mood. They had just finished rehearsing a scene (one of the new economies at Warner is to have a week of rehearsals before starting to film a picture) in which Bogart is taunted by Robinson, a gangster representing evil, for his cowardice, but is comforted by the gangster's moll, who tells Bogart, "Never mind. It's better to be a live coward than a dead hero." Bogart had not yet reached the point where a guy learns he must fight against evil. Huston was feeling particularly good, because he had just won a battle with the studio to keep in the film some lines from Franklin Roosevelt's message to the Seventy-seventh Congress on January 6, 1942: "But we of the United Nations are not making all this sacrifice of human effort and human lives to return to the kind of world we had after the last world war."

"The big shots wanted Bogie to say this in his own words," Huston explained, "but I insisted that Roosevelt's words were better."

Bogart nodded. "Roosevelt was a good politician," he said. "He could

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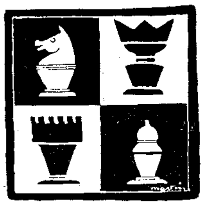
handle those babies in Washington, but they're too smart for guys like me. Hell, I'm no politician. That's what I meant when I said our Washington trip was a mistake."

"Bogie has succeeded in not being a politician," said Huston, who went to Washington with him. "Bogie owns a fifty-four-foot yawl. When you own a fifty-four-foot yawl, you've got to provide for her upkeep."

"The Great Chief died and everybody's guts died with him," Robinson said, looking stern.

"How would you like to see *your* picture on the front page of the Communist paper of Italy?" asked Bogart.

"Nyah," Robinson said, sneering.



"The *Daily Worker* runs Bogie's picture and right away he's a dangerous Communist," said Miss Bacall, who is, as everybody must know, Bogart's wife. "What will happen if the American Legion and the Legion of Decency boycott all his pictures?"

"It's just that my picture in the *Daily Worker* offends me, Baby," said Bogart.

"Nyah," said Robinson.

"Let's eat," said Huston.

After a while, Bogart began to complain about the iron curtain that separates the stars from the public. "There's only four rips," he said glumly, "four outlets through the iron curtain—Louella, Hedda, Jimmy, and Sheilah Graham. What can a guy do with only four rips?"

"Nyah," said Robinson.

Hollywood has various ideas about what the iron curtain is and where it is. Twentieth Century-Fox is making a picture called "The Iron Curtain"—about Communist spies' stealing atomic-bomb secrets in Canada—around which there is an iron curtain keeping visitors from everyone and everything connected with the picture. A Los Angeles newspaperman tried, unsuccessfully, to penetrate it. He was investigated by a man from Twentieth Century-Fox. A lady named Margaret Ettinger, who is generally credited with being "everybody's press agent" and who handles vaseline, diamonds, and Atwater Kent as well as many movie and radio stars, says there is an iron curtain around Louella Parsons. "Louella is my cousin, but I have a tougher time breaking into her column than into Hedda's," she says. Sheilah Graham, whose syndicated column appears locally in the Hollywood *Citizen-News*, in writing a few weeks ago about a certain star's red sweater and a certain singer's flashy red car, remarked that the color was still popular in Hollywood. The newspaper received a lot of letters calling Miss Graham a Communist. One of them suggested that an iron curtain be set up around *her*.

A FEW weeks ago, many people in Hollywood received through the mails a booklet called "Screen Guide for Americans," published by the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals and containing a list of "Do"s and "Don't"s. "This is the raw iron from which a new curtain around Hollywood will be fashioned," one man assured me solemnly. "This is the first step—not to fire people, not to get publicity, not to clean Communism out of motion pictures but to rigidly control all the contents of all pictures for Right Wing political purposes." The Motion Picture Association of America has not yet publicly adopted the "Screen Guide for Americans" in place of its own "A Code to Govern the Making of Motion and Talking Pictures," which advances such tenets as "The just rights, history, and feelings of any nation are entitled to consideration and respectful treatment" and "The treatment of bedrooms must be governed by good taste and delicacy." Although it is by no means certain that the industry has got around to following these old rules, either to the letter or in the spirit, there is a suspicion that it may have already begun at least to paraphrase some of the "Screen Guide's" pronouncements, which appear under such headings as "Don't Smear the Free Enterprise System," "Don't Deify the 'Common Man,'" "Don't Glorify the Collective," "Don't Glorify Failure," "Don't Smear Success," and "Don't Smear Industrialists." "All too often, industrialists, bankers, and businessmen are presented on the screen as villains, crooks, chiselers, or exploiters," the "Guide" observes. "It is the *moral* (no, not just political but *moral*) duty of every decent man in the motion picture industry to throw into the ashcan, where it belongs, every story that smears industrialists as such." Another admonition reads, "Don't give to your characters—as a sign of villainy, as a damning characteristic—a desire to make money." And another, "Don't permit any disparagement or defamation of personal success. It is the Communists' intention to make people think that personal success is somehow achieved at the expense of others and that every successful man has hurt somebody by becom-

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ing successful." The booklet warns, "Don't tell people that man is a helpless, twisted, drooling, sniveling, neurotic weakling. Show the world an *American* kind of man, for a change." The "Guide" instructs people in the industry, "Don't let yourself be fooled when the Reds tell you that what they want to destroy are men like Hitler and Mussolini. What they want to destroy are men like Shakespeare, Chopin, and Edison." Still another of the "Don't"s says, "Don't ever use any lines about 'the common man' or 'the little people.' It is not the American idea to be either 'common' or 'little.' " This despite the fact that Eric Johnston, testifying before the Thomas Committee, said, "Most of us in America are just little people, and loose charges can hurt little people." And one powerful man here has said to me, "We're not going to pay any attention to the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. We *like* to talk about 'the little people' in this business."

I was given a copy of "Screen Guide for Americans" by Mrs. Lela Rogers, one of the founders of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. Mrs. Rogers, the mother of Ginger, is a pretty, blond-haired lady with a vibrant, birdlike manner. "A lot of people who work in pictures wouldn't know Communism if they saw it," she said to me. "You think that a Communist is a man with a bushy beard. He's not. He's an American, and he's pretty, too." The Congressional investigation of Hollywood, Mrs. Rogers thinks, will result in better pictures and the victory of the Republican Party in the next election. "Last month, I spoke about Communism at a ten-dollar-a-plate dinner given by the Republican Party," she said. "My goodness, I amassed a lot of money for the campaign. Now I have more speaking engagements than I can possibly fulfill." Mrs. Rogers is also writing screen plays. I wanted to know if she was following the "Do"s and "Don't"s of the "Screen Guide for Americans." "You just bet I am," she said. "My friend Ayn Rand wrote it, and sticking to it is easy as pie. I've just finished a shooting script about a man who learns how to live after he is dead."

Other people in the industry admit that they are following the "Guide" in scripts about the living. One man who is doing that assured me that he nevertheless doesn't need it, that it offers him nothing he didn't already know. "This is new only to the youngsters out here," he said. "They haven't had their profound intentions knocked out of them yet, or else they're still earning under five hundred a week. As soon as you become adjusted in this business, you don't need the 'Screen Guide' to tell you what to do." A studio executive in charge of reading scripts believes that Hollywood has a new kind of self-censorship. "It's automatic, like shifting gears," he explained. "I now read scripts through the eyes of the D.A.R., whereas formerly I read them through the eyes of my boss. Why, I suddenly find myself beating my breast and proclaiming my patriotism and exclaiming that I love my wife and kids, of which I have four, with a fifth on the way. I'm all loused up. I'm scared to death, and nobody can tell me it isn't because I'm afraid of being investigated."

William Wyler, who directed the Academy Award picture "The Best Years of Our Lives," told me he is convinced that he could not make that picture today and that Hollywood will produce no more films like "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Crossfire." "In a few months, we won't be able to have a heavy who is an American," he said. The scarcity of roles for villains has become a serious problem, particularly at studios specializing in Western pictures, where writers are being harried for not thinking up any new ones. "Can I help it if we're running out of villains?" a writer at one of these studios asked me. "For years I've been writing scripts about a Boy Scout-type cowboy in love with a girl. Their fortune and happiness are threatened by a banker holding a mortgage over their heads, or by a big landowner, or by a crooked sheriff. Now they tell me that bankers are out. Anyone holding a mortgage is out. Crooked public officials are out. All I've got left is a cattle rustler. What the hell am I going to do with a cattle rustler?"

Hollywood's current hypersensitivity has created problems more subtle than the shortage of heavies. "Treasure of Sierra Madre," a film about prospecting for gold, was to have begun and ended with the subtitle "Gold, Mister, is worth what it is because of the human labor that goes into the finding and getting of it." The line is spoken by Walter Huston in the course of the picture. John Huston, who directed it, says that he couldn't persuade the studio to let the line appear on the screen. "It was all on account of the word 'labor,' " he told me. "That word looks dangerous in print, I guess." He paused, then added thoughtfully, "You can sneak it onto

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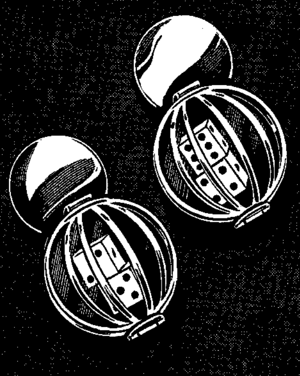

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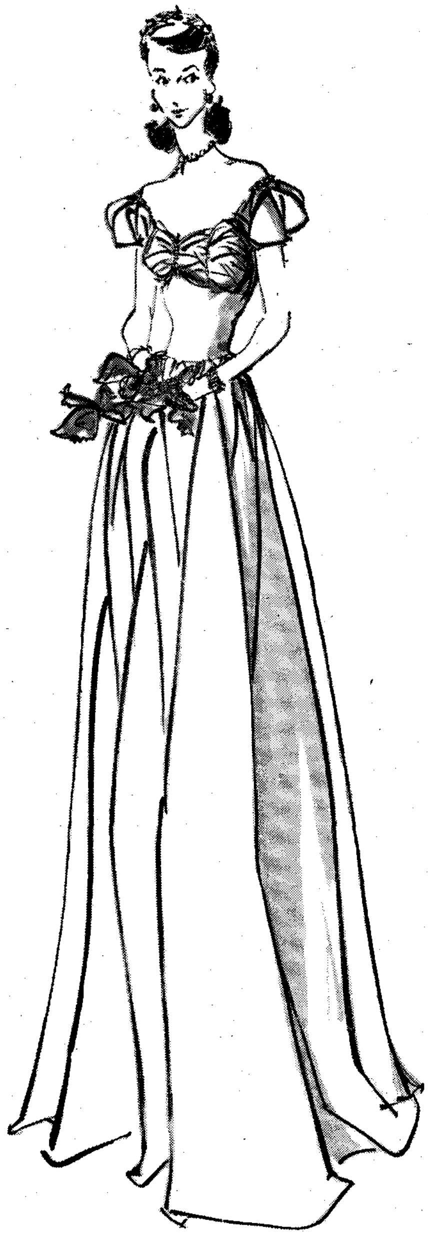
the sound track now and then, though." At a preview, in Hartford, Connecticut, of "Arch of Triumph," attended by its director, Lewis Milestone, and by Charles Einfield, president of Enterprise Productions, which brought it out, the manager of the theatre asked Einfield whether it was necessary to use the word "refugees" so often in the picture. "All the way back to New York," says Milestone, "Charlie kept muttering, 'Maybe we mention the word "refugees" too many times?' 'But the picture is *about* refugees,' I told him. 'What can we do now? Make a new picture?' "

A Msgr. Devlin, the Western representative of the Legion of Decency, has been on the set of "Joan of Arc," which is being produced by Walter Wanger and stars Ingrid Bergman, since production started, and the services of a Father Doncoeur, of France, were enlisted shortly afterward. The director, Victor Fleming, who directed "Gone with the Wind," said to me, "We've worked very closely with the Catholic Church, doing it the way they want it done. We want to be sure all these artists don't get a bum steer." I watched the shooting of a scene in which Miss Bergman, supposedly dying, lay on a prison bed of straw. The Bishop and the Earl of Warwick, her captors, leaned over her, and the Earl said, "She must not be allowed to die. Our King has paid too much for this sorceress to allow her to slip through our fingers." "Cut!" Fleming shouted. "Say that as if you *mean* it," he went on frantically. "She's *valuable property!* She must not be allowed to *die!* We have to finish the picture with her! This picture is costing three million dollars! Put more *feeling* into it! She must not be allowed to *die*, goddammit!" Just before the cameras were started up again, Fleming remarked, " 'Gone with the Wind' was more fun than this. It cost about a million and a half more than 'Joan.' " Everything, apparently, used to be more fun.

MOST producers stick firmly to the line that there is no Communism whatever in the industry and that there are no Communistic pictures. "We're going to make any kind of pictures we like, and nobody is going to tell us what to do," I was informed by Dore Schary, the R.K.O. vice-president and winner of the Golden Slipper Square Club's Humanitarian Award. He is a soft-spoken, unpretentious, troubled-looking man in his early forties, who might be regarded as one of Miss Hussey's "modern covered-wagon folks." In sixteen years,



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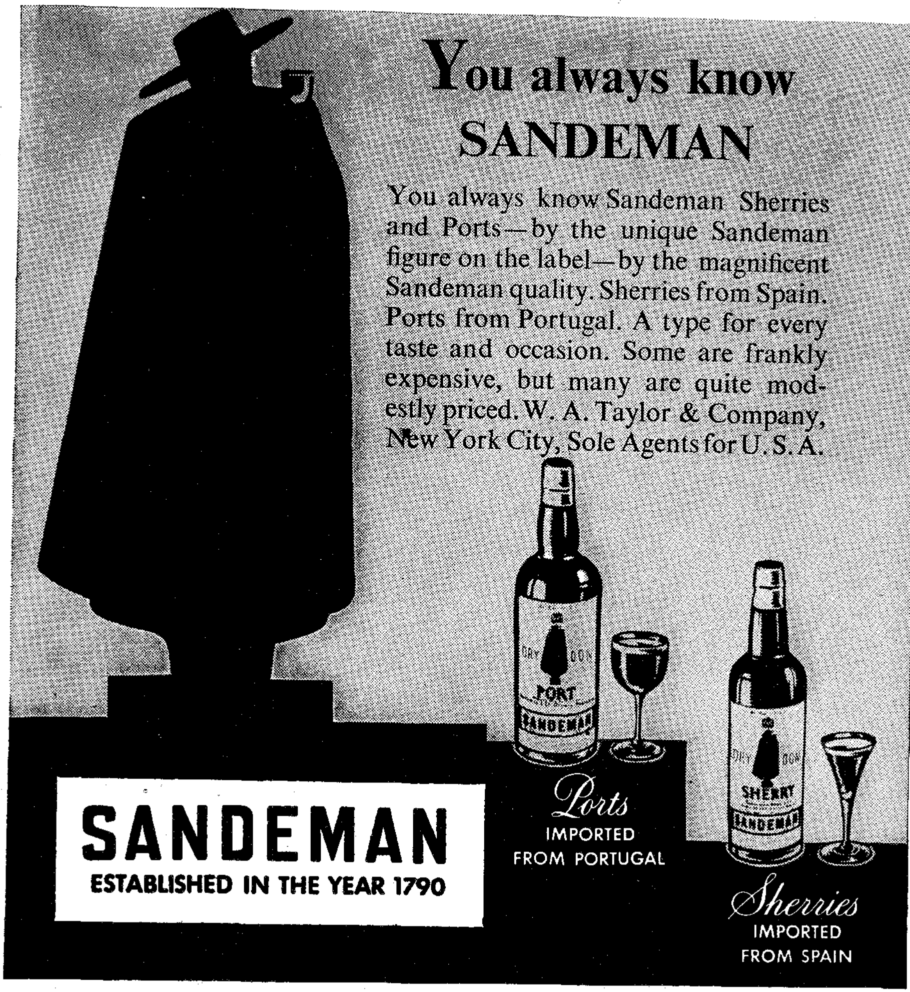

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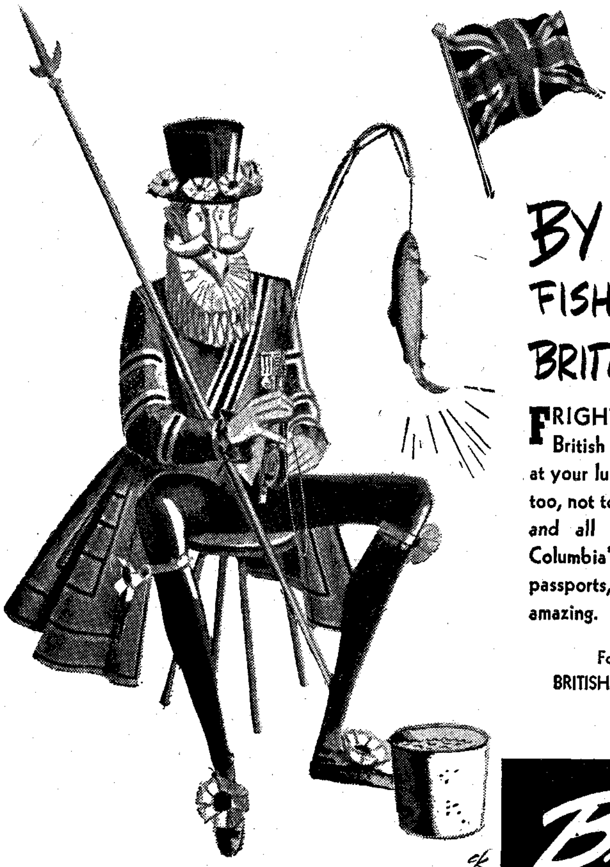

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Schary pioneered from a $100-a-week job as a junior writer to his present position, which brings him around $500,000 a year. When he testified before the Thomas Committee, he said that R.K.O. would hire anyone it chose, solely on the basis of his talent, who had not been proved to be subversive. The R.K.O. Board of Directors met soon afterward and voted not to hire any known Communists. Schary then voted, like the other producers, to blacklist the ten men because they had been cited for contempt. He is talked about a good deal in Hollywood. Many of his colleagues are frequently critical of the course he has taken, and yet they understand why he has done what he's done. "I was faced with the alternative of supporting the stand taken by my company or of quitting my job," Schary told me. "I don't believe you should quit under fire. Anyway, I like making pictures. I want to stay in the industry. I like it." Schary is one of the few Hollywood executives who will talk to visitors without having a publicity man sit in on the conversation. "The great issue would have been joined if the ten men had only stood up and said whether or not they were Communists," he continued. "That's all they had to do. As it is, ten men have been hurt and nobody can be happy. We haven't done any work in weeks. Now is the time for all of us to go back to the business of making pictures, good pictures, in favor of anything we please." I asked Schary what he was planning to make this year. "I will assemble a list," he said. He assembled the following out of his memory, and I wrote them down: "Honored Glory" (in favor of honoring nine unknown soldiers), "Weep No More" (in favor of law and order), "Evening in Modesto" (also in favor of law and order), "The Boy with Green Hair" (in favor of peace), "Education of a Heart" (in favor of professional football), "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (in favor of Cary Grant), "The Captain Was a Lady" (in favor of Yankee clipper ships), "Baltimore Escapade" (in favor of a Protestant minister and his family having fun).

"Committee or no Committee," Schary said, "we're going to make all these pictures exactly the way we made pictures before." —LILLIAN ROSS

•

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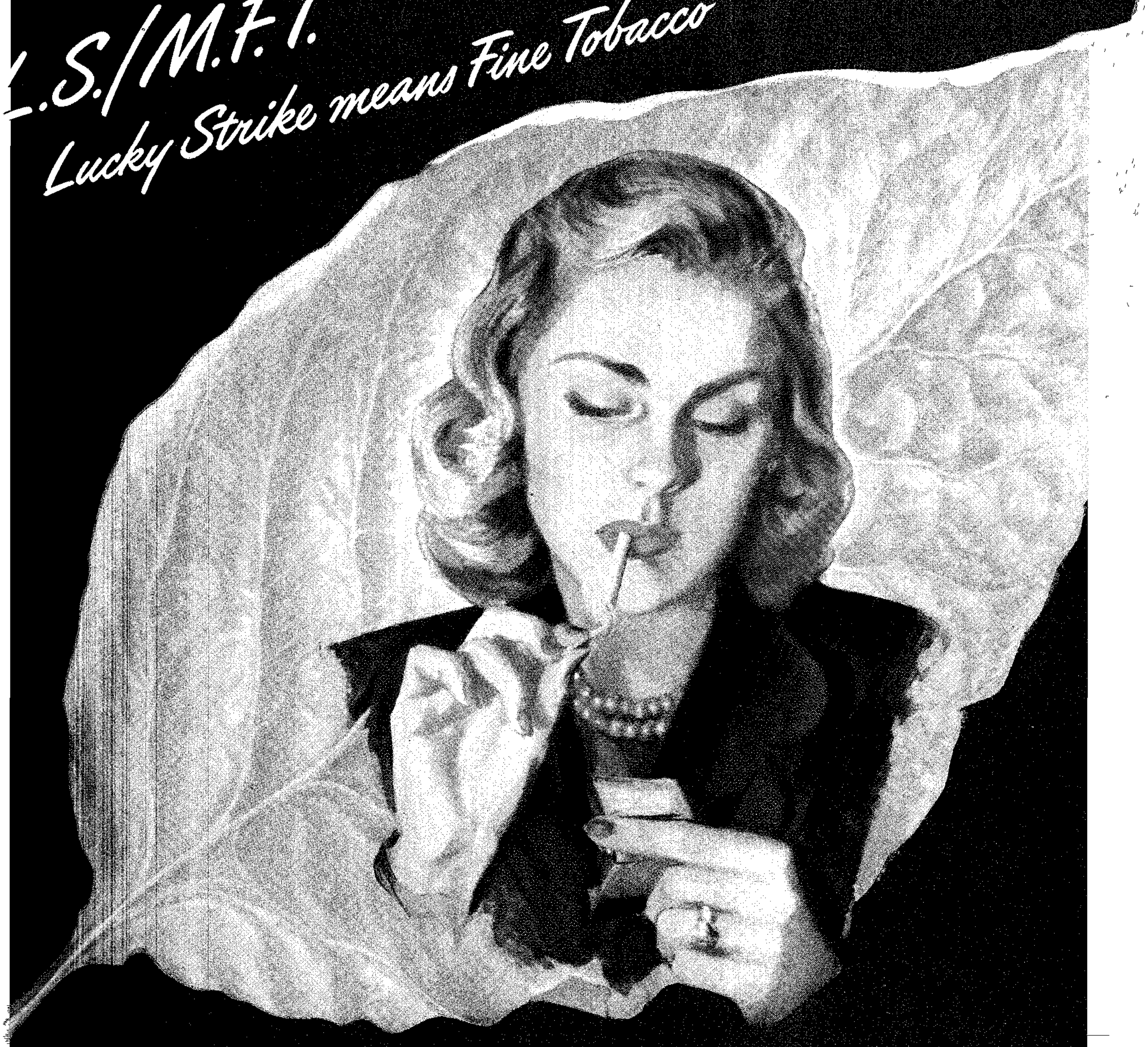

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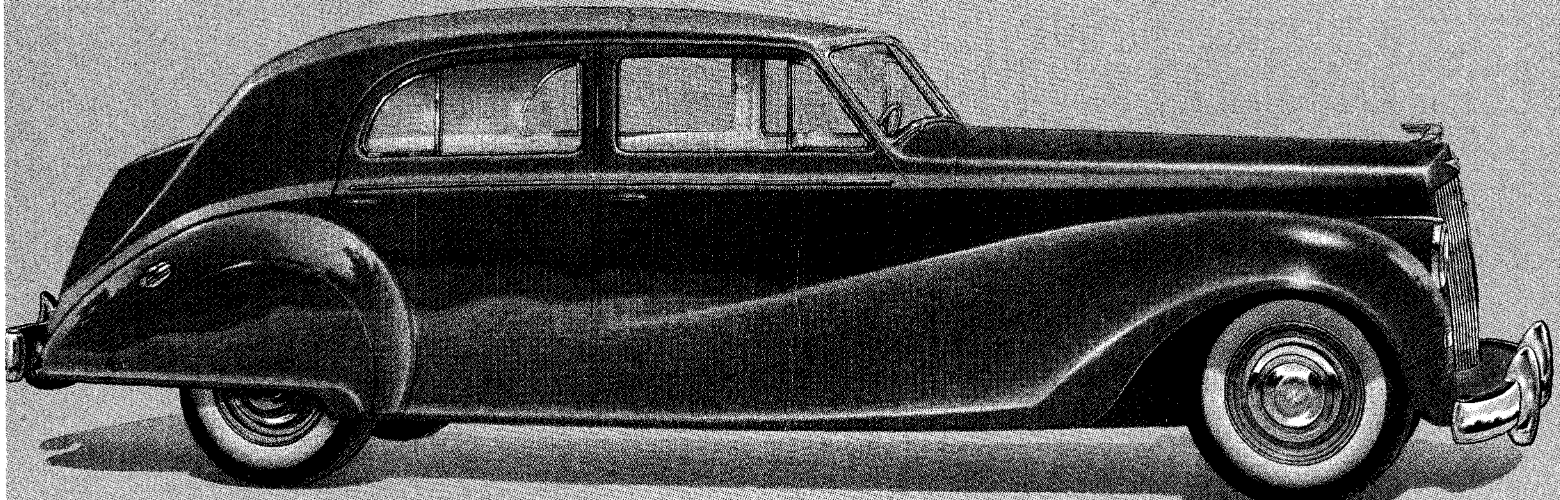

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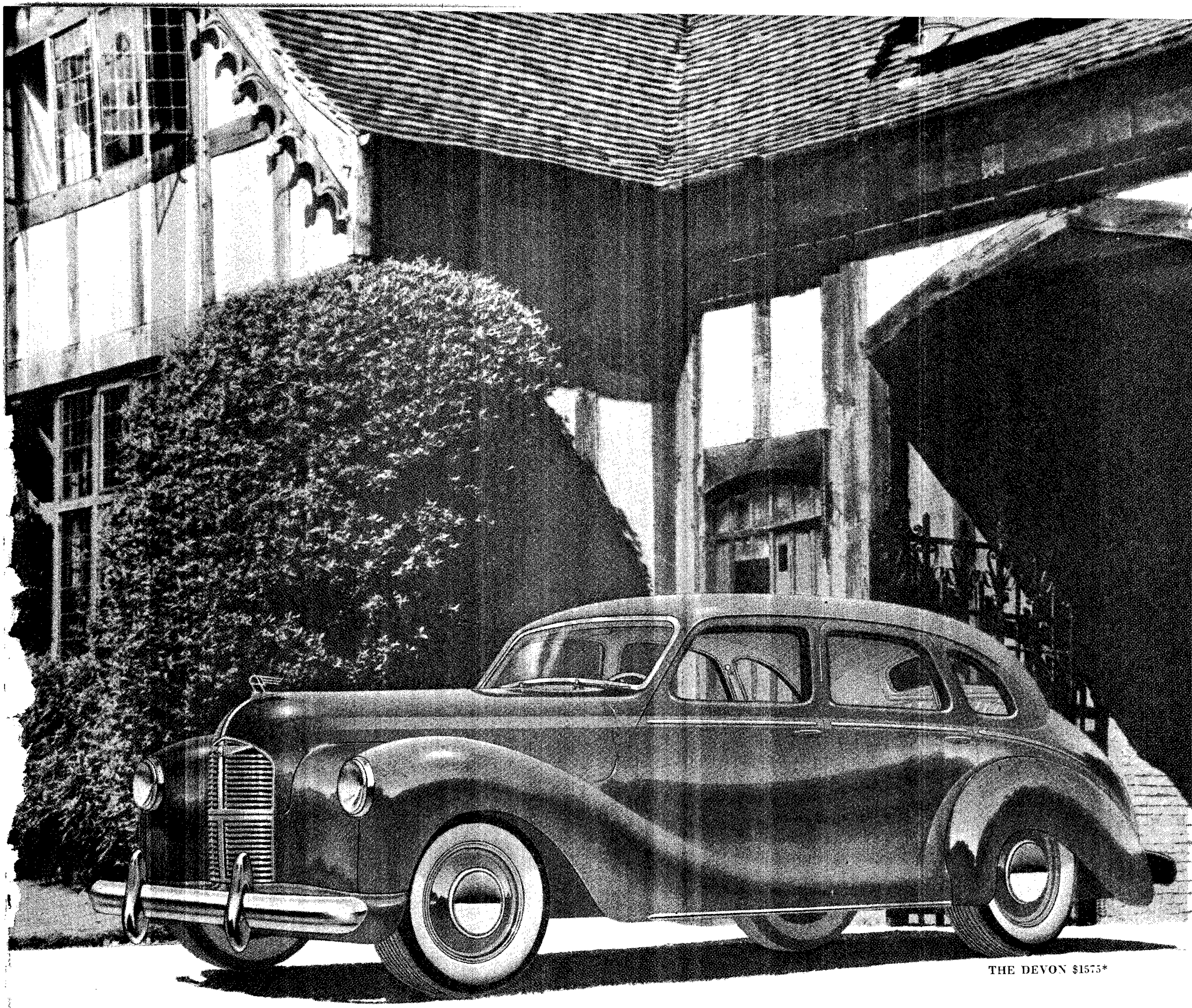

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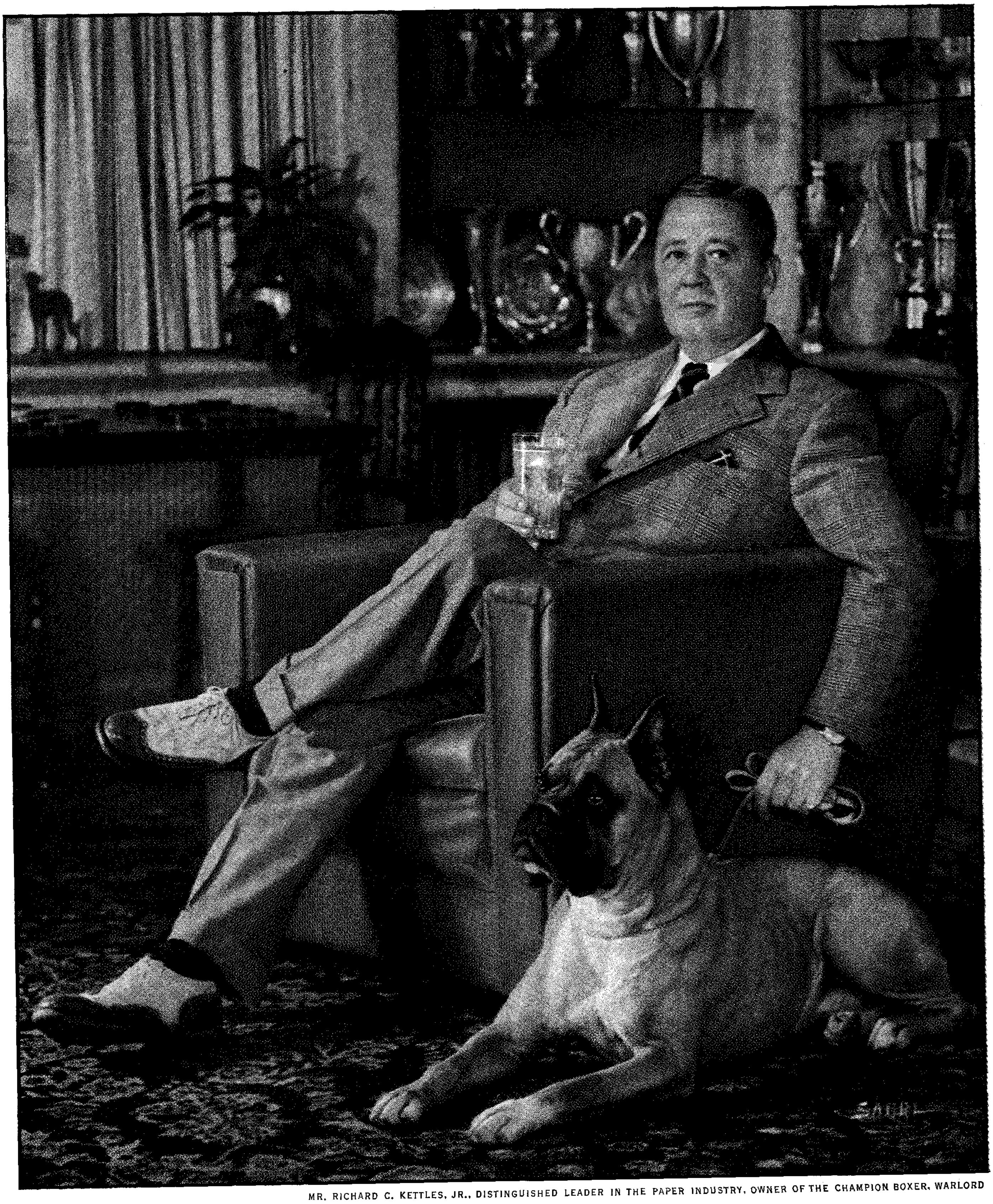

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THE THEATRE

THE GREAT MAN AGAIN

“John Bull’s Other Island,” presented last week by the Dublin Gate Theatre at the Mansfield, offered, among other passages, the following:

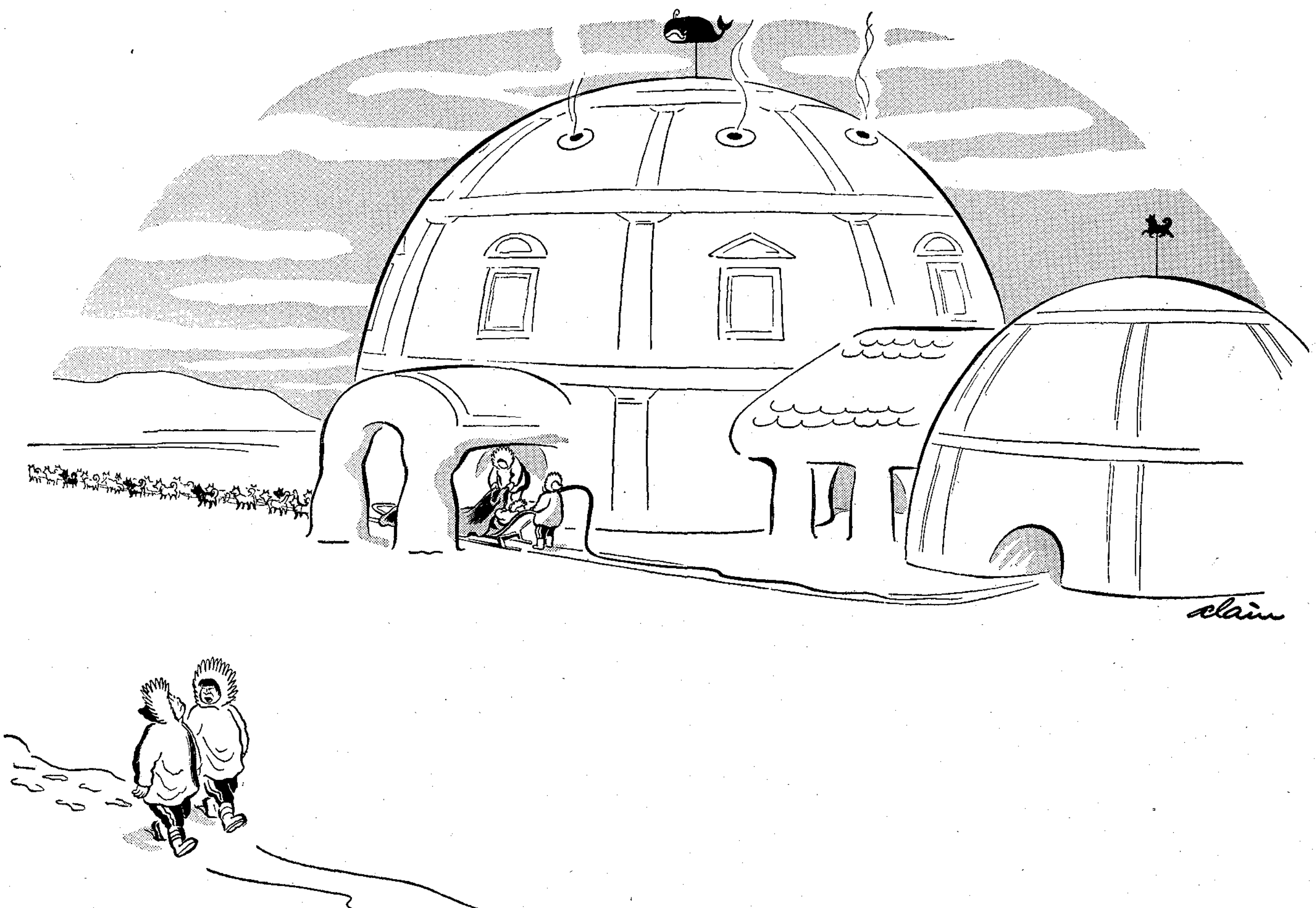
> Broadbent: There are difficulties. I shall overcome them, but there are difficulties. When I first arrive in Ireland, I shall be hated as an Englishman. As a Protestant, I shall be denounced from every altar. My life will be in danger. Well, I am prepared to face that.
>
> Tim: Never fear, sir. We know how to respect a brave innimy.
>
> Broadbent: What I really dread is misunderstanding. I think you could help me to avoid that. When I heard you speak the other evening in Bermondsey at the meeting of the National League, I saw at once that you were—You won’t mind my speaking frankly?
>
> Tim: Tell me all my faults as man to man. I can stand anything but flatthery.
>
> Broadbent: May I put it this way?—that I saw at once that you were a thorough Irishman, with all the faults and qualities of your race: rash and improvident but brave and goodnatured; not likely to succeed in business on your own account perhaps, but eloquent, humorous, a lover of freedom, and a true follower of that great Englishman Gladstone.

This was the quality and, in a sense, the argument of the latest revival of Mr. Shaw’s works. It seemed to me languid and antique, in spite of the presence of such really excellent actors as Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir.

If virtuous social purpose counted for anything in a play—a proposition opposed by every man in his right mind—“Doctor Social,” by Joseph L. Estry, should have been the biggest prize-winner in the history of the American theatre. As it stood, it was simply a dull, vacant, and remarkably inept play that lasted four days at the Booth, proving that it is possible to be as tiresome about a “dread disease” (i.e., cancer) as it is about any other topic—adultery, to name one.

Mr. Estry’s story is that of a young man, rather handsomer than most, who has apparently never heard of radio serials, since he has let his career parallel one with the greatest possible fidelity. He starts off very badly, being persuaded to prostitute his great talents to facial surgery and other shady activities. Then, however, prodded on by a doctor of the old school (Al Shean) and an incorruptible secretary, higher things begin to have their way with him, and before the evening is over he has fought down his cynicism—by all odds, as we’ve learned from “Allegro,” the biggest occupational hazard in the medical profession—and decided to employ his gift for the purpose for which God intended it.

Naturally enough, Mr. Estry has created a heroine to dramatize his hero’s dilemma. She is a pretty, pale girl, and while I can’t help feeling that authors are mistaken to use sex to produce ethics,



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if Mr. Estry wanted to do things that way, he could hardly have chosen a better woman. Anyway, at the end of the second act, there is the almost inevitable scene when the specialists examine her, looking for cancer, and one of them says, "What do you make of this, Doctor? A very suspicious lump, I think." He found exactly the right phrase for my own feelings. I've never seen so many suspicious lumps in a play in my life.

In addition to Mr. Shean, the cast contained Dean Jagger, Haila Stoddard, Eda Heinemann, and Donald Foster. I don't believe that there were six lines in the whole script that could have been delivered with any grace or felicity, but all these people did a lot better than you would have expected.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

The Tale of Bluie Raisin

This morning, which started like every other morning, was the beginning of the most eventful part of my life. I, Bluie Raisin, was selected to be part of Blubaugh's Early American Fruit Cake. My, how all the other raisins envied me....

I was first packed with a lot of other raisins and started the long trip from California. I wasn't able to see much of the country, but even with that, excitement ran high. When we arrived at the modern Blubaugh Bakery in Charleston, W. Va., there were 20 bakers waiting for us. I was the luckiest of raisins. I was going to be a part, small tho it may be, of America's Finest Fruit Cake. To think that I, Bluie Raisin, was chosen. I could hardly realize it.

I started looking around to see if any of my friends were here. While I was looking, I saw many strange things. One man was checking dates. These dates were selected as carefully as myself. They were planted by the Spanish in California many, many years before....

Another man is checking figs. These figs came all the way from Iraq and are indeed the world's finest. The same boat that brought the figs to our shores also brought citron from Italy. I felt very important. To think that, I, a poor little raisin, could mix with such important fellows....

The Texas pecan nuts were talking things over with the English walnuts. Of course, the almonds had a few words to say also. After talking with the Belgium currants, some of my distant cousins, I met some of the other thirty kinds of fruits and nuts. We were then all placed in a large oaken barrel and covered with pure Jamaica rum. Here we stayed for a week.—*Folder received with a fruit cake.*

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•

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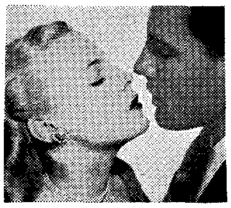

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LETTER FROM CARDIFF

FEBRUARY 10

CITIZENS of Cardiff are apt to smile somewhat wearily when a newcomer makes the inevitable surprised remark about the nice, clean air, since they feel that such innocence is merely another demonstration of the misconception, common among outsiders, that their handsome city is an industrial eyesore, ringed with suburbs full of collieries and with factory chimneys on every horizon. This ingenuousness on the part of visitors from over the border does nothing to lessen the Welsh sense of being isolated from neighboring England, an impression that is strong enough to make London seem much farther than a three-and-a-half-hour train journey away. (Ladies in the staid Angel Hotel discuss the state of the shops "in England" as though a whole Atlantic surged between them and the Paddington terminus.) During the great depression between the wars, when the drift away from the silent coal valleys outside Cardiff turned the country into a mournful wasteland, there were many Welshmen who resentfully felt that the rest of the world was getting along very nicely and forgetting their plight. Now that every British hope hangs on coal, they can hardly claim that they are forgotten, but a lot of them think that in Westminster—and, indeed, in England generally—they are remembered all wrong. The other day, the Members of Parliament from the principality staged a strong new attack on the old question of establishing a Minister for Wales and allowing Welshmen a freer hand in conducting their own affairs. The Government looked down its nose and said nothing much. Three days later, however, it compounded the injury by giving Scotland (which already has its own Minister) such a handsome new allotment of self-government that the *Western Mail*, Cardiff's morning paper, exploded with the headline "Scotland Gets a Little Parliament." "All Wales," said the paper's leading editorial angrily, "irrespective of party, will blaze with indignation over the concessions which the Government is prepared to give Scotland, while ignoring the demands of Wales for more effective control of her own affairs."

So far as can be detected, Cardiff is blazing only mildly. The imperative slogan "Free Wales!" can be seen scratched up on walls here and there in the mining valleys beyond the city, but the Welsh nationalist movement is chiefly centered in Aberystwyth, in the north, where the purest Welsh is supposed to be spoken. William John Gruffydd, Professor of Celtic at the University of Wales, who represents the university at Westminster, is a Welsh nationalist. (He may lose his seat if the much criticized proposal to deprive universities of the right to return a Member to Parliament is carried through.) Teaching at most schools is bilingual, but the insistence on keeping the national tongue alive is far less shrill in Wales than it is in Eire, where a knowledge of Gaelic is almost essential to getting a government job. There are, however, a number of authors who write only in Welsh. The Cardiff bookstore Siop y Castell (Shop of the Castle) specializes in their works and in Welsh translations of classics of all kinds. Among the latter are the Beatrix Potter books, in which Welsh tots can follow the adventures of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, as Meistres Tigi Dwi, and of Jemima Puddleduck, as Dili Minllyn. The South Wales coal valleys have turned out their own school of writers, who mostly write in English. Among them are Gwyn Jones, son of a Tredegar Valley miner, a professor of English at University College, in Aberystwyth, and editor of the *Welsh Review;* the novelist Rhys Davies; Gwyn Thomas, who was born in the Rhondda Valley; and the poets Keidrych Rhys and Dylan Thomas.

THE great problem in Wales is industrial rather than nationalistic. Cardiff's years of enormous prosperity were built on coal (at one time the place had so many wealthy men who had been given titles by the government that someone called it the City of Dreadful Knights), and there is naturally a great deal of anxious speculation about the future of the mines. The president of Britain's Board of Trade recently told a gathering of Cardiff businessmen that the coal South Wales is beginning to ship again to other countries is a new ray of hope in the economic situation, but he knew and they knew that it is a mighty small ray for an area that used to produce up to fifty million tons a year, as against the present twenty million, more or less. The saddest day these parts have known in a long time was the day last year when two American ships loaded with coal tied up at Barry docks—a bitter local version of the old joke about carrying coals to Newcastle.

Since the Government's Coal Board took over, the South Wales pits have been operating at a loss. The figures on recruitment of workers for the mines have not been especially encouraging, but the output figures have looked healthier lately. Naturally, there are plenty of Conservatives around (Cardiff used to be predominantly Conservative, and before that Liberal, until it went over to Labour in the last elections) who feel that the disappointments are due to the mistakes of the new setup—the erection of strangling barriers of red tape between local complaints and far-off authority, and so on. The most cheerful opinion holds that things will improve slowly as reorganization gets under way, but the problems in this area have always been tough, as even the Coal Board's fiercest critics concede. Many of the South Wales pits are unsuitable for conversion to mechanization, and the manpower shortage is not helped by the hangover from the appalling depression years, when parents determined to try to get their sons settled in some other, happier industry. There are many, too, who say that a lasting bitterness in the relations between employers and employed was aroused by the rich colliery owners and ironmasters of the last century, who often nipped over to England to spend their fortunes instead of putting a part of their cash into material improvements for the wretched valleys that gave them their wealth. The Coal Board, representing the people, has taken the place of these gentlemen, but, judging by the rancor displayed toward the Board in a couple of recent disputes, the idea behind the switch has still not been entirely assimilated in some quarters.

Another factor that doesn't exactly encourage enlistment for work in the mines is being tackled at Llandough Hospital, just outside Cardiff, where a research group is studying the incidence and treatment of the terrible silicosis and pneumoconiosis. These powerful arguments against taking up a miner's career are caused by excessive coal dust, and the South Wales valleys have always been particularly bad places for that. The team now working at Llandough is trying to fix on the combination of circumstances most frequently responsible for the dreaded maladies, which may show up after a few years underground or after a great many. If a case is spotted soon enough, and the

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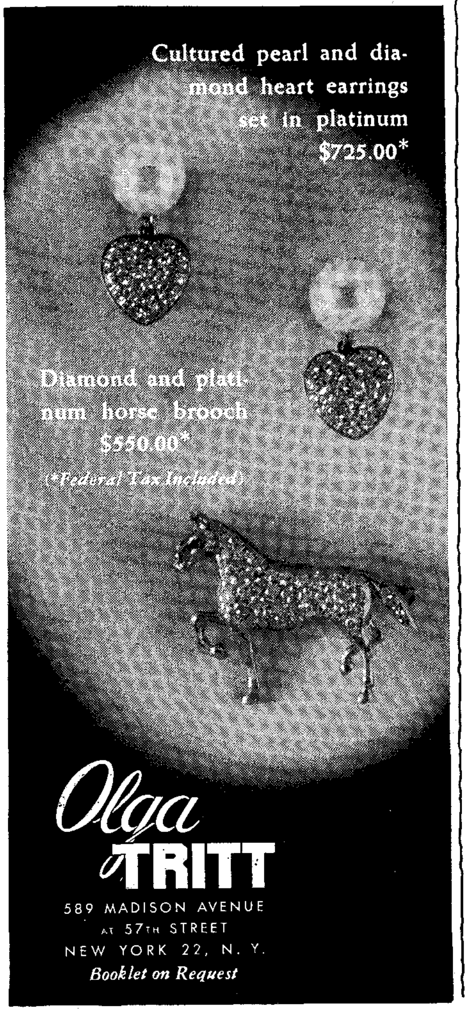
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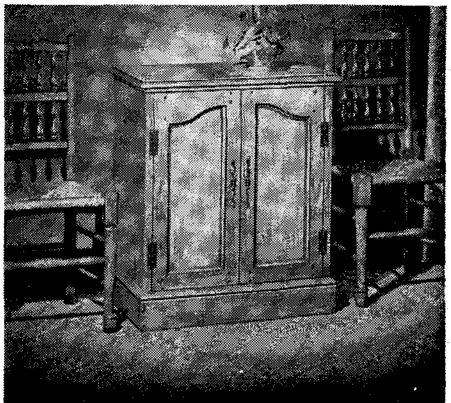
man taken out of the mines, something can be done. The Government is building several "silicosis factories" along the valleys, which will absorb invalided ex-miners into light trades.

THE industrial picture around Cardiff is at the moment pretty lively. As you drive out of the city, you see factories going up under the Special Areas Reconstruction Scheme (if a visitor refers to South Wales nowadays by its tragic old designation as one of the Distressed Areas, he is apt to get a cold look), which was started before the war and boosted on its way by a two-million-pound loan from Lord Nuffield. The inducements to settle in South Wales that the Government offers any British industrialists who are looking round for a nice place to set up a factory are most persuasive. For any business that wants to build, the otherwise insuperable difficulties of permits and controls vanish overnight. Many Welshmen who can think of their country's prosperity only in the old basic terms of coal and steel production are inclined to be scornful of these developments, which they look upon as niggling injections pumped into the arm of a giant who is in a bad way. Many more, however, welcome them, because of the wider interests and ideas they are obviously bringing in.

THE Civic Centre, a collection of beautiful public buildings that are the architectural pride of Cardiff, was built on land sold to the city by the great local landowner, the fourth, and present, Marquess of Bute. The Butes built the first docks, in 1839, and own two or three fairy-tale castles near Cardiff, including the entirely Disneyesque Castell Coch, or Red Castle, where one sporting Marquess had a shot at establishing his own vineyards. The family traces itself back to the royal Stuarts, a distinction that, according to the local story, has always made them politely decline to be host to any representatives of the reigning house who are in the neighborhood. This, incidentally, is one of the few regions where one still occasionally hears the Duke of Windsor called the Prince of Wales and where one even comes across one or two carefully preserved pictures of him dressed in the miner's outfit in which he went down into some of the South Wales pits.

The present Marquess of Bute has just handed over his town seat, Cardiff Castle, to the city. It is currently housing an exhibition of rare editions, many of which, including some superb il-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luminated medieval Books of Hours, have been lent by the National Library of Wales, at Aberystwyth. The gift of land was made on condition that a Roman Catholic cathedral eventually be built inside the castle grounds, the Butes being a Catholic family. Many Welshmen tell you sadly that the Catholic Church is the only one that is keeping a firm hold on its flock today. Chapel attendance, they say, is noticeably on the decline, and they often blame this on the disappearance of the old type of fiery Welsh preacher, who practically burned up the pulpit and had the people following him around from one valley to another. The last of these great speakers, the Reverend Elvet Lewis, is now a blind old man of eighty-eight, and such a loved national figure that he is known simply and affectionately as Elvet. He was Archdruid at five of the national Eisteddfods, an honor traditionally reserved for a "poet-preacher."

The decline of any Welsh talent, from the art of eloquent speaking to the gift of singing, is not infrequently put down by the older generation to the influence of the cinema, which certainly seems to have a hold here and in the towns of the mining valleys. The other great local enthusiasm is sports, especially Rugby and soccer games, which attract huge gates. The Rugby games usually get the Cardiff crowds; the miners pour down from the valleys on Saturdays to cheer the soccer. The other day, thousands of Cardiff fans and their exceptionally pretty girls jammed into the city's stadium to roar Welsh hymns, yell themselves hoarse, and watch an international Rugby team, called the Barbarians (which included several Welsh players), defeat the Australians, who have been touring Britain and are shortly going to play in America. That night, the Angel Hotel, where the victorious team was staying, resounded to a deep baying noise and a series of staggering crashes. To an irate English lady making inquiries next morning, the hall porter answered mildly, "That, Madam, was the Barbarians." The jubilation in Cardiff when Wales beat Scotland was even louder, and the victory it celebrated certainly applied a little balm to that sore spot about Scotland's Minister. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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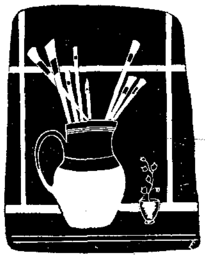
THE ART GALLERIES

Constructivism and Other Forms

TWO big museum shows require our attention this week—the Contemporary Annual of sculptures, water colors, and drawings, at the Whitney, and a loan exhibition of nonobjective sculptures and other works by the Russian-born artists Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, at the Museum of Modern Art. Neither Gabo nor Pevsner is very well known in this country. Their work is perhaps too esoteric for that. (The pair are brothers; Gabo, who is the younger, dropped the family name rather early in his career to avoid confusion.) But the two men, both now around sixty, have for a long time been leaders of the Constructivist movement in art, and their work, though it has been largely ignored by the public, has had a powerful influence on other artists. In fact, since the death, a while ago, of their great compeer Moholy-Nagy, they just about *are* the Constructivist movement, for it has acquired few new adherents of much importance in recent years. Constructivism, as you may recall, is the application of Cubism to sculpture, and perhaps its major tenet is that the work should seem to enclose space rather than fill it. It should, that is, be as open in structure as possible; it should define forms in space, as a hand does in making a gesture, instead of filling them in solidly with plaster or bronze or marble, and the tendency among the practitioners of the method has been to deal mainly in outlines, "constructing" them either out of wire and thin metal or transparent plastics, or a combination of all three.



So it is with Pevsner and Gabo, too, and no matter what faults their work may have, it does, in consequence, have lightness and airiness. There are fifty-odd items in the collection, about evenly divided between the two artists, and though the emphasis is on works of the last ten years, there are enough early pieces to give some idea of the men's development. Gabo is consistently the fresher and more spirited. Pevsner, working almost entirely in metals, goes in for larger and bolder effects, but his design is more rigidly geometric in inspiration, and it seems to me that his invention is more limited; cones and spirals, in various combinations, form the principal structure of his work, and the shapes they take tend to be a little repetitive, while in some—such as the "Oval Fresco" of 1945, the "Construction" of ten years earlier, and the "Abstraction" of 1927-29—the patterns are so cluttered that they lose all distinctness. Gabo, on the other hand, is far freer and more rhythmic in his style and, in essence, much more poetic in his invention. Constructivists, as a group, will try anything, the more *outré* the better, and Gabo shows some revolving paintings (kinetic paintings, he calls them), mounted on slowly rotating discs. They seem to gain little from their movement, but they are quite graceful in color and design. Mostly, though, he shows sculptures, and since he works extensively in transparent or translucent plastics, the sinuosities of his design are enhanced by the delicacy of the materials and his best pieces have a fragile, graceful suggestion that is truly fascinating. I liked particularly his "Construction on a Plane," done in 1937, with its sail-like projections balancing each other on either side of the central form; the voluted "Spiral Theme" of 1941; and the "Linear Construction, Variation," dated 1942-43, in which a series of intricate whorls around an oval provide the main motif.

I must say, however, that there is a certain deadness about the collection. Not a great deal can be done in this sort of non-objective sculpture beyond the various combinations of the arc, the parabola, and the spiral, and these two artists had rung most of the changes on these forms a decade ago. Except in technical skill, there has been little advancement in their work since then, and it is difficult for the spectator to guess the dates of any but the earliest pieces without consulting the catalogue. Other artists inspired by the school, but less strictly bound by its principles, have, however, progressed; I. Rice Pereira, to name one example, though no doubt originally influenced deeply by Constructivist theory, has worked out ways of combining oil painting with transparent planes of glass or plastic and metal appliqués that, while less impeccable in style, seem far more stimulating than anything in this show. Yet Gabo and Pevsner are still the pioneers, and if they haven't advanced much beyond their early experimentations, they are nevertheless of considerable historic importance.

THERE is often a certain disjointedness about the Whitney Annuals. Their very breadth of scope makes them appear a trifle scattered. I find, though, that I must differ with those critics who think the present one confused. The styles are varied, especially in the sculpture section, in which the range is from the extreme of conservatism to the utmost in artistic radicalism. But what's wrong with that if the work is, as it is, interesting? The drawings, among which Yasuo Kuniyoshi's big, detailed "Flesh Fly" tops a list that includes Ben Shahn's "Arch of Triumph," Ross Braught's meticulous "Tropical Night," and Rico Lebrun's flashing study of a running man, called "Drawing," make up a better-than-usual assortment; the water colors, pastels, and gouaches—Karl Zerbe's "Dark Cardinal," Jacob Lawrence's "Business Men," and De Hirsh Margules' "The Yellow Fisherman" are among the most notable—are not far behind. Of the sculptures, I liked best Hugo Robus's extremely thoughtful "Mother Nature," and liked very much Isamu Noguchi's subtly rounded "Enigma," Raymond Puccinelli's ecstatic nude called "Iris," and Mitzi Solomon's small, huddled abstraction "Grief Shape." It may not be the finest of the sculpture annuals, but it is far from being the worst.

JOHN SLOAN is a man who, for my money, should long ago have had a museum show of his own here. Meanwhile, Kraushaar Galleries have put on a fairly copious retrospective (over sixty oils, plus a series of etchings and other black-and-whites), covering nearly all of his artistic career. The oldest oil, "East Entrance, City Hall, Philadelphia," dates from 1901. This is followed by a half dozen of his early New York studies, including such famous pieces as "Three A.M.," "Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street," "South Beach Bathers," and "The City from Greenwich Village," all now almost a part of the painting folklore of our times. The show thins out toward the end, but it is a worthy revival of one of the really great American figures of recent times.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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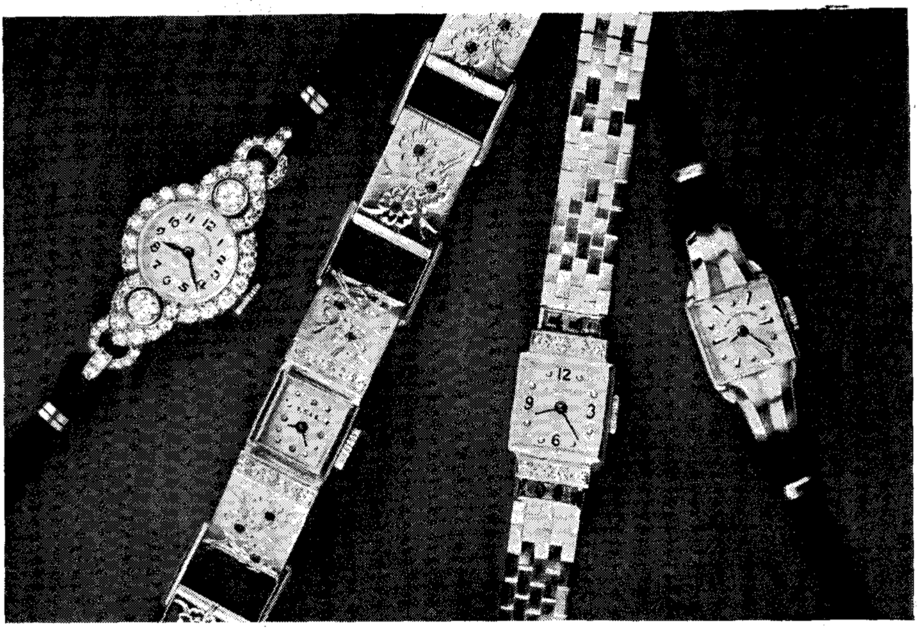

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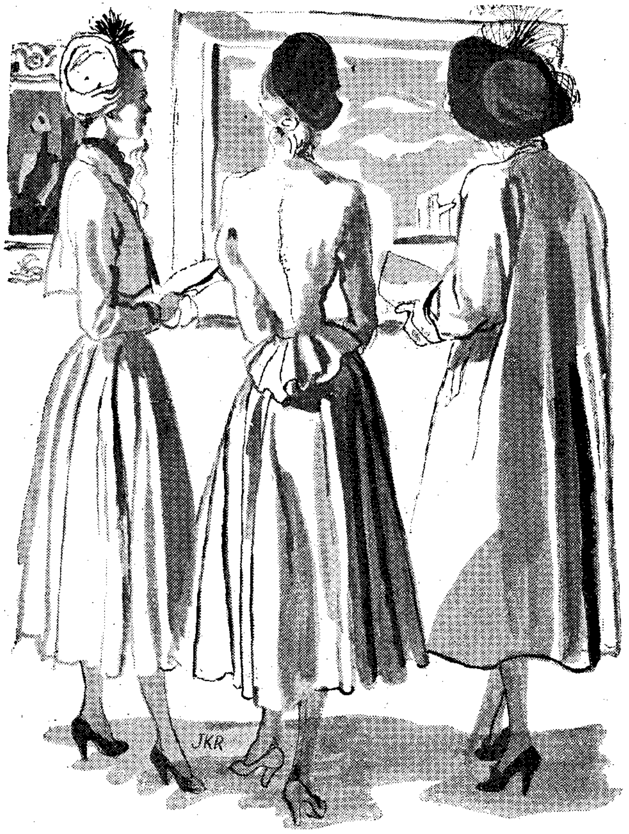

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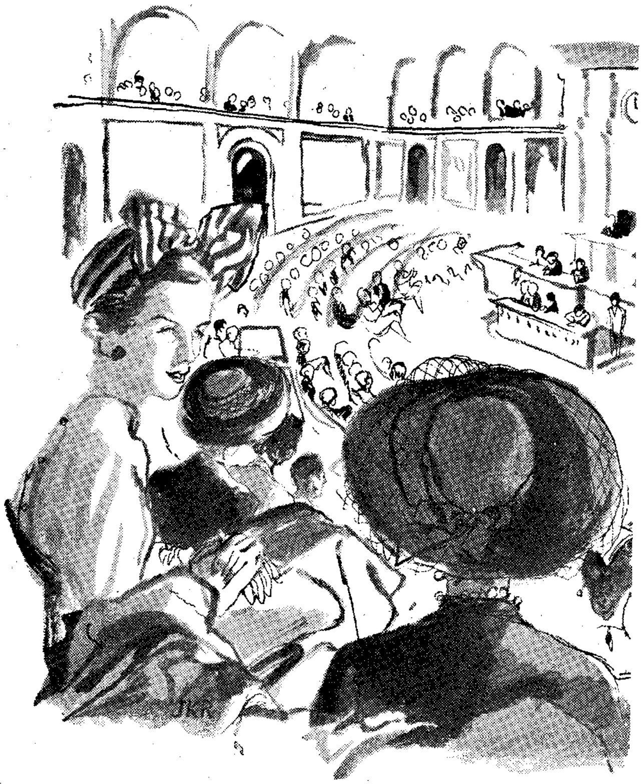

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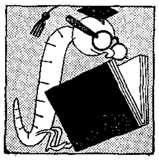
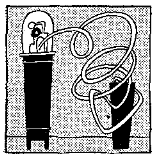
128 women readers
for 100 men



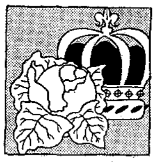
BOOKS
120 women readers
for 100 men



BUSINESS
59 women readers
for 100 men

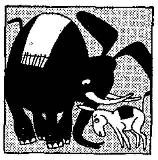
MEDICINE
93 women readers
for 100 men

MILESTONES
104 women readers
for 100 men



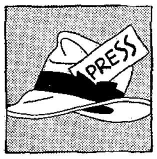
MISCELLANY
102 women readers
for 100 men

MUSIC
117 women readers
for 100 men



NATIONAL AFFAIRS
80 women readers
for 100 men

PEOPLE
103 women readers
for 100 men



PRESS
78 women reader
for 100 men

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

. . . read every week by the men and women who are America's best customers

CANADA
5 women readers
for 100 men

CINEMA
122 women readers
for 100 men

EDUCATION
97 women readers
for 100 men

FOREIGN NEWS
78 women readers
for 100 men

INTERNATIONAL
74 women readers
for 100 men

LATIN AMERICA
77 women readers
for 100 men

LETTERS
97 women readers
for 100 men

RADIO
07 women readers
for 100 men

RELIGION
102 women readers
for 100 men

SCIENCE
73 women readers
for 100 men

SPORT
55 women readers
for 100 men

THEATRE
114 women readers
for 100 men

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

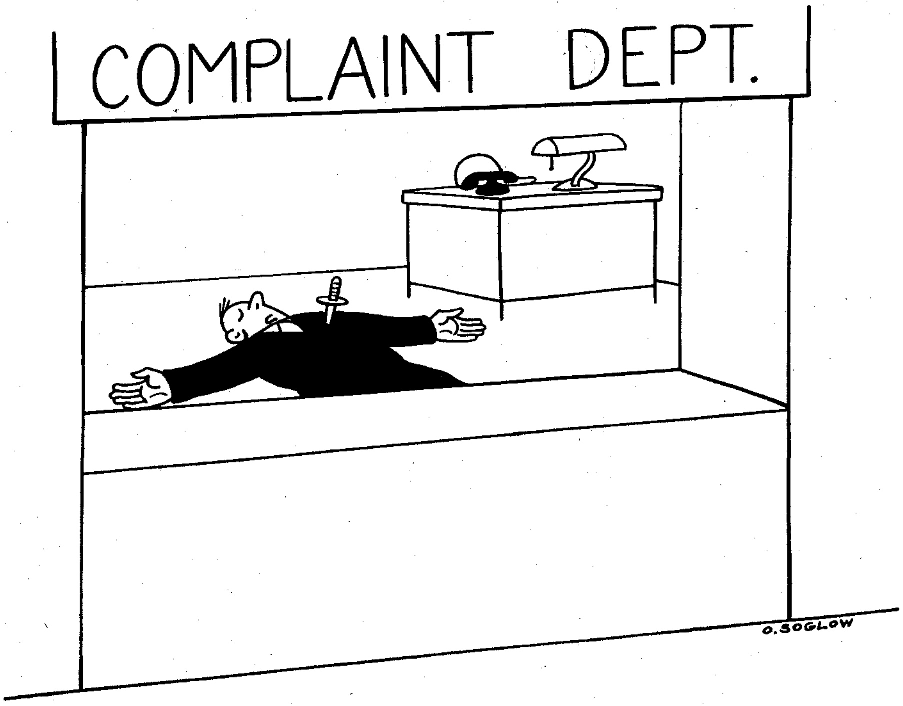
FEMININE FASHIONS

HOLLYWOOD designers are generally either telling Paris and New York where to get off or else whimpering that nobody understands or appreciates them. It is therefore a pleasure to welcome the group of smart clothes by Howard Greer that has arrived at Lord & Taylor from Hollywood, accompanied by neither braggadocio nor apologies. Greer's inventions, which start at $135 and go up fairly rapidly, have an air that is not apparent in most other ready-to-wear clothes. It derives from individual cutting and sewing, hand finishing, touches of hand-embroidered lingerie, and other custom trappings. I like the sleek cut of the dresses—long torsos leading to smoothness over the hips, waistlines that dip low in back before the fullness of the skirt is released. Such lines, obviously, have a dazzling future. Greer is also a good man at convertible clothes that are very uncovered for evening but something quite different when one of his jackets is added—not a revolutionary idea, but one that more often than not is mangled in the execution.

There's a black rayon crêpe—slim, long-waisted, and with a circular skirt—that has an off-shoulder yoke of interlaced bands of white bengaline; the bolero that goes with it is faced with white bengaline and ends just under the bust. The bolero makes it an afternoon dress; minus the bolero, it's perfect for after dark. Another convertible, of a black rayon crêpe with white, vaguely Grecian motifs, has a shoulder-strap top, a white marquisette petticoat (up to this point, you have an evening outfit), a tiny cape, which just covers the décolletage, and a lingerie plastron below the chin. Wearing the complete ensemble, you could set out confidently for lunch with a highly conservative maiden aunt. Greer's black-and-white combinations are exceptional, something you'd hardly expect from California, and his experiments in color are exceptional and daring. A lovely, ankle-length navy silk shantung has wide shoulder straps, a Shocking-pink shantung band around the bodice, and Kelly-green shantung facing on the skirt; it's worn with a short jacket that has blocks of Shocking, Kelly, and orange shantung appliquéd on the revers. Greer's raspberry rayon crêpe dinner dresses, with deep folds around the square neck and the armholes, are the best examples of the long-torso cut I just finished eulogizing. These lines become extreme in a two-piece black silk shantung tailored day dress, slim as a pencil, with a wide band of vertical cartridge pleats just below the hips. It's a wonderful piece of work, but suitable only for women with figures that are slim as a pencil. Greer's unconvertible evening dresses have just plain out-and-out splendor. Among the specimens I have in mind are a lilac printed silk organza over bright-green rayon taffeta; a black point d'esprit, full-skirted below a molded torso; a flame chiffon, swirling below a bertha of matching ostrich feathers; and a black nylon marquisette with white ostrich feathers painted on it. Greer sticks to eleven or twelve inches from the floor for daytime and five to eight inches for evening, which isn't a bad scheme.

THAT'S all for dresses this week. If it's coats and capes you're after, Zoë de Salle, 18 East 53rd Street, who used to operate a completely custom establishment, now has some ready-to-wear ones, or sort of ready-to-wear ones, for women of sizes 12 to 18. (She takes around a month, though, even for these jobs, but they amount to quite a bit less money than her custom work.) The wools she uses are dark or bright, as you choose, and almost everything is trimmed with hand stitching. Capes, a logical outgrowth of the recent fondness for full-backed coats, have always been a specialty of the house; those on hand now are likely to be collarless, to have a giant frog or a quilted button at the throat, and to swing easily in back. They come in basketweave or smooth wool and cost $165 unlined and $210 lined with silk, and they're good for day or evening, summer or winter. The coats, which are full-length, silk-lined, and mostly collarless, have flowing sleeves and the same swing astern. Some of them also have self cording to outline the neck and to form ties at the throat. The batch here includes a white, diagonally ribbed wool coat, splendid for cruises and resorts, with four buttons down the front, contrasting whipping in place of the usual stitching, and a standing collar. The coats are all $295.

ANOTHER proponent of capes, this time usually attached to coats, is DePinna, who starts at rock bottom—sizes 1 to 3—with pink, brown, and beige pin-checked worsted tailored coats with removable shoulder capes, at $29.95. In sizes 3 to 6, there are worsted flannel coats with detachable capes, in gray or green with red braid piping or in solid navy blue, for $45. In sizes 10 to 16 (girls of six to ten will have to shift for themselves), there are navy-



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BY: SERGE PROKOFIEFF, COMPOSER OF "PEETER AND THE WOLF"

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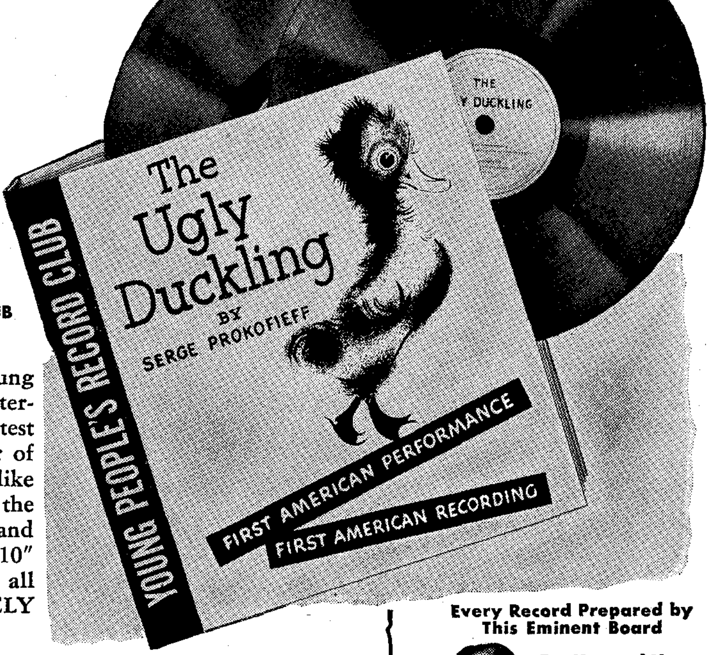

We are proud to offer, as an exclusive Young People's Record Club recording, a new masterpiece for children by one of the world's greatest living composers—Serge Prokofieff, composer of "Peter and the Wolf." Adults and children alike will find new pleasure in this lovely musical work based on the famous tale by Hans Christian Andersen. Beautifully sung, and recorded by a symphony orchestra at Carnegie Hall on two 10" unbreakable records, "The Ugly Duckling" is available to all thoughtful parents of children 2-to-6 and 7-to-11—ABSOLUTELY FREE with membership in the Young People's Record Club.

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Intelligent parents know that good music is the one gift that grows with a child, and lasts throughout a lifetime. Long after the toys of childhood are broken or gathering dust, the indestructible gift of musical understanding remains—richer and more rewarding throughout the years. Today the Young People's Record Club offers a solution to the problem of giving the right musical guidance. Thousands of parents have found it — hundreds of schools and educators have endorsed it — scores of music critics have acclaimed it. All over the U.S.A. there is heartwarming agreement with the verdict of the New York Times — "The Best in Children's Music."

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Professor Douglas S. Moore . . . Noted American composer, Head of Dept. of Music, Columbia U.

Dr. Randolph Smith . . . Educator and psychologist. Dir. Little Red School House.

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Young People's Record Club

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EVERY month the Young People's Record Club's distinguished Board of musicians and educators selects two musical subjects — one for children in the two-to-six age group, and one for seven-to-elevens. Before recording, each selection is pre-tested in classrooms and nursery schools to make sure the children like and respond to it. Every record MUST make your child want to sing, play, dance — and listen with happy fascination. Every record must have musical value, must help your child develop healthy play activities, and must guide him to ever higher levels of music appreciation and enjoyment. Recorded on unbreakable 10" "Permadisc" plastic, records are mailed monthly in colorful jackets, illustrated by outstanding children's artists. The reverse of the jackets provide complete lyrics and stories, and a full explanation to you of the benefits which our Board believes your child will receive from the selection.

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Every Young People's Record Club selection is created on the child's own listening level. They must entertain him — must not be "over his head" or difficult to respond to in any way. Club members receive these wonderful records at a price lower than that of most ordinary unbreakable records.

Please Accept "The Ugly Duckling" For Your Child — Absolutely FREE

The retail price of "The Ugly Duckling" is $2.98 plus tax. If you mail the coupon at once, your child will receive the two-record album of Serge Prokofieff's great new work for children absolutely free, and the Club selection of the month for your child's age group. In addition, you will periodically receive the Club's handsome magazine, "Record Time" without additional cost. Unless you are completely delighted with this unique and approved method of developing your child's musical tastes, you may cancel your child's membership within ten days after receiving "The Ugly Duckling" and the first month's selection. Full membership price will be promptly refunded, and "The Ugly Duckling" is your child's to keep, absolutely free. You need only return the selection of the month. If you do not cancel, your child will receive nine additional records, one each month, except July and August. At your request a gift card in your name will be included with the first record. For the best in children's music—send the coupon now!

For further information write for brochure 2NY

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City and State...

Age.................................Date of Birth.................................

Purchaser...

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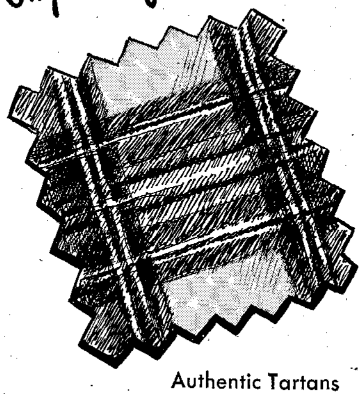

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Excellent Sea Food and Steaks
Huntington, L. I. (On Jericho Turnpike)

blue wool greatcoats with separate capes that stop just below the waist and are lined with bright rayon plaid taffeta; $89.95. Finally, there is a three-piece ensemble (also 10 to 16)—a short, fitted jacket of navy wool crêpe, a circular plaid wool skirt, and a reversible, hip-length, collarless cape, at $69.95.

LIKE the wistful people who buy potted hyacinths in a blizzard, many women start looking at this time of year for accessories to freshen up a weary winter wardrobe and to persuade them that spring is imminent. Bendel has ideas for women like that—artificial white, pink, dirty-green, navy, or maroon carnation boutonnières, with contrasting ribbons, for $3.95; thirty-six-inch squares of China silk figured with thunderbirds, polka dots, or just odd little symbols, at $5.95; and so on. Gilets and blouses can brighten up a winter suit and be just as at home in a spring wardrobe; a red or navy silk bare-backed halter, with white polka dots, has a front that can be adjusted to a high or a low décolletage and is fine with such disparate things as a town suit and beach shorts; $12.95. There are handmade gilets, some of pastel or white organdie embellished either with Val-type lace and embroidered white daisies and pink clover or with pink and blue clover. White batiste panels, embroidered with rosebuds, appear on pale-blue, pink, or gray linen gilets, and there are linen blouses with hand-embroidered red or navy scallops on their turnover collars, short sleeves, and yokes. All these things are $22.95.

THE New Look seems to lead inevitably to long, slender shoes and high, spiked heels; flat-heeled, stubby shoes look preposterous below today's very feminine skirts. I. Miller's upper Fifth Avenue shop (No. 689, at 54th) has a collection of graceful shoes with long lasts, pointed toes, and towering heels. The vamps are sort of heart-shaped and are cut a good inch lower than the vamps we're accustomed to, so that the shoes are mere edging for the feet. They seem to stay on, but I'm not recommending them for prolonged trudging. There are nice black, gray, navy, or cocoa suède pumps, and black or navy suède shoes with ankle straps fastened by gold-metal buckles. (The spectator-sports version, in white buckskin and tan calf, with an ankle strap, is a trifle horrifying, though.) There are also some ankle-strap shoes, with long, pointed lasts and V-shaped vamps, not as low as the others, in black or navy moire or in black or navy suède. These have gold-plated buttons on the straps. Everything I've discussed so far is $32.95. Pumps of natural linen are $29.95, and can be dyed any color you want for an additional two bucks. Black, gray, brown, or beige rayon satin pumps with the traditional round-toed last and two-and-a-half-inch heels are $20.95.

Gotham Hosiery has blossomed out with a new assemblage of stockings in pastel colors, such as mauve, green, turquoise, pink, yellow, and rachel, which used to be, as I recall it, just a face-powder tint. They are, to come right out with it, exquisite, and I think they would be fine for pointing up the colors of an afternoon print. They'd do perfectly well for evening, too, but for that time of day Gotham prefers extremely sheer dark stockings. Among these are Boulevard, a misty gunmetal; Blue Haze, a grayish navy; and Clove, a grayish brown. These stockings are all 15-denier and cost $2.50 for 51-gauge and $2.95 for 54-gauge.

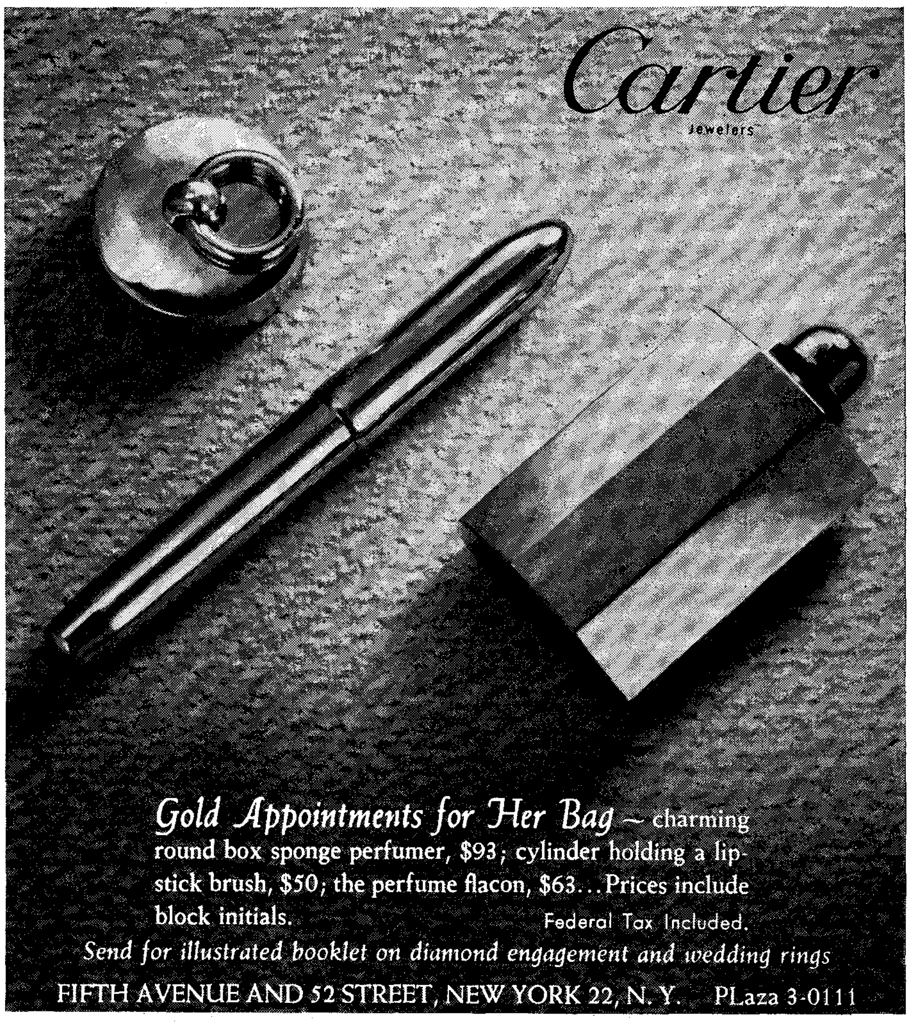
Before dropping the subject of footwear, I might say that B. Nelson, at 10 East 39th Street, has good, lightweight maple shoe trees, in sizes 1 to 12 and widths AA to EEE. They're built for shoes with high or low heels and cost $3.50. Nelson will get you made-to-order trees for shoes from size 13 to size 15; they take a couple of weeks and cost a little more.

MISCELLANY: There is no foolishness about George Roland Cox, 129 East 56th Street, who makes magnificent masculinely tailored suits of imported French and English wool for from $135 to $160. If you follow his advice, you'll have a two-buttoned, single-breasted jacket, with slightly squared shoulders, a collar set low to give a look of breadth, and a straight skirt, with eight-inch vents at the sides. I especially liked his designs in excellent lightweight worsteds and sharkskins. Anything will require about a month. . . . Nastopil of Carlsbad, at 128 East 54th Street, is a men's-shirt maker who is now turning out custom-tailored shirts for women, though scarcely at the same low prices. He's prepared to make, in two or three weeks, a shirt of a domestic fabric, such as striped madras, for $20; one of English broadcloth, or a small and smashing English-gingham plaid, or an Irish linen for $25; one of English voile, natural Italian silk, or colored silk shantung for $35. For the same money, Nastopil will copy for you a man's evening shirt in Irish-linen batiste, which is a bit heavier than handkerchief linen. This has a piqué collar, bosom, and cuffs. . . . Custom blouses are the preoccupation of Mary Emanuel, 793 Lexington Avenue (62nd). Her silk ones, starting at $25, include a tailored affair with a turnover collar and small, matching braided buttons. Other blouses are fastened with tiny matching frogs. Such gay features as ruffled jabots and rippling collars are frequent here. . . .Those who have been disturbed these last few years by the absence of Mabel Naar will be glad to know that she is back in business, at 683 Madison Avenue (62nd), and is again turning out those custom brassières that won her a certain fame. Prices start at $20, which will get you a durable rayon, nylon, or linen. Eyelet-embroidered cottons and laces, prettier but not quite as lasting, begin at $23. A made-to-order cotton or rayon bathing suit, with built-in bra, sets you back $45 or $50. —C. S.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Plain and Wholesome

TO get right off to a cheerful start, I should like to call attention to a couple of modest native wines whose appearance seems to have been overlooked up to now. From some reputable vineyards in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains of California, Frank Schoonmaker has selected for Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), an exceptionally pleasing light, dry white wine and a light-bodied red, both bottled under the name of St. Michel, that are very like the admirable anonymous wines that one occasionally had the luck to run across on the *wagons-restaurants* and in the country inns of France. Since you may be tired of hearing about nice little native wines that usually turn out to sell for about twice what a claret of one of the lesser châteaux formerly cost, I hasten to point out that the St. Michel, red or white, costs eighty-nine cents a fifth and $9.95 a case, or forty-nine cents a half bottle and $11.50 a case of twenty-four. If this quality at this price does not make a wine drinker of everyone, Mr. Schoonmaker might as well leave the gin fanciers to their fate and concentrate on the Mouton-Rothschild trade. I think, though, that a good many people are going to take to the St. Michel regardless of financial considerations. Palatable reds are not so hard to come by, but a light-as-air, dry white wine as satisfactory as this one is


Cartier
Jewelers

Gold Appointments for Her Bag — charming round box sponge perfumer, $93; cylinder holding a lipstick brush, $50; the perfume flacon, $63. . . Prices include block initials. Federal Tax Included.

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The Man who Cares Says 'CARSTAIRS'

"CARSTAIRS Est. 1788"

The most luxurious blend ever bottled!

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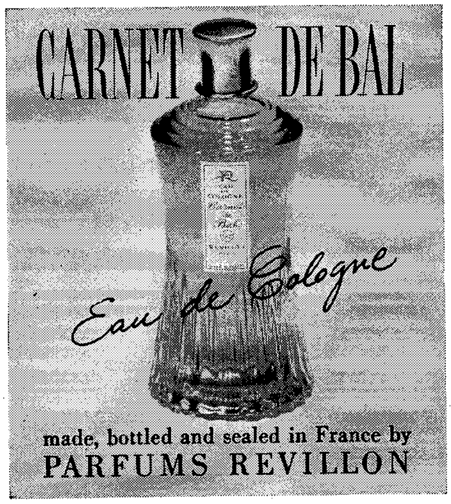
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CLOSED SUNDAY

a rarity here and not too often found abroad.

IT has been some months since Macy's new grocery department ceased to be new, but, just in case you remember it as a place frequented by ladies with a positive talent for queuing up, you should know that the department has been greatly enlarged and stylishly decorated, and that the groceries are accessible even to those of short endurance. I can assure you, for instance, that you will have no trouble at all in getting and carrying off some of the finest two-year-old Cheddar cheese you ever ate. Gastronomical memory is notoriously inaccurate and it has been a long, long time since any of us have sampled a good English Cheddar, but this cheese, which comes from Wisconsin, is of exemplary flavor and consistency and seems to me all a Cheddar ought to be. To purchase large quantities of this or Macy's other cheeses, you still must be waited on at the shop's cheese counter, but if you are thinking of merely a wedge of one of them, weighing a pound or under, there is a refrigerated bin containing what must be several hundred pieces, all wrapped and plainly marked with name, country or state of origin, age (if it is sufficiently advanced to be interesting), and price. The shop's canned-goods section is almost terrifying in its efficiency. The cans lie horizontally on inclined racks; take one out, and another rolls down from an invisible source to replace it; and, in case you change your mind, as Macy ladies are prone to do, there is a slot into which you can push back your errors of judgment. Macy has thought of everything.

SCHRAFFT'S keeps right on with its good (or often good) work of providing food for the home. Schrafft's, as you may have found, has its ups and downs, the ups being evident, to my mind, when the cook is not competing, in a genteel sort of way, with Escoffier. Two highly successful dishes, safely on the homely side, have now been added to the list of foods that can be taken with you from the stores at 13 East 42nd Street and 201 East 57th Street. One of these, a well-made corned-beef hash, puts in its appearance on Tuesdays. It is made of a first-rate corned beef, without a smidge of skin or gristle. If you think it a fault that there is no discernible trace of grated onion in the hash, that can easily be taken care of in your kitchen. Schrafft's excellent codfish balls can be counted on to turn up on Fridays. They are of generous size, fried in deep fat to a nice brown, and as light and fluffy as if they had come right off a New England stove.

While we're on the subject of codfish cakes, there are some canned ones, packed by the House of Stevens and sold by Altman and Hicks & Son, that are of such quality that you won't find it easy to tell them from the fresh variety. These cakes can be dredged lightly in flour and sautéed in butter. The same firm also puts up exceptionally good chicken livers, which are useful in any number of ways—as a dividend for those who grumble at a chicken's having only one liver, in an omelet for a late Sunday breakfast, or devilled, as cocktail provender.

I LEARN, rather shamefacedly, that Bendiksen's smoked Pacific Coast oysters have been around for some time without my discovering them. The packers lay great emphasis on the skillful way the oysters are smoked over crab-apple wood, but, even so, the creatures must have started life as very fine specimens to retain such succulence and flavor. Served cold, with a dry Martini, they are fine, but I like them even better when they are heated and speared on a toothpick with a short length of broiled bacon. You will find them at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street; Charles, 340 Madison Avenue (43rd); and Du Barry Foods, 332 West 21st Street.

MANY experienced New York housekeepers may doubt that there is anybody who still needs to be told about La Marseillaise Bakery, 293 West 4th Street, since this honorable institution has been supplying wonderful French bread for over half a century. The Marseillaise, one of the very few handicraft bakeries left us, is not by any means patronized only by Greenwich Village residents. If you have been discouraged of late years by Americans' unthinking and apathetic acceptance of the flaccid chain-store loaf, you may be heartened to learn that a great many people care enough about the quality of their bread to send, or to come, to the Marseillaise from uptown, and even from Connecticut and New Jersey. (The establishment will not take telephone orders or deliver.) The bakery makes a dozen varieties of rolls and loaves; one roll, in particular, which goes by the name of Parisien, seems to me every bit as fine as the prewar bread of France.

AND now here is an assortment of other things, too numerous to go into as thoroughly as they deserve, that you should certainly know about. Du Barry Foods has received some Lapsang Souchong tea, as delicious as any that ever came my way, as well as a shipment of the popular Jackson's Earl Grey. The firm also has an unusually good-flavored seedless raspberry jam, which, spread on hot, buttered biscuits, makes a nice complement to the two teas. . . . Lucile, who conducts a mail-order business at 225 East 82nd Street, makes delightfully rich confections that she calls brownies, though they are many times superior to the ordinary sort of brownies; $1.20 a dozen. . . . Another mail-order item, and a most commendable one, is the salted and roasted Brazil-nut chips made by Mrs. R. M. Seyton and Mrs. Jerome Ziegler, 115 East 78th Street. They cost $2.50 a pound. . . . Corn chips called Fritos—inexpensive cocktail tidbits that look like a dozen other variations of fried tortillas but taste better than most—are sold at Dussourd & Filser, 960 Madison Avenue (72nd); Oxford Market, 931 Madison (74th); Esposito Brothers, 444 Sixth Avenue (10th); and a lot of other places. . . . A new and agreeable egg drink, called Stock's Egroy, has recently appeared at Sussex Wine & Liquor Store, 301 East 41st Street, and at A. & H. Neustein, 203 West 38th Street. It is made of fresh eggs and sugar, in addition to a pleasant-tasting wine of high alcoholic content that I cannot identify. The bottlers suggest various uses—cold, as a mixer, and hot, as a dessert sauce, for instance—and I find it makes an acceptable nightcap when heated and stirred to the consistency of a zabaglione. —S. H.

•

The American family now may buy virtually all the appliances that contribute to a complete electrical life for $2,274.16. —*The Times.*

Does that include a small carton of fuses?

•

Air-line accidents due to fires in flight or structural failure of the airplane are, of course, important, but of a transitory nature.—*Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

Like life itself, you might say.

•

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[*From the Washington Star*]

For a short month February is certainly a busy little number. Besides the three big celebrations, St. Valentine's day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, the week of February 5 to 12 has been declared National Dried Fruit Week.

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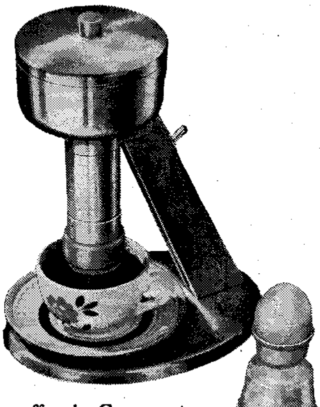
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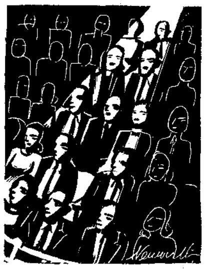

THE Treasury agents, or T-men, seem well on the way to taking over from the G-men the special niche Hollywood reserves for its favorite defenders of law and order. Only the other day a film showing the T-men tracking down counterfeiters with commendable enthusiasm was released, and now, in "To the Ends of the Earth," we are permitted to glimpse the boys breaking up planet-wide dope rings. Never having smoked anything stronger than a cubeb, I don't know how much of the picture is on the level, but if the opium trade is anywhere near as well organized today as it was in 1935, the period this picture allegedly describes, I'm afraid that pretty soon the more susceptible among us are going to be walking around in an aromatic daze. The producers, to give their latest effort a dim ring of authenticity, have persuaded Harry J. Anslinger, who handles narcotic matters for the Treasury Department, to play himself in the film, which he does with a certain mum uneasiness. The burden of keeping things going, however, has been put upon Dick Powell, who, in the role of a federal agent, is just as jaunty, virile, and pugnacious as he used to be when he was a private eye. The only difference is that he doesn't get beaten up *quite* as much working for the government. This demonstrates the power of the state, I guess, but I don't think anything subversive was intended.

Many spots of interest are visited in the course of "To the Ends of the Earth." It whirls from Washington through San Francisco, Shanghai, Cairo, and Cuba, and finally bangs into Manhattan and waters adjacent thereto in a finish that involves five million dollars' worth of opium, a couple of Orientals, a European *femme fatale*, assorted Coast Guard men, and all kinds of shrewd Treasury chaps. If the picture has any merit, it is that it doesn't try to superimpose any heavy-duty thoughts on what is simply a cops-and-robbers tale. Mr. Powell occasionally philosophizes vaguely about good people and bad people, but he is usually bludgeoned into unconsciousness by his en-

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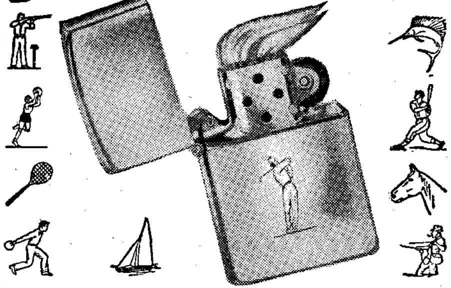
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emies before he becomes a bore. Certain aspects of the piece, I must say, baffled me considerably. For instance, why did the Japanese grow poppies in Egypt for shipment to Shanghai when they could have grown them just as easily somewhere nearer home? Even granted that Columbia Pictures, which made the film, had a lot of Egyptian-type extras hanging around, it seems to me they could have been changed to Orientals without too much trouble. (Several of the Orientals, as it is, are indubitably Occidental.) In addition to Mr. Powell, Signe Hasso and Vladimir Sokoloff are on hand, along with a girl named Maylia. She's only a little bit of a thing, but, Lord, does she know her way around!

“THREE DARING DAUGHTERS” brings Jeanette MacDonald back to the screen, this time as the wife of José Iturbi. Since Mr. Iturbi plays himself under his own name, she is clearly supposed to be Mrs. Iturbi. At least, that's what she's called throughout the film. Miss MacDonald, or Mrs. Iturbi, is equipped with three daughters, who don't like Mr. Iturbi, their stepfather, because he isn't as high-toned a fellow as their own father is supposed to have been. That's the plot, and anybody can have it, along with Miss MacDonald's singing and Mr. Iturbi's slick rendition of everything from boogie-woogie to “Liebestraum.”

IN “The Raven,” which features Pierre Fresnay, the French have let a good idea get away from them. The picture tells the story of a series of blackmail letters, signed “Le Corbeau,” that disrupt the lives of several people in a town in France. The question is, who is the adroit blackmailer? The answer, which leads us through several medical episodes and some activity that might interest Dr. Kinsey, is a long time coming, and before it arrives, most of the interest aroused in the first part of the film has been dissipated.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

> U.S. Ambassador Lewis W. Douglas and Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall, meanwhile, were scheduled to continue parallel testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee.
> Mrs. David Langenwalter, president of a local garden club, has served notice she'll shoot to kill.
> —*The Journal-American.*

Fair warning, eh, Mrs. Langenwalter?

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DOC: Sure. Worn 'em since I was in college. Make good impression on patients, you know. Now open, please...

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MEL: OW-W-W-W!

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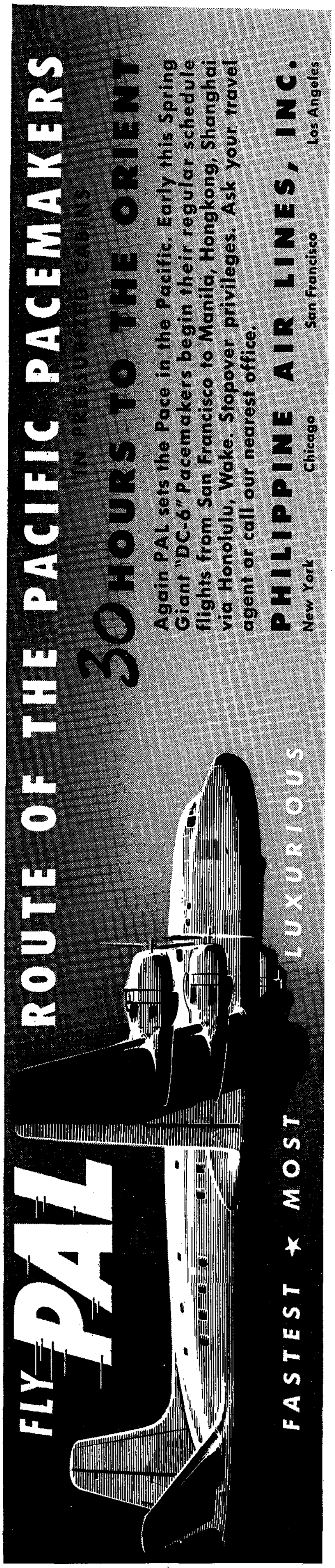
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THIS winter, we resolved to do the holidays properly, the way other people in England do. At least, I resolved this, and my husband acquiesced. Being an Englishman at home, he can hardly be expected to share in the simple explorative pleasures of an American-born wife. For his part, he grows enthusiastic about tiresome American songs, such as "I've Been Working on the Railroad," and chuckles over quite ordinary American phrases.

"We'll take Carola to a Christmas pantomime," I announced.

"Why not?" said my husband amiably.

Carola said, "Oh, goody," and jumped up and down, clapping her hands.

"Well, we'll have to take her to London to do it," I said, and watched him warily. As I had expected, he winced.

"Surely it's not necessary to drag the child all that way? Travelling nowadays—"

"I know, but all the other mothers around here seem to think it's the only thing to do," I said. "The pantomimes that come to these small towns are never any good, or so I hear." As he looked unconvinced, I produced the one surefire argument I keep for such occasions: "*You* always went to London during the holidays when you were small. Your mother used to take the whole family. You told me so yourself."

He nodded, accepting defeat.

Carola rushed out of the room to boast about the coming expedition to somebody, anybody, the first person she should encounter.

"Only one more thing," I said, "and then I'll let you alone. Just what is a Christmas pantomime?"

My husband seemed puzzled by the question, and impatient. He said that Christmas pantomimes are theatrical productions, that's all, like any other theatrical productions. "For children," he said, elucidating. "Surely, darling, you must have them in America. Everyone has them."

"Honestly, I don't think we do," I told him. "What are they, Charles? Anything like 'Punch and Judy'?"

"No, no, they're simply pantomimes. Shows. Plays."

"But are they in dumb show, like Charlie Chaplin before the talkies?"

"Certainly *not* in dumb show," he said. "The actors sing and dance, just as they do in any musical revue, or whatever they're called in the States. Like 'Oklahoma!'"

"Then why are they called pantomimes?" I persisted. "Doesn't that mean acting without talking?"

My husband started to reply, hesitated, and then lost confidence. He turned away, muttering that I ought to look it up in an encyclopedia. "At any rate, they're always called pantomimes," he said, "and that's all I know about it, but you have the same sort of thing in the States. Of course you have. They're always produced during the Christmas holidays."

In England, holidays seem to go on forever and ever. Carola's school remained closed for a month after Christmas, and it was well into January when we set out on our venture. Travelling in England, especially with a child, is no joke in these austere days. Charles, Carola, and I started out very early, in order to get seats in the train, and the train was maddeningly slow. To keep Carola busy, I took along a set of paper dolls, a pair of scissors, and a large storybook. She had a doll, and the doll had a suitcase, packed, bafflingly, with a disproportionate bedroom set, a birthday card from last year, one slipper, and the angel from the top of the Christmas tree. Like all travellers in England, we were armed with emergency ration cards, and in my bag were a tin of jam, a few buns, three fresh eggs done up in corrugated cardboard, and a bottle of concentrated orange juice.

We arrived in London at last, and that afternoon we went to tea at the home of some friends who, as it happened, had a guest for the holidays, a Portuguese gentleman. As foreigner to foreigner, he and I had a good, long talk about the sights in London—the art galleries, the concerts, and the theatre.

"Oh, yes, the theatre," I said. "Tell me, do you have things called Christmas pantomimes in Portugal? My husband says all countries have pantomimes, but I don't think we do in America. At least, I don't know yet. We're taking our daughter to one this evening. It'll be my first experience."

The Portuguese gentleman seemed startled, and looked at Carola. "She's very young," he said.

"But they're for children especially, aren't they?"

"I attended a pantomime last week with my host and his kind family," said the Portuguese. "I am sure I don't understand the customs here very well, but if I had a child, I would think twice. There were scenes of terror on the stage, you understand. Flares of fire, and spirits dressed in sheets—even the figure of the Devil himself."

"No, no, you don't understand. We're taking her to a pantomime—a children's play, from the fairy tales. Ours is called 'Cinderella.' You must be thinking of the opera."

"No," he insisted. "I am certain they called it a pantomime, though the people in the play all talked and sang. It was—let me see—it was called 'Dick Whittington.' "

Privately, I decided that the Portuguese had got hopelessly muddled with all his sightseeing, but I didn't like to say so. Anyway, he was talking some more about the pantomime; he told me blushingly that "Dick Whittington" was even slightly indecent in places. Later, I asked our host to untangle the matter, but he shied like a frightened horse when I mentioned it.

"Don't talk about that," he begged me. "I've made a vow never again to take a foreigner to the theatre. He asked me to translate the jokes for him whenever the audience laughed. Have you ever tried to explain a pantomime joke to a Latin? . . . No? Well, don't. To make it worse, there were the local allusions. You know about those, I suppose? If the company's acting at Hammersmith, for example, someone says, 'As rare as buses in Hammersmith,' or something like that—feeble, of course, but the Hammersmith people simply roar with laughter—and how can you explain that to a Portuguese?"

I agreed it must have been difficult. "What's more," I said, "he seems to have got it into his head that 'Dick Whittington' was risqué or something. The poor fellow obviously was way out of his depth."

My host was much amused. "Of course, he couldn't understand half of it," he said. "The special humor of it

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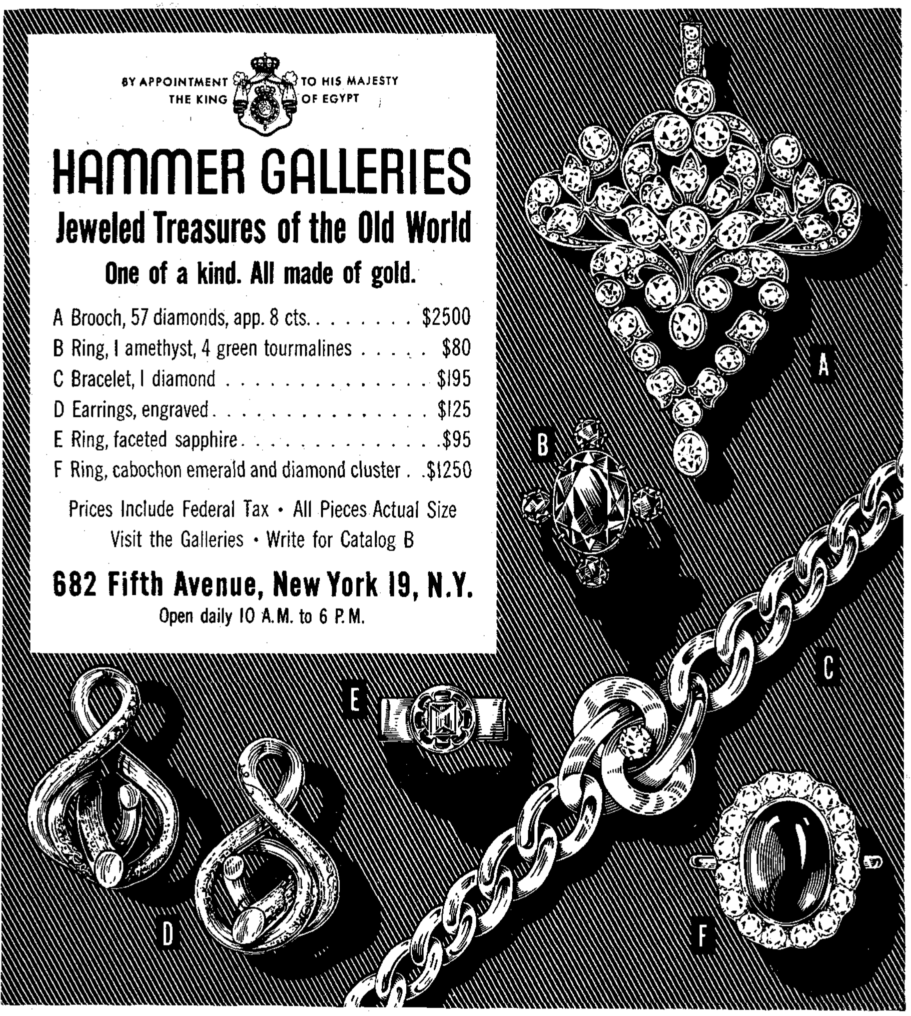

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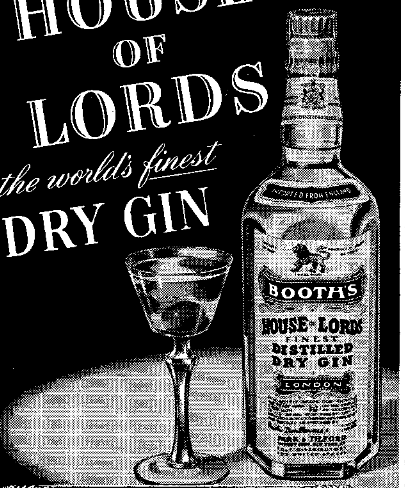

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was completely lost on him, and it's not surprising. I didn't have time to interpret all the anecdotes, let alone keep up with things myself and remember the right words and all that. I got into deep water myself, I assure you. There was one bit in the comic turn—it seems there was a man who asked a girl to marry him, and she said yes, and just before the wedding he said, 'Darling, there's one thing I must tell you before we're married. I suffer from a severe physical disability.' 'Oh, in that case,' says the girl, 'the whole thing's off. I won't marry you.' Then, twenty years later, the same chap becomes engaged to another girl, and just before the wedding he says, 'Darling, there's something—' "

"Wait a minute," I said. "*I* was talking about the *pantomime*."

"This is the pantomime I'm telling you about," said my host. " 'Dick Whittington.' "

"Oh," I said.

AFTER one uneasy glance around the theatre, my husband seemed reassured, and I could understand why. The whole place was littered with fathers. All over the stalls sat men with little boys and girls, and sometimes with wives, too. Most of the men were awfully busy, in a fussy way, hailing the ushers and arranging, according to British custom, for tea to be served them in the interval between acts. Fathers do fidget, I reflected. Carola, like nearly all the other small children in the audience, was comparatively calm. She immediately settled herself high up on the closed seat, instead of pulling it open, and she perched there for the duration, uncomfortable but stubbornly immovable.

The curtain went up.

We had not been watching the performance very long before I leaned over behind Carola to whisper to my husband. "Look here," I said. "Those ugly sisters—"

"What about them?"

"They're men, aren't they?"

"Certainly they are. They always are."

"Why?"

"Why what?" asked my husband, exasperated. He was showing a surprisingly rapt interest in what was going on, as was Carola. Yet he had seen dozens of these pantomimes in his time, he had told me, and he had said they never change.

"Why are they always men?" I persisted.

"I don't know," he said impatient-

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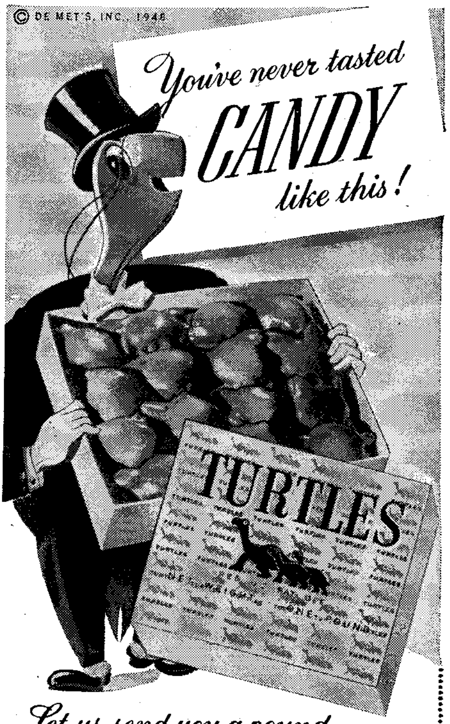

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ly. "Because they've always been, I suppose. Like the first Shakespeare plays."

"But—"

"Sh-h-h!" said a little boy just behind me, who was also perched on his closed seat.

I settled back and tried to follow the performance, but I found it very confusing. I could scarcely recognize a thing in the whole setup. For instance, in this version, Cinderella's father, a figure unfamiliar to me to begin with, employed on his staff a pageboy in the uniform of a modern bellboy. His name was Buttons and he was in love with Cinderella. Buttons was entirely new to me; I couldn't place him at all, though my knowledge of the story ought to be fairly accurate, what with my bedtime reading in the nursery. There was something else, too, that bothered me. I leaned over again behind Carola and prodded my husband in the ribs.

"Well, what is it?"

"That Prince Charming. He's a girl."

"Yes, of course he is. He always is."

"But why?"

"In pantomimes, the hero's always a girl. She's the Principal Boy. Now shut up."

"But—"

"Oh, do keep quiet, *please*, Mummy," said Carola.

BAFFLED, I settled back and tried once more to keep track of things. Only one definite impression formed in my mind: "Cinderella" was not in the least like "Oklahoma!" It was more like early Minsky, really. The laughs it got were the same. There was a scene where one of the ugly sisters wanted to get in to the ball but didn't have a ticket. He reached down and pulled up his skirt, revealing a length of striped cotton stocking, and shyly bade the doorkeeper turn away while he found some money. Then, when the doorkeeper's back was turned, he slipped through the door. A second later, he bounced out again, to a roll of drums, and in a sitting position, his skirt over his head. Did those unseemly guffaws of delight come from my daughter or from my husband? From both, I realized.

To be sure, I said to myself, some of it was really charming and well within the conventions of the original story. The fairy godmother was beautiful in her hollow-cheeked, *Tatler*-style way; so was Cinderella, dressed for the ball. Her coach, with electric-light bulbs all

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over it, was drawn by real Shetland ponies, dog size. There was also a Ziegfeld chorus of ladies in marvellous hoop skirts and high, splendid headdresses, and there was a pony ballet of little girls about Carola's age, in swansdown-trimmed tights. "Local dancing schools," explained my husband briefly when I spoke of child-labor laws. "Christmas holidays."

Just as I was beginning to feel reassured by these reasonable fairy-tale scenes, the curtain went down on them and Buttons came out front. He sang a song—a modern sort of song about a man going into a dairy and wanting to buy some milk, but there wasn't any milk. (Milk rations have recently been cut.) The refrain of this song was "Wot? No milk? Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, *dear!*"

"Now, you must all join in on the chorus," said Buttons to the audience. "When I sing 'Wot? No milk?,' I want you to come out strong on the '*No milk.*' Come on, everybody!"

I felt too sulky and bewildered to help Buttons out, but everybody except me came out strong, especially Carola. There I sat, all alone, silent, in an agony of embarrassment, while all around me those self-conscious Britishers sang at the tops of their voices, "Wot? No milk? Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, *dear!*"

"Well, Carola, how do you like it?" my husband asked as the curtain came down for the interval.

Carola said she loved it.

"Sure?" he asked. "Better than anything? Better than 'Swan Lake'?"

"Much better," said Carola. "The Prince is nice. I love Buttons, but the Prince is nicer."

"Do you like it better than 'Peter and the Wolf'?" My husband avoided my eye but spoke with, I suspected, malicious emphasis.

"I hate old Peter and that old wolf," said Carola.

"That's not fair," I said hotly, over her head. "It doesn't prove anything. Children always do have the most appalling taste."

Suddenly, a memory thirty-five years old swept over me, fresh after all that time. I was a small child again, at my first play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I couldn't remember anything of the play itself, except for a Shetland pony that was led across the stage; what I did remember was the curtain. It had advertisements all over it in little squares. I had just learned to read, and I spelled them out, one by one. In the middle of the array of notices was a terrifyingly

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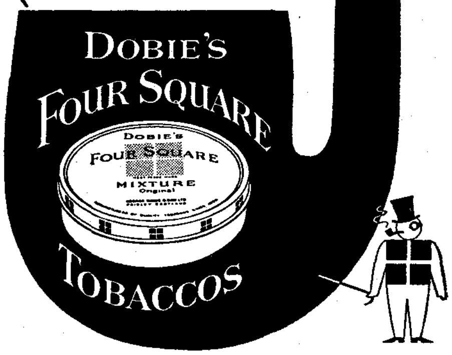

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big picture of a little girl and a little boy in sunbonnets, their backs to me, standing hand in hand on a lonely, windswept beach, looking at a great, rolling wave that was coming up to break at their feet. They seemed very much alone and too young to be alone on that interminable beach under the lowering sky. Beneath the picture were these grimly significant words, which were fated to go on with me through life, indelibly printed on my heart:

What are the wild waves saying, sister
dear, to me?
Eat [Something Something] chocolates,
and happy you will be.

I MURMURED this poem to myself as the curtain went up again and "Cinderella" continued on its gay, unorthodox way. I grew sad. What part of this evening was Carola destined to carry in her heart through the coming years as the tide washed up the beach toward *her*? A fixed idea that all princes are really girls in silk tights? The radiant hope of wearing to her first ball a towering white eighteenth-century wig? "Wot? No milk? Oh, dear, dear, dear . . ."

Now the two ugly sisters were in Cinderella's kitchen, riotously preparing a steak-and-kidney pudding. "If we had a steak, if we had a kidney, if we had a pudding," they said in their deep, male voices.

"Here's a steak," said one, triumphantly putting it down on the table.

"Beefsteak or whale steak?" said the other. (Whale steak, being unrationed, is a popular item on the housekeeper's shopping list these days.)

"Beef, of course," said the first ugly sister, leaning over the steak. Promptly, it spouted water in her face. Carola screamed with laughter and almost fell off her perch.

There you are, I said to myself; that's what she'll remember. I sat there in the dark, glooming. What a memory to bequeath to my only child! Whale steak. Bitter jokes about rations. "Wot? No milk?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, *ha!*" There was her father, laughing like a six-year-old. How could he? How could he bear to laugh?

The sisters thumped the pudding dough, stamped on the dough, sat on the dough, scraped it off their bottoms with the bread knife, collected it into a ball, and threw it spang into the audience. It almost hit me on the head, but I ducked. Then I laughed, too. I laughed even louder than Carola.

When the scene was over, Buttons

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came out again, this time with the Prince. "Come on, now," he said. "Sing with me, you on this side of the house, and those on that side can sing with the Prince. Let's see which side sings the louder. All together now: 'I'm always chasing rainbows.' "

" 'I'm always chasing rainbows,' " we sang obediently. " 'Watching clouds drifting by.' "

"I do wish we were on the Prince's side," said Carola.

The glass slipper fitted Cinderella's foot, and she and the Prince were married forthwith. The Prince's valet, a bright young lady in black tights, married one of the ugly sisters. Somebody else got the other sister. At any rate, everybody had somebody to stand by at the finale. Brilliantly dressed, smiling, surrounded by little girls in swansdown, the pantomime actors sang and sang as the curtain went down. We were left dazzled, happy, a little sleepy but not too much so. Reluctantly, children climbed off their perches; dutifully, fathers helped them on with their coats. Cups and saucers rattled as the ushers carried away the tea trays.

"And there you are," said my husband genially as we moved toward the exit in a swarm of children. "Just as I said. It's always the same—just the sort of thing you have in the States."

—Emily Hahn

•

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Lady, entering the store
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That I use for going out,
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Once around could be no sin;
Then I'll exit, you go in.

—Richard Armour

•

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Maybe we will, and may-y-be we won't.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Complex Opera

FEW operas that I can remember have provoked so many kinds and degrees of reaction as Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," which received its Metropolitan première last week. There's nothing surprising about the fact that this work has touched off a rather warm controversy, for it is made up of many striking elements, which certainly do not have equal appeal and which do not all hang together very well. Most of them, however, possess plenty of vitality, and the opera, whatever else one may think of it, is an animated and often unconventional adventure in musical theatre.

"Peter Grimes" is rather richer in material than a quick summary of the plot might lead you to expect. The story, based on George Crabbe's poem "The Borough" and written by Montagu Slater, concerns a proud, obstinate, and somewhat stupid fisherman who is blamed for the accidental deaths of two of his apprentices and who subsequently heads out to sea, bent on his own destruction. Grimes is a citizen of the Borough, a community that includes among its residents a number of energetic and lusty characters who dance, drink, sing difficult music, and pass the time at a prosperous pub called the Boar, where the chief attractions are a couple of skittish young ladies known politely as "nieces." Something exciting is almost always happening in the Borough, and occasionally we are offered two rather impressive events at the same time. One pretty heavily charged dramatic scene, for instance, moves along simultaneously with a church service offstage, and another takes place while some people are dancing amiably in the background. "Peter Grimes" affords a view of a village and its people as well as a drama of a man and his misfortunes; this panoramic quality gives a fine, unusual pace to the proceedings.

Mr. Britten's score contains many interesting sections, in a variety of moods, but in other passages it doesn't seem to register with any force. There are splendid orchestral fragments, stirring vocal ensembles, and strong dra-

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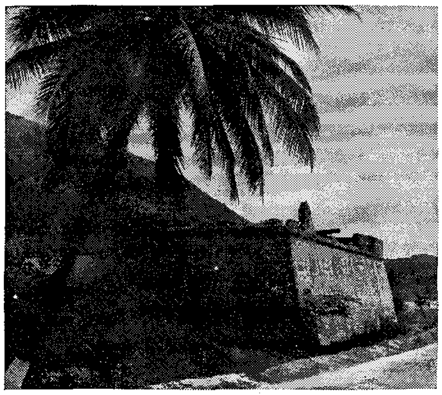

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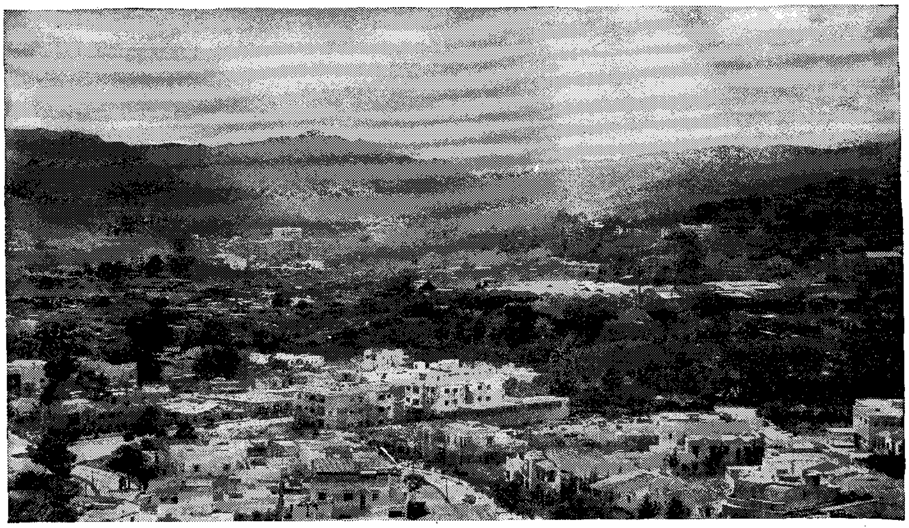

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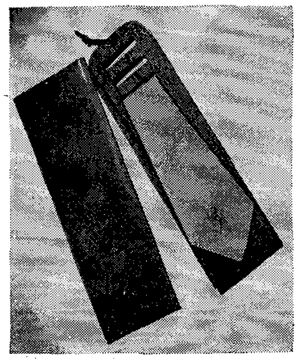

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matic spots, mixed in with episodes that are supposed to be compelling but aren't. "Peter Grimes" obviously has theatrical and musical subtleties, which could probably be delivered to full advantage in a small opera house but which didn't come across in the wide open spaces of the Metropolitan. The production, however, was powerful, well devised, and, for the most part, ably sung, played, and acted. There will undoubtedly be a good deal more to say about "Peter Grimes" after it has had a few additional showings here.

THREE out-of-town orchestras appeared at Carnegie Hall last week, and, all in all, their concerts were excellent. The Baltimore Symphony, conducted by Reginald Stewart, presented something like two programs in one by accompanying the Metropolitan tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini in a sequence of operatic airs in addition to playing on its own. The orchestra was cogently directed throughout and was especially effective in Paul Hindemith's E-flat Symphony.

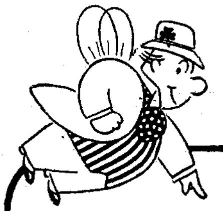
The Minneapolis Symphony, which had not played here since 1927, showed its competence unmistakably. Dimitri Mitropoulos, the conductor, attacked Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony in a somewhat excessively mannered way, but he and the orchestra were superb in Morton Gould's heartily entertaining Concerto for Orchestra and in the familiar Rachmaninoff Second Symphony.

Finally, George Szell, who earlier this season had directed the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia orchestras at Carnegie Hall, brought in his own Cleveland group for an impressively played and directed program. He offered Hindemith's engaging "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of C. M. von Weber;" Schumann's Fourth Symphony; Smetana's "Vltava;" and Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, in which Artur Schnabel, the soloist, performed with great mastery and poetry. —ROBERT A. SIMON

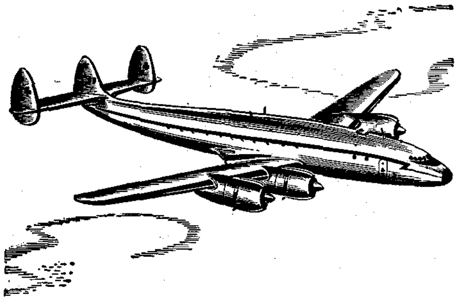
POPULAR RECORDS

Out of the Past

IN "Songs of Our Times," four albums of which have just been released, Decca has undertaken the stimulating project of providing a library of the major popular songs of the years between 1917 and 1943. Unfortunately, though, the company has gone about the job in a dispirited manner. This is especially regrettable, because any remi-



'Tis a proud day that's coming for the Irish!



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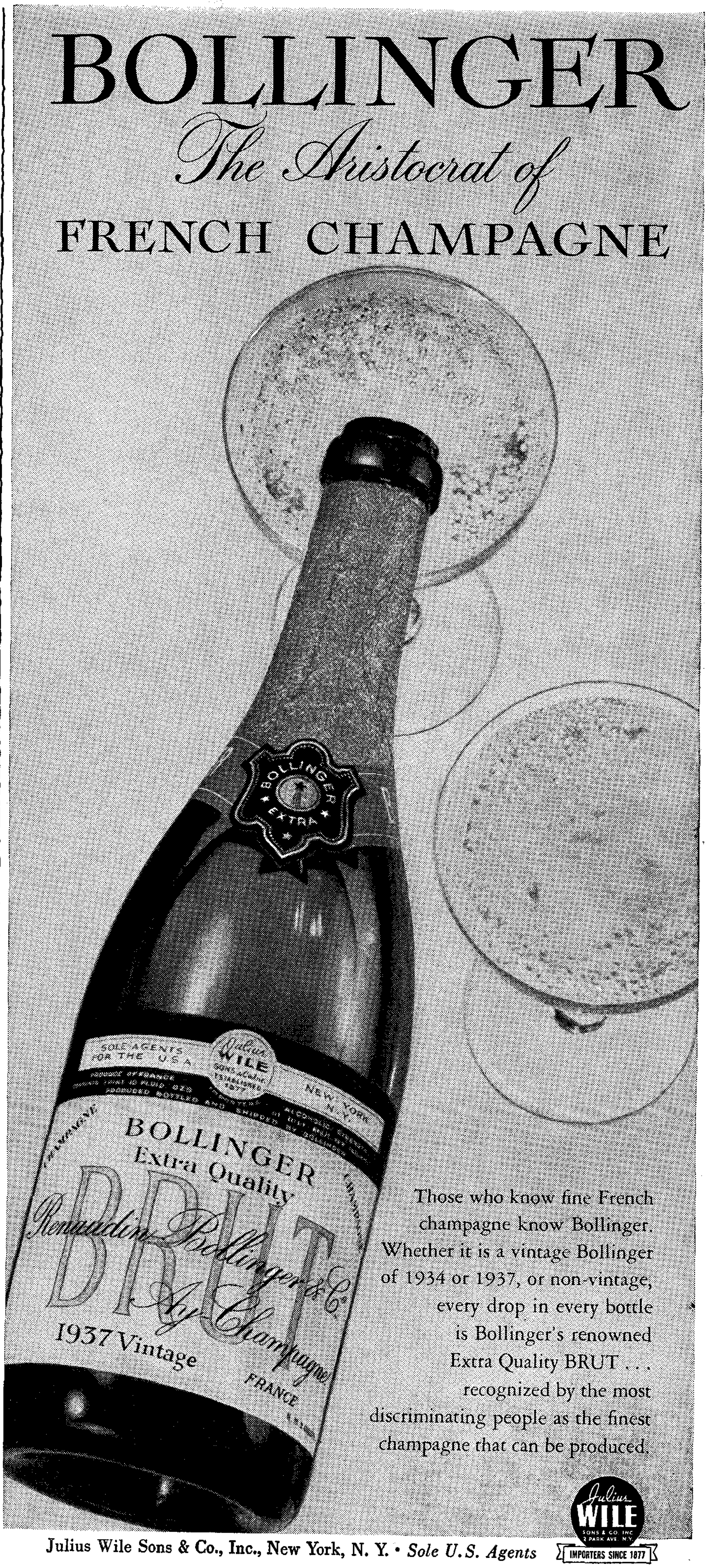
niscent skimming of the events of past years has a fascination for most of us, and a chronological presentation of popular songs on which the dust has as yet collected but lightly could be most enjoyable.

The four albums available now, the first of the series to be issued, have been plucked from the middle of the collection and represent 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931, respectively. Each contains four records and about two dozen songs, which are disposed of rather hurriedly, three to a side and with only an occasional vocal chorus. Basil Fomeen's orchestra gives us the products of 1928; Ted Straeter's does 1930; Ray Benson's does 1931; and the two-piano team of Marlene Fingerle and Arthur Schutt, with rhythm accompaniment, picks through the melodies of 1929. There has been no attempt to distinguish the numbers by individual interpretation; instead, they have all been ground through the mill of standardization and have assumed a uniform and slightly unnatural grayness. Some of the songs—the weaker ones—have, of course, become pallid from age alone, and there is some justification for offering these sketchily, since they can only prod our memories mildly anyway. There are many others, however, that have remained standards or, as a result of the feverish dipping into the past that is so familiar in these times, have become the hits of recent years.

To take a few of the feebler items first, I had almost forgotten and didn't much want to be reminded of "Blue Again" and "I'm Alone Because I Love You," both from 1930, and "Chant of the Jungle," from 1929. As for such pieces as "I Faw Down and Go Boom," "Chiquita," and "Where the Shy Little Violets Grow," from 1928, and "Should I?," from 1929, they seem hardly worth retrieving. Some of the stronger tunes, however, deserve distinctly better treatment than they've received here—for instance, "All of Me" and "Out of Nowhere" (1931) and "I'll Get By" (1928), which have been reinstated in favor the last few years, and several others, which have very nearly been. Then, spotted among the rest are quite a few brightly colored, perennial, and irresistible show tunes: "Let's Do It," "You Took Advantage of Me," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Button Up Your Overcoat," "Lover, Come Back to Me," and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," from 1928; "Can't We Be Friends?," "Why Was I Born?," "More than You Know,"



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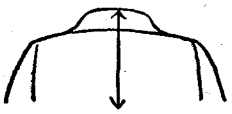

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and "With a Song in My Heart," from 1929; "Time on My Hands," "I Got Rhythm," "Body and Soul," "Something to Remember You By," "Embraceable You," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?," from 1930; and "The Night Was Made for Love," "She Didn't Say Yes," "Dancing in the Dark," "Someday I'll Find You," and "I Love Louisa," from 1931. These were years of exceptional productivity along Broadway. Finally, there are such songs as "Sweet Sue" and "Nagasaki" (1928), "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Siboney" (1929), and "Three Little Words" (1930), which have become staples and which, with the exception of "Siboney," are now the particular property of the playful hot-jazz groups.

Of the four albums, the two-piano medley of 1929 hits seemed to be the best, though it is the only one without vocals, and the set for 1930, partly because of an abundance of inane waltzes, the flattest. Each album has been provided with a leaflet containing an excellent news summary of its year, edited by Louis Untermeyer.

HAVING disposed of this retreat to the past, I now call your attention to several new singles that interested me:

I Fell in Love With You and Saturday Night in Central Park—Ray Noble and his orchestra. Both these songs, from "Make Mine Manhattan," have vocals. I liked only the first, a graceful number that sounds like something by Richard Rodgers but isn't. It is enhanced by a superb arrangement. The other is too folksy for my taste. (*Columbia 38080*)

For Every Man There's a Woman and Beyond the Sea—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. These sides are excellent. The first, a sinuous love lament written by Harold Arlen and Leo Robin for a forthcoming movie and sung by Peggy Lee, is expertly presented. The other is a purely orchestral version of Charles Trenet's "La Mer." This performance is unusual in one respect; the Goodman band is composed principally of a string section, abetted by, among other things, a celeste, and I had a hard time making out the leader's clarinet in the arrangement. Odd as this setup seems, I'd say that it was proper for the piece. (*Capitol 15030*)

Barnyard Boogie and How Long Must I Wait for You?—Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five, with vocals by Jordan. "Barnyard Boogie" is a typically wild, humorous Jordan romp. The other is an uninspired train song. (*Decca 24300*)

Will You Still Be Mine? and You Made Me Love You—Connie Haines, with an orchestra. Miss Haines, an accomplished popular singer, used to do the first selection, a sprightly number, with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, and it's pleasant to hear her at it again. She tackles "You Made Me Love You" a bit strenuously, but effectively. (*Signature 15168*)

If I Only Had a Match and Let Me Sing and I'm Happy—Al Jolson, with orches-

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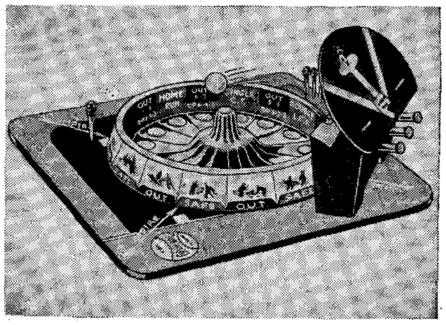

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tra. On the first side, Mr. Jolson wallops his way through a cheerful new song that might have been written with him in mind, since it contains such immortal images as "bungalow," "family," and "garden patch." The other is an old Irving Berlin song from the singer's inexhaustible repertoire. (*Decca 24296*)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD and YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME—Ted Straeter and his orchestra. The best thing Straeter's present orchestra has to offer is his own enjoyable piano playing. He leads into the gay Rodgers-and-Hart waltz with a few well-chosen bars from Ravel's "La Valse" and then, assisted by a vocal group, sings a chorus of the song in a winningly erratic voice quite similar to, but more expressive than, Skinnay Ennis's. "You Do Something to Me," a Cole Porter tune, is played acceptably by the orchestra alone. (*Sonora 1207*)

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS SONG and I'M LIVING A LIE—Louis Prima and his orchestra. In the grandiose musical jest from "Angel in the Wings," the leader and ensemble go into some pleasant revelry in song. The second piece is a bore. (*Victor 20-2619*)

TELL ME WHY and I REMEMBER MAMA—Claude Thornhill and his orchestra, with vocals by Fran Warren. "Tell Me Why" is an engaging love song from a musical comedy entitled "Bonanza Bound," which, I understand, is being doctored up for Broadway after an unsuccessful tryout elsewhere. "I Remember Mama" is a severe blow to motherhood. (*Columbia 38075*)

—D. W.

•

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—*Adv. of a restaurant in the San Antonio (Texas) Light.*

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•

WHAT PARAGRAPH OF FELIX MORLEY D'YA READ?

[*From an article on Senator Taft, by Felix Morley, in Life*]

His power of mental self-discipline and of intensive application must be appreciated to understand the man. The sense and feel of scholarship are in his bloodstream; he can no more resist the scholar's urge to think a problem through than a more natural politician like the late President Roosevelt could resist the inclination to act on intuition. —*Page 51.*

Taft's position as here stated illustrates most clearly his greatest weakness—and his greatest strength. The weakness is a hot temper leading to snap judgments. —*Page 55.*

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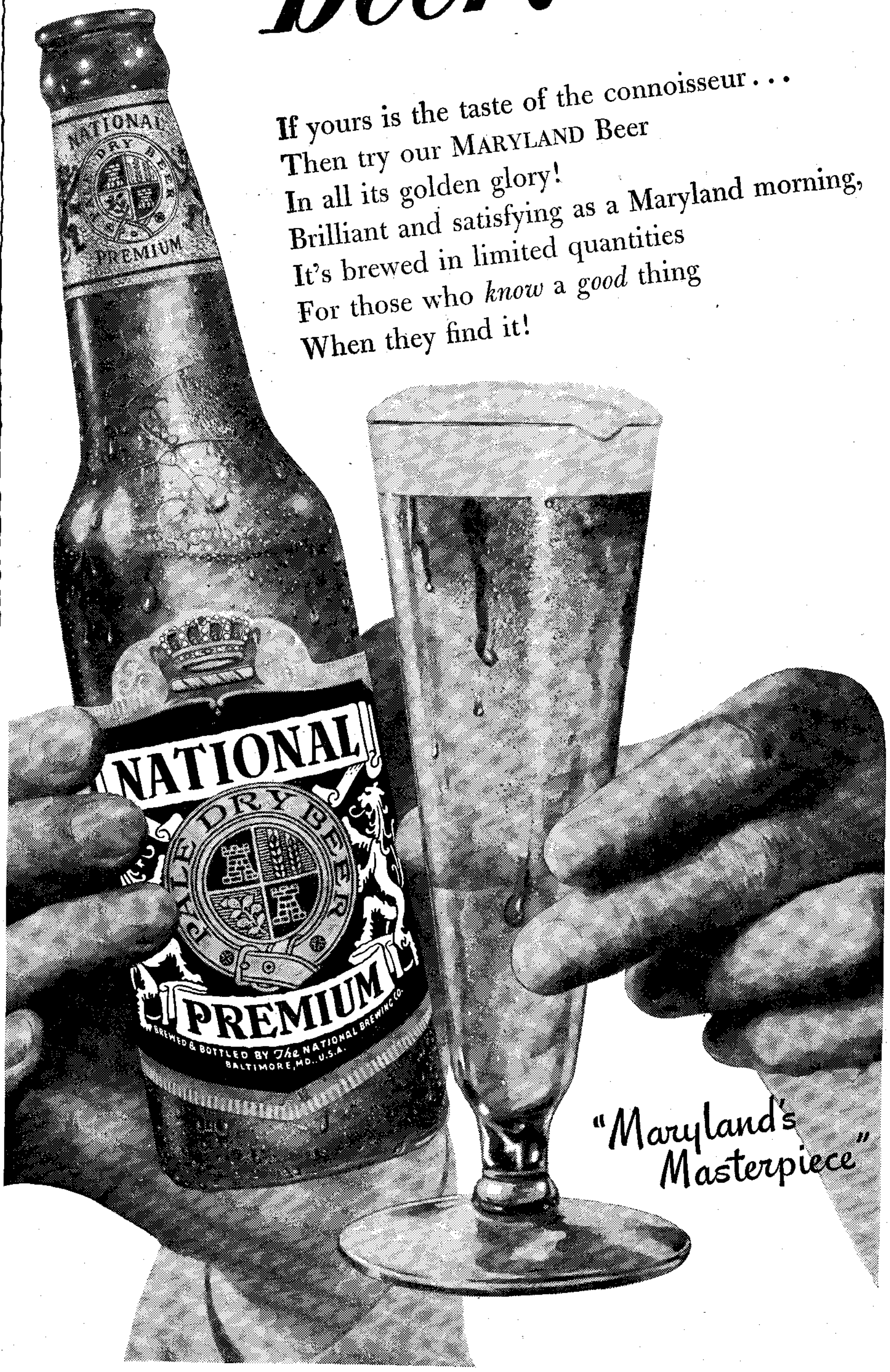
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THE RACE TRACK

Across the Continent

LAST weekend was a trying one for a good many horseplayers. To begin with, the McLennan and the San Antonio, a couple of highly important races, had to be run the same afternoon, at Hialeah and Santa Anita, respectively. (The McLennan, as you know, is the preliminary to the Widener, which comes up this Saturday, and the San Antonio is generally accepted as the index for the hundred-thousand-dollar Santa Anita Handicap, which comes up a week from Saturday.) Even if you had one of the faster jet planes and luck with tail winds, you would have been hard put to it to take in both events. There were a few things about the McLennan and the San Antonio, besides the distance from one to the other, that distressed a lot of people—El Mono brought off a 49–1 chance in the first, confounding almost everybody, and Talon, one of those gay, gray racers from the Argentine, won the second, at $8.40, confounding, among others, the fairly numerous adherents of On Trust.

I don't think that a great deal of time need be devoted to the contemplation of Armed, who finished third in the McLennan. It must be obvious, even to his followers, that he feels his years—he's seven, you know—more than the weight the handicapper puts on his back. Anybody who heard the broadcast of the race or studied the chart knows that he lost ground, and then got into close quarters in the backstretch, neither of which he had ever done before. Discussing the performance after the race, Armed's trainer and jockey agreed that he just wasn't his old self; to be frank about it, they said, he lacked speed. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't start in the Widener. After all, Calumet Farm also has Faultless—who, I'm told, had a first-rate gallop last week—entered in the race.

No doubt about it, El Mono, whose mama's name was Hand Organ, has come up in the world since he was acquired by Daniel Lamont at Garden State Park last summer. Lamont has a tidy profit on that deal already, for El Mono cost $10,000 and his share of the McLennan purse was $22,100. Some critics liked the way he caught and passed Riskolater, a useful colt not to be confused with Risolater, a filly. In my book, though, El Mono is still a Class C horse.

If you're trying to pick the winner of the Widener, I suggest that you look no farther than Assault, which is hardly a dangerous prediction after the way he ran in the untitled fifth race at Hialeah last Saturday. This was his first effort since that deplorable match with Armed at Belmont in September; apparently the rest and treatment for leg trouble have worked a small miracle. Anyway, enthusiastic observers report that he hardly had to get out of a gallop—a fast gallop, that is—to win by a head from Rampart, who beat Armed at Gulfstream last month. Incidentally, Assault will be ridden by Arcaro in the Widener. Max Hirsch, who trains Assault, was brooding last autumn because he thought that the pride of his stable had become what he called the Forgotten Horse. I'll hazard the guess that Assault won't be forgotten this year.

I EXPECT that there has been more than a mild amount of hedging in connection with the Santa Anita Handicap in the paddock at Arcadia. Talon might go to the post the favorite, for the excellent reason that the distance of the Santa Anita is a furlong longer than the San Antonio and he's such a stout finisher. (Remember his race with Phalanx in the Jockey Club Gold Cup?) He came through in great style last Saturday to beat Double Jay, On Trust, and fifteen others, including Shannon II. Perhaps On Trust had too much weight, or too much racing—or both. As for Shannon II, he hasn't run anywhere near as well since he's been accepted as a thoroughbred by the Jockey Club as he did when he was regarded as just a horse.—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in The New Yorker*]

ALLEGRO

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Senate Foreign Relations Committee has finally approved the Marshall Plan, but it insists that the E.R.P. be run by someone other than the Secretary of State. An inventor's lot is not a happy one.

•

The recent small decline in retail food prices has put the consumer in a quandary about his future. He cannot figure out whether he has been given a pardon or only a reprieve.

•

The residents of some flooded areas in the United States are hoping for another cold wave. Most Americans, though, seem perfectly willing to call it a winter.

•

The government hopes that there will be twenty million home gardens in this country this summer. It apparently has faith that the day will come when snow shovels can be beaten into spades.

•

Vivien Kellems, a Connecticut manufacturer, declares that she will no longer withhold federal income taxes from her employees. This may turn out to be one of those peculiar cases in which a woman has only the next-to-last word.

•

An anti-Truman meeting in Jackson, Mississippi, we are told, cheered the names of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lee, Bilbo, and Rankin. If the group accomplished nothing else, it certainly achieved a perfect anticlimax.

•

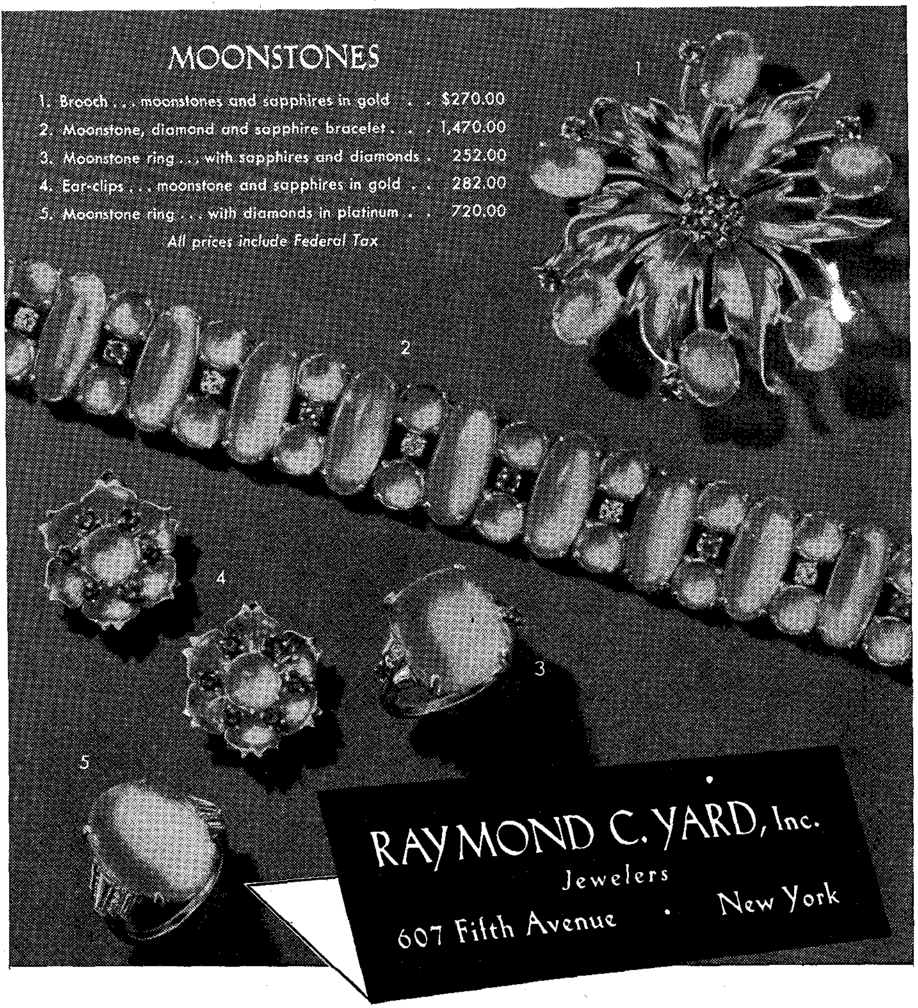
Three important Russian composers now find themselves in a highly embarrassing position. Their works are viewed with dark suspicion by the Committee on un-Soviet Activities.

•

Americans in France are getting twice as many francs for a dollar as they did before the devaluation of French currency. A happy tourist can feel like a millionaire, at least during the walk from the bank to the store.

•

Public-opinion polls still show that Robert A. Taft is the least popular of the major G.O.P. Presidential candidates. The Senator's many admirers must by now suspect that he is not the right Moses to lead them to the promised landslide. —HOWARD BRUBAKER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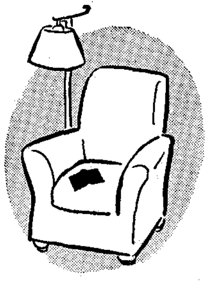
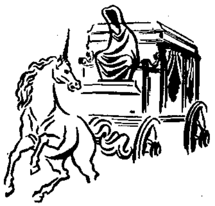
"Help, Ho! They Murder Caesar!"



IN "The Ides of March" (Harper), Thornton Wilder has enhanced his reputation for variety and appears to be soliciting one for audacity. His account of the last days of the dictator Caius Julius Caesar takes liberties with the calendar that were beyond the daring even of Shakespeare, who wrote for a generation that had its Plutarch by heart. A good many years ago, Sir Charles Oman suggested that the historical oscillation between constitutionalism and absolutism could be charted by the way the character of Caesar is represented in the literature of various epochs. But if Mr. Wilder has a political moral in mind, he has confused it by depriving his novel of all historical coherence, for he has constructed it out of episodes that had nothing to do with sharpening the daggers that fell upon the body of Caesar on that fateful day in the Senate House in Rome. Some of Mr. Wilder's episodes are imaginary; some are borrowed from a period nearly two decades earlier, between the downfall of Catiline and the First Triumvirate, when Caesar was still little more than a promising demagogue of profligate habits and prodigious debts, who did not yet have a province to govern or an army to command. Indeed, some of the historical counterparts of Mr. Wilder's characters were dead before Caesar, with all his genius, had made himself master of the Roman world. These distortions are, to be sure, blandly acknowledged in Mr. Wilder's foreword, and since this is a work of fiction rather than of reference, I daresay there can be no valid objection to them. Still, that does not relieve Mr. Wilder of the standing obligation of any novelist to make his incidents the natural consequences of the conjunction of character and situation, and it is on this score, it seems to me, that he fails us. He gives us entertaining glimpses into the lives of some Roman young ladies of family and fashion who moved their playgrounds north or south according to season and appear to have been surprisingly able to explain themselves and their morals in the spirit of our modern psychology. But of the forces and influences that precipitated the event of the Ides of March, Mr. Wilder offers us no more likely explanation than a series of chain letters he pretends was set in circulation by the poet Caius Valerius Catullus, who seems to have had no better reason for writing them than a retroactive sexual jealousy of Caesar.

Mr. Wilder's Catullus is an altogether neurotic young fellow who destroys himself in a foolish effort to sustain in life the pitch of passion implicit in his celebrated love lyrics. Perhaps this concept is a result of the author's knowledge that Catullus was a provincial from Verona and probably did not have the convenient Roman knack of separating lust and emotion. Mr. Wilder's descriptions of his frenzy make us wonder whether it was not more disastrous to a gifted but unstable young poet to be taken up by the Palatine set, as Mr. Wilder calls it, than it is to be taken up today by Hollywood, possibly the modern analogue. Mr. Wilder and tradition are in accord in identifying the object of this Catullan frenzy as the notorious Clodia Pulcher, "*cui falsum Lesbia nomen erat*," a highborn and brilliant nymphomaniac, whose contemporaries, unrestrained by any laws of slander, cheerfully accused her of every sort of sin, including the murder of a husband and incest with a brother. Mr. Wilder's Clodia dismisses the graver accusations with characteristic scorn: "The worst of being accused of crimes, however, is that it makes one restless to deserve all that censure." Whatever her compulsion, she was assuredly one of those who gave to the Claudian family the fantastic reputation that endeared it, two thousand years after her time, to the Sunday-supplement editors of America. It would be surprising if Julius Caesar, considering his own record in such matters, were not among the myriad casual bedfellows of high degree and low that legend has credited to Clodia Pulcher, but that still seems a rather implausible reason for Catullus's political hostility to him. It is certain, though, that Catullus wrote bitter epigrams and lampoons against Caesar, and that Caesar took no revenge, but treated the poet with the greatest amiability and indulgence, perhaps because he had been a guest of the young man's father on his way to the wars in Gaul. But in Mr. Wilder's book, this Caesarean magnanimity is transformed into a deep, paternal solicitude, carried to the length of having the police surreptitiously examine the poet's private papers to discover in what particular ways Caesar can help him. Caesar cannot rescue Catullus from the spell of the malignant Clodia, but he forsakes the business of state to sit with the poet through his final hours on earth and to comfort the dying man by reciting an appropriate chorus from Sophocles.

Clodia, meanwhile, has been busy with a scheme to stagger Rome, a scheme whose effrontery will render the gossips speechless. It is nothing less than a plot to assist her brother Clodius to seduce Caesar's wife, Pompeia, by disguising him as a woman and smuggling



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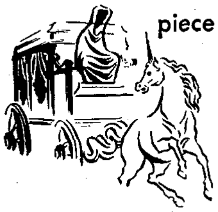

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him into a celebration of the mysteries of the Bona Dea. This was a fertility cult to which only women were admitted, and the ceremonies appear to have concluded with some sort of orgiastic pantomime. This intrusion of the Byronic rakehell Clodius into these mysteries is one of the celebrated scandals of the Republican decadence, but it actually occurred many years earlier, in 62 B.C. History tells us that Clodius was presently brought to trial for sacrilege, and it is said that an acquittal was bought for him by the plutocrat Crassus. Among the numerous other known consequences of the affair were the divorce of Caesar and Pompeia, and the famous aphorism about the obligation of the wife of an ambitious politician to keep herself above suspicion. Another was the exile of Cicero, whose testimony at the trial earned him the implacable hatred of Clodius. Clodius, as it happens, was killed in a street brawl, eight years before the assassination of Caesar.

Before we can be fully at home in Mr. Wilder's Einsteinian calendar, we have also to consider the presence of Queen Cleopatra at the sacrilegious event, when she was barely seven years old. Cleopatra gets into Mr. Wilder's story, I presume, partly because of her well-advertised merits and partly because it is a fact that some time before the celebrated Ides of March she moved to Rome to resume her advantageous role of Caesar's mistress. She is accompanied (in the interest of Mr. Wilder's narrative) not only by her Egyptian court but also by her industrious and efficient bureau of investigation, and the love correspondence between her and the dictator is enlivened by points of protocol, advice on matters of statecraft, and exchanges of confidential police information. Cleopatra, it is fairly certain, was one of those judicious monarchs in whom political and erotic interests are happily harmonized; when Caesar, at the Queen's big garden party, surprises her in the arms of Marc Antony, it is a gloomier omen than the gloomiest reported by his augurs. Mr. Wilder also obliges us to grapple with the mind and purposes of Servilia, the mother of Brutus, who urges her son to tyrannicide by taunting him with hints that Caesar is his father, a hypothesis that, as Mr. Wilder confesses, has been rejected by historians. However, he seems to be suggesting that Brutus's reason for joining the conspiracy to murder Caesar is to give some verisimilitude to his claim that he is a descendant of the great Lucius Junius, who in his time had

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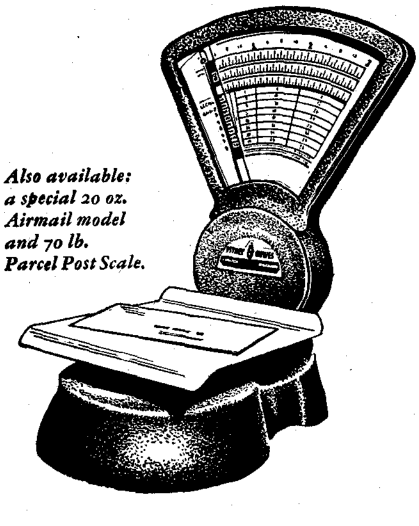

liberated Rome from another tyrant, Tarquin. It is an ingenious theory, one that offers a chance for a display of psychological virtuosity, but Mr. Wilder, having implied it, does not bother, to exploit it.

The narrative device that Mr. Wilder has chosen for this novel is a series of imaginary documents—letters, reports, entries in journals—with appropriate notes in italic type. There is some overlapping of the chronology of his own story, which confounds the confusion caused by his historical bowknots. The method, however, has the advantage of permitting Mr. Wilder to substitute philosophical reflection for action, to exercise his admirable essay prose, and to indulge in a highly refined form of satire, as, for example, in his burlesques of the correspondence of the Roman matrons and of the elegant after-dinner conversation of M. T. Cicero. It is also a method that makes for tedium, and on the whole the tedium exceeds the wit. The longest, dullest, and most numerous letters are those of Caesar. Mr. Wilder's conception of the character of Caesar, which I think has been strongly influenced by Mr. Shaw's, makes him not a cold-blooded revolutionary adventurer who has cut his way to power by means of civil war, or a Mommsenesque paragon of energy and statesmanship who, by delivering Rome from bondage to an obsolete and irrelevant constitution, has rescued the Roman world from anarchy and disintegration; we are given, instead, a tireless and determined but benignly intentioned pedagogue who has somehow got the whole world for his classroom, only to have his heart broken by the perverse unwillingness of his pupils to be indoctrinated in sound, positivistic social principles. The pupils are of two sorts—the loving and superstitious, who insist upon investing their atheistic master with an

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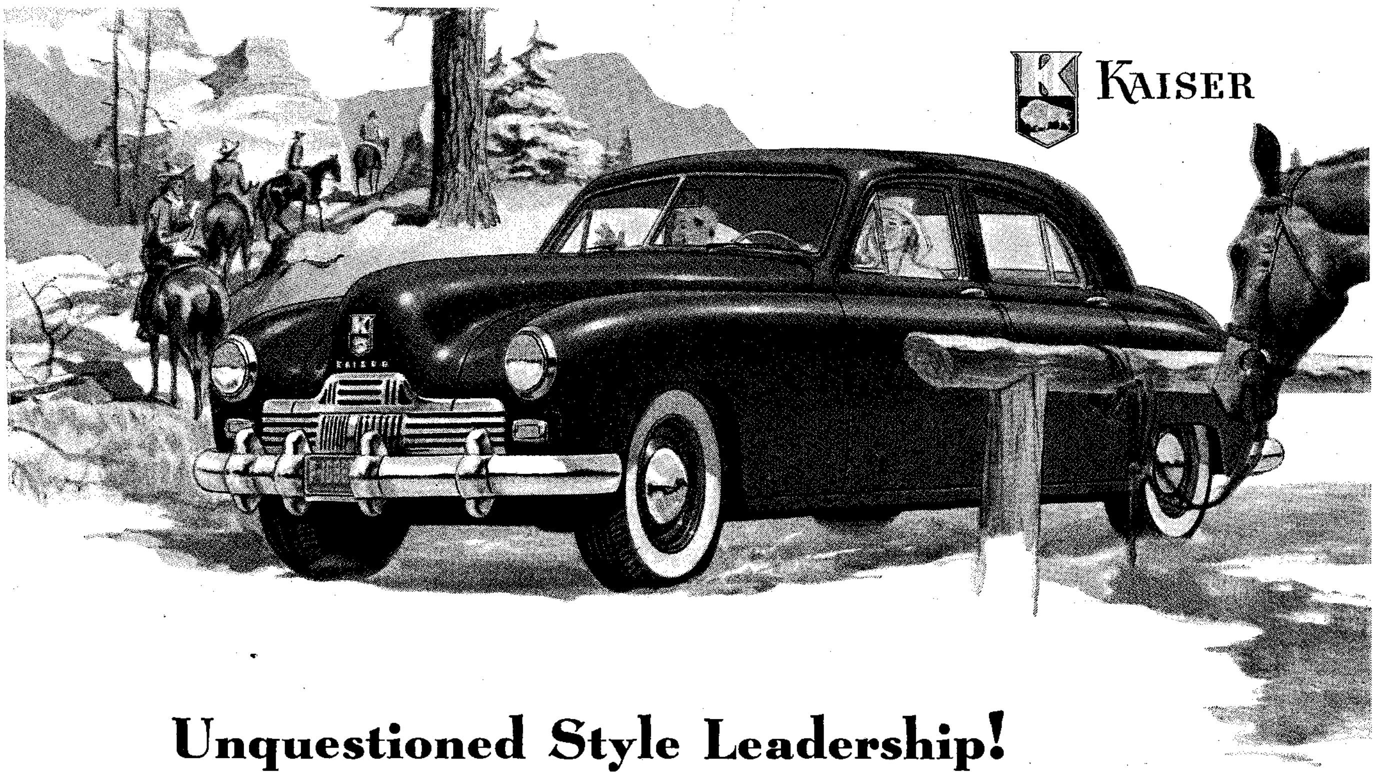

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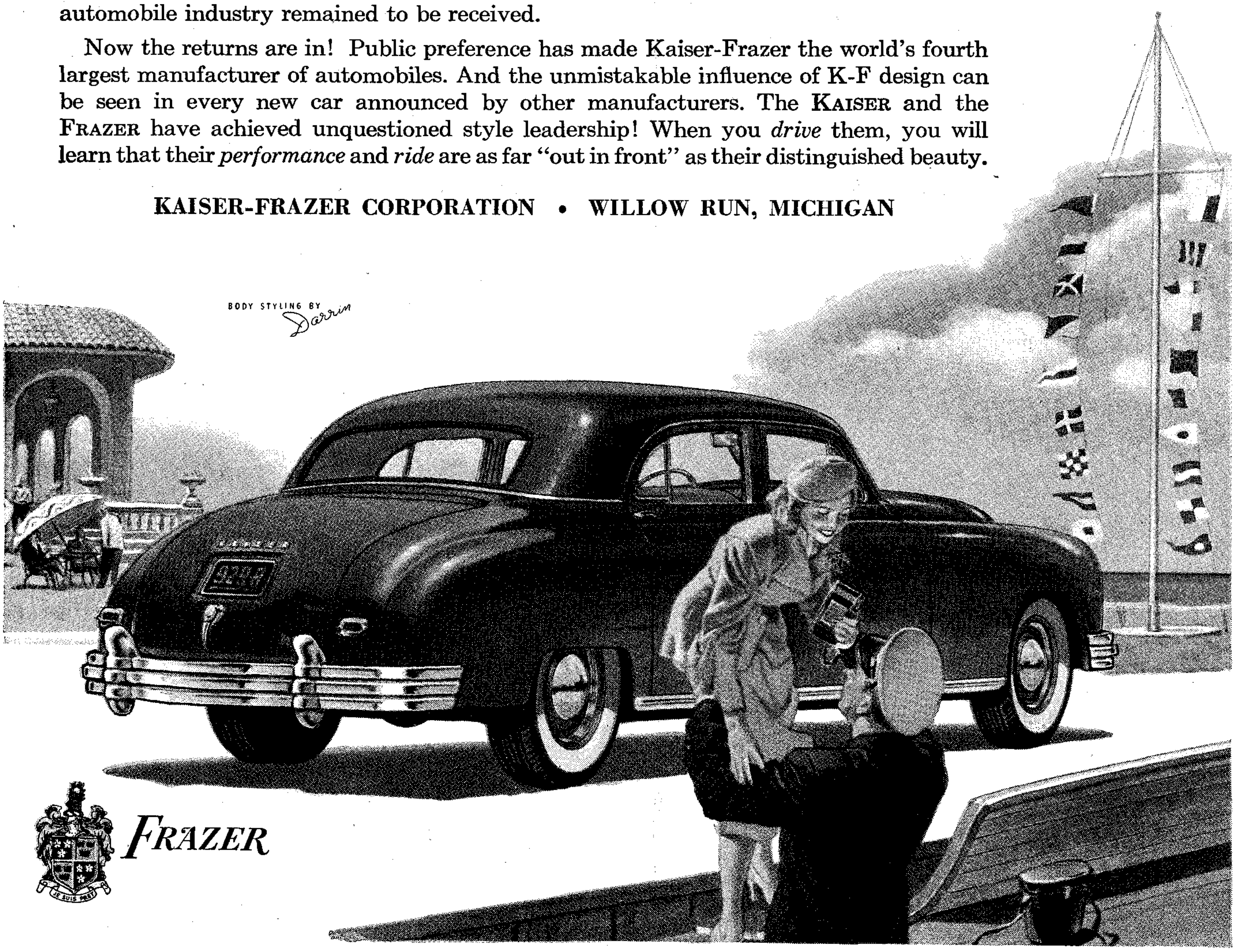

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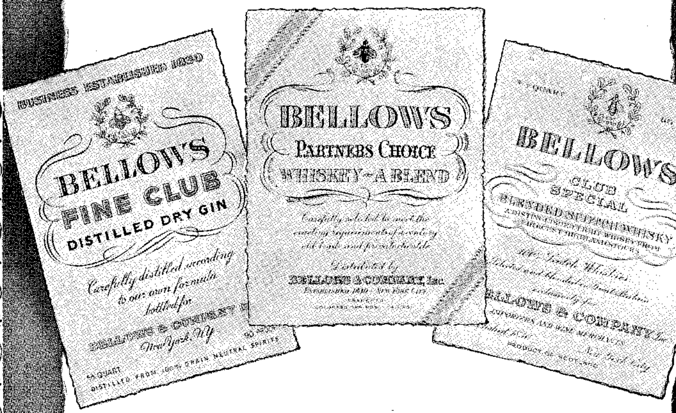
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unwelcome divinity, and the sullen and stupid, who refuse to perceive that where there is no trust between governors and governed there is no peace and liberty. Caesar, as I take it, after all the warnings he has received from his police and his augurs, from Cleopatra, and even from Clodia Pulcher, acquiesces in his own murder out of sheer chagrin.

—J. M. LALLEY

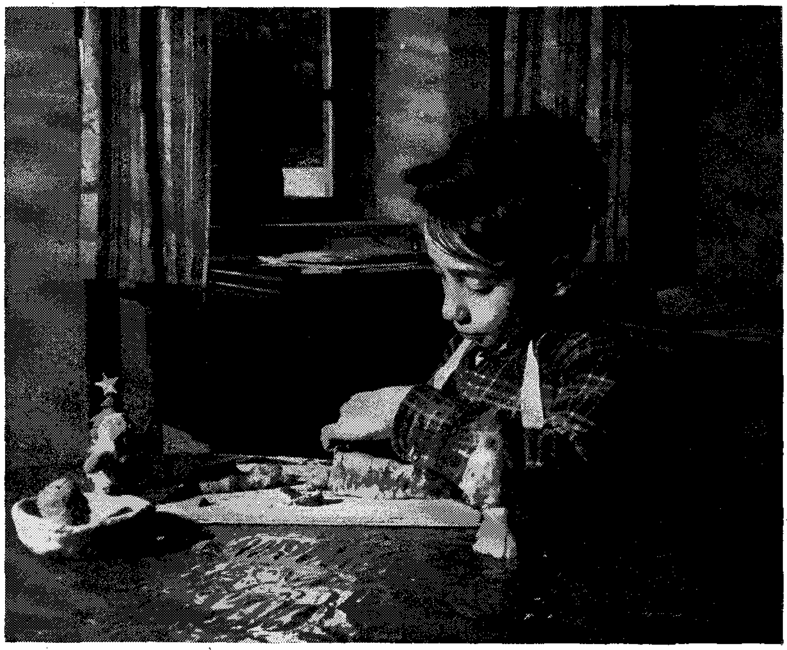
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREAT ONES, by Ralph Ingersoll (Harcourt, Brace). As a specimen of good writing, Mr. Ingersoll's first novel will probably be outshone within the month, but as an example of broken-field running through the libel laws, it stands a good chance of being treasured indefinitely. The principal characters of the story are an immensely successful magazine publisher and his beautiful wife. In the first half of the book, the author describes their separate approaches to eminence—the publisher by way of Yale and a financially helpful first marriage, the heroine by way of a first marriage of the same type, plus a luminous career as a businesswoman and writer. In the second part, he gives an account of their operations as a team, a union that starts off as a romance and then subsides into a mutually beneficial working alliance between two brutally ambitious people.

THE COMMON CHORD, by Frank O'Connor (Knopf). Twelve stories about village life in modern Ireland, including two—"News for the Church" and "The Babes in the Wood"—that originally appeared in this magazine. The tales deal with troubled or exalted moments in the lives of priests, bartenders, parlormaids, and other small-town figures, and they present an excellent and amusing composite picture of the Irish national struggle against the great, dark bird of sex.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WALL, by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus). Suburban life in America has been so exhaustively catalogued in the fiction of the past twenty years that to select it as the subject for a first novel, as Miss Jackson has done, amounts to an act of daring. Nevertheless, her story, which has to do with the fortunes of a dozen families who live on one block in a small California town, comes off very well. A climax hung on the gruesome death of two children accounts for some of the story's



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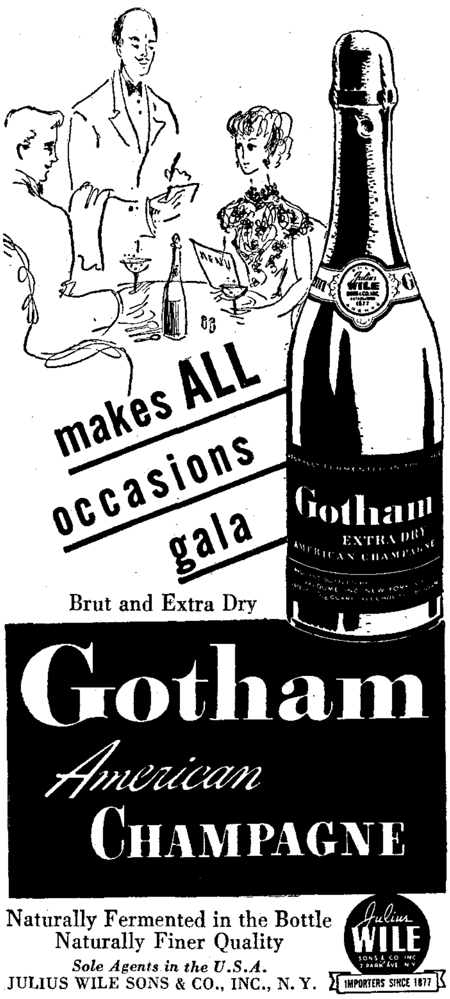

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effectiveness, but most of its success derives from the author's style, a supple and resourceful instrument that makes her shopworn material appear much fresher than it is.

THE STREET OF SEVEN MONKS, by William Woods (Little, Brown). A French composer, returning from a prisoner-of-war camp near Dresden, hopes to pick up the threads of his idyllic life with his English bride at his home in the South of France. During his long journey back, the scene of the novel frequently shifts to his home to show the spiritual and moral damage that the war has wrought in all the members of his family except his mother. As a consequence of this deterioration, the hero's efforts at readjustment, when he finally arrives, are doomed. A sub-plot concerning a wealthy collaborator and a scheming riding master provides melodrama but does not interfere with the main theme. An absorbing novel, turned out with craftsmanship of a high order.

THE CONTINENTAL TOUCH, by Joseph Wechsberg (Houghton Mifflin). A portrait of a Middle European bounder who, after proving himself the most accomplished scoundrel in his home town, in Czechoslovakia, moves on to the greater challenge of America, where he spends the war years foraging happily among the restaurants, bars, and bedrooms of New York and Washington. He eventually goes back to Europe, as an officer in the American Army of Occupation, but his triumphal return is ruined when he learns that his latest American wife is an even greater dissembler than he, which drives him to a maudlin suicide. Mr. Wechsberg is so obviously angry with his hero, and with all Europeans who consider the United States an ideal haven for plunderers from the Old World, that his novel occasionally takes on an editorial tone, though not often enough to do any vital damage.

TEMPER THE WIND, by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott). A lusty, frolicsome story set in Wyoming and involving a pugilist (who is given an I.Q. of 125 to justify his performance as a rather literate narrator); a morose taxi-driver; the boxer's manager, who is the town paper's sports columnist; and the inevitable light lady, now turned rooming-house operator and completely reformed. There is an exciting match between the pugilist and a sailor who once withstood Joe Louis for three rounds, which leads to a more or less telegraphed ending. Through the novel runs a thin vein of satire that is chiefly evident in a number of poker sessions, at which the amusing, broad chatter often turns to morality and ethics.

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK, by C. P. Snow (Macmillan). A novel about a brilliant young Cambridge don who suffers from a curious psychic blight that causes him to willfully endanger his career by indulging in fits of irregular behavior. His erratic life, which includes a long history of heavy drinking at home, some intense carryings on at Continental spas during the academic off seasons, and a brief flirtation with Fascism, is brought to an end by the second World War, in which he participates as an airman as long as the fates permit. Nothing very much, unless you can bring yourself to accept the author's somewhat mystical explanation for the hero's eccentric conduct.

THE PROFESSOR'S UMBRELLA, by Mary Jane Ward (Random House). A novel, by the author of "The Snake Pit," that has to do with the faculty side of American university life. It is the story of a respected professor who is hounded out of his position because he is a Jew and has occasionally expressed an interest in liberal political ideas. He accepts his dismissal with almost preternatural good grace—even though the official explanation for it is based on a manufactured accusation about his relations with a coed—and decides, after taking a look at what the business world has to offer, to remain in the teaching profession in spite of everything. A rather tedious exposition of some extremely relevant problems.

GENERAL

HENRY WALLACE, by Dwight Macdonald (Vanguard). A long sketch of Mr. Wallace, written in a deceiving tone of sweet reasonableness. Mr. Macdonald's purpose is to set off a demolition charge under what he calls the Wallace Myth—that Wallace is a man of integrity and moral courage and above politics, and that he always fights privilege and injustice—and the devastation is considerable. In his absorption with his task, the author turns up little that is creditable in Wallace, except that he is a kindly man—to which he cannot resist adding the adjective "lumpish."

MIRABEAU, by Antonina Vallentin, translated from the French by E. W.

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Dickes (Viking). A superior biography of the Comte de Mirabeau, dealing with both his personality and his career as the great oratorical trumpet of the French Revolution. Literary competence and careful research are evident throughout the book, particularly in the illuminating chapters on Mirabeau's stormy private affairs.

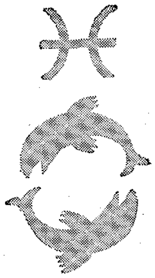
The First Frontier, by R. V. Coleman (Scribner). A popularized chronicle of the origins and development of the first settlements along our Atlantic Coast. It is principally concerned with the adventurers, dissidents, and rejects who came to these shores, how they lived, and how they survived internecine warfare and the struggle against nature. Mr. Coleman's thesis, by no means a new one, is that the settlements were the products not of the colonizing efforts of European princes but of the schemes of private business. The documentation, for all its thoroughness, is not intrusive. Maps, illustrations, and a bibliography.

Russia and the Russians, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking). A thoughtful and, for a change, admirably impersonal study of the U.S.S.R.—one of the best since the war. The author, an Englishman, adds the analytic objectivity of a historian to the factual objectivity of a fine reporter. He takes the Russian system, police state and all, for granted, since the Russian people themselves do not question it. In the end, he counsels the Western democracies to stop making foolish laments about Russia and start thinking constructively, because that is what they are eventually going to have to do anyway.

The Last Billionaire, by William C. Richards (Scribner). A discursive biography of Henry Ford, by a Detroit newspaperman who was acquainted with him for over thirty years. The book is pretty much a grab bag of long-winded anecdotes. The author, who claims to have no particular point of view on Ford, does not overlook his shortcomings, but he tries hard to turn them into hearty laughs. There are some good chapters on the Ford empire and on the old man's Praetorian Guard, which included such men as the ex-sailor Harry Bennett, and the tempestuous production chief Charles Sorensen, whose way of notifying underlings of his displeasure was to smash their desks with an axe.

The Character of England, edited by Ernest Barker (Oxford). A sym-

She's a daughter of Pisces



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posium by more than a score of contributors, among them Rebecca West, Sir Francis Meynell, and V. Sackville-West, each of whom writes on a specific subject—law, religion, government, war, language, housing, and so on. A distinguished work, marked by thoughtful and seldom humorless writing and a nice lack of nationalistic complacence. Many illustrations.

THE ART OF JUDGING MUSIC, by Virgil Thomson (Knopf). A selection of the author's opinions, as first recorded in the *Herald Tribune*. Paste-up collections of old reviews usually make dreary reading, but Mr. Thomson's book is an exception, because he can discuss even the most ephemeral musical event in relation to the whole art. He is also, of course, a very witty and astringent writer.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SUDDEN FEAR, by Edna Sherry (Dodd, Mead). Myra Hudson, a New York playwright, discovers that a couple of her close relatives are scheming to do her in. Miss Hudson, a resourceful type, plots right back at them, allowing the reader a respectful peek over her shoulder all the while. The outcome of this reciprocal skulduggery has that ironic flavor so fashionable in mystery fiction these days. Very neatly planned.

•

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